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# Collier's

TEN CENTS

APRIL 24, 1943

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*Milk*—a vital part of every nutritional diet—gives you many valuable elements at low cost.

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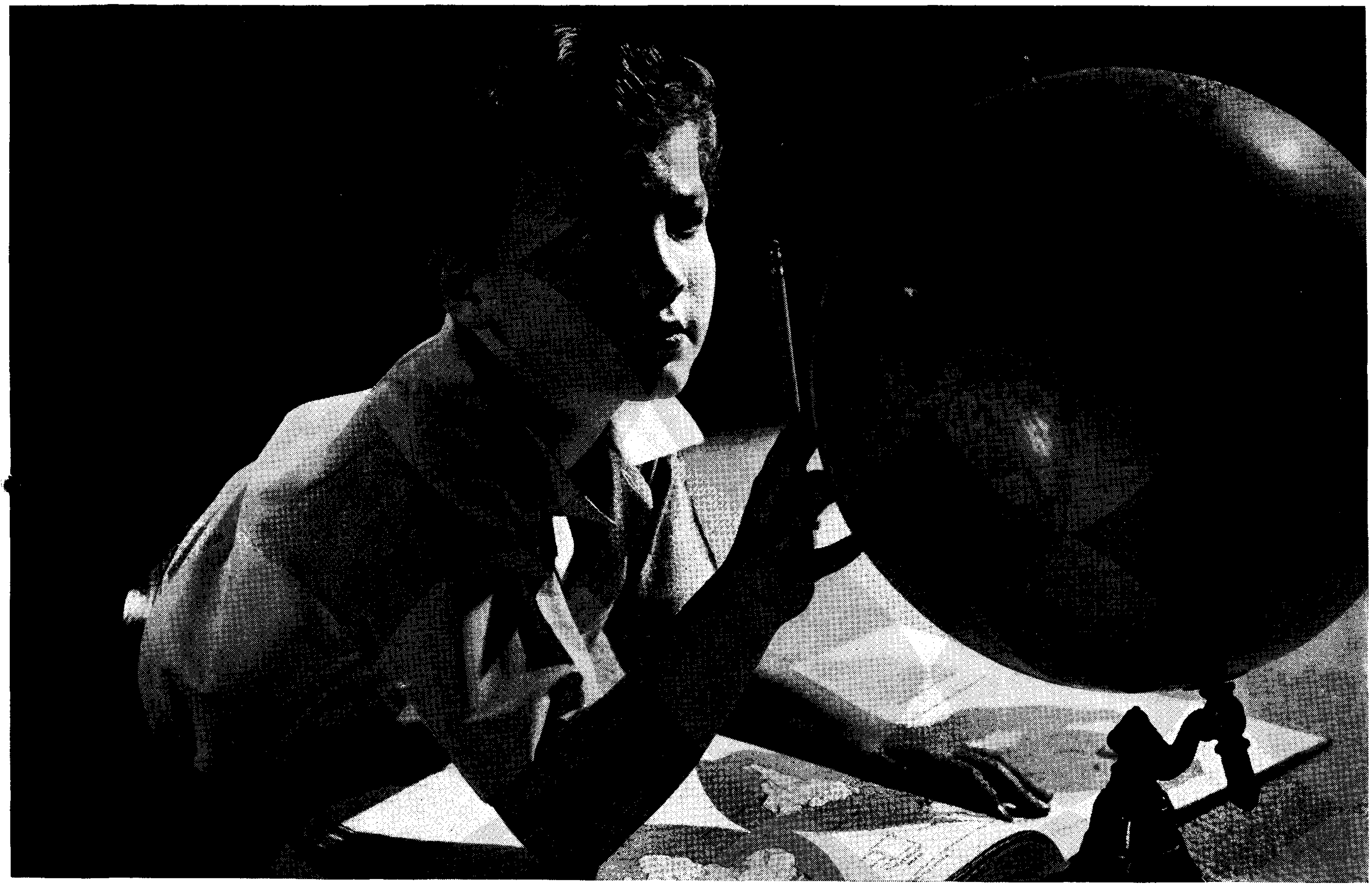
# A Formula for Dreams

# He sees Bright, new Horizons
# A glorious Tomorrow, Rich with Promise



## And we see him a Man—Able and Strong and Smiling—with a Smile that owes much to his Lifelong use of Ipana and Massage!

DREAM ON, SON! Let your hopes and plans soar beyond the most distant continent and sea. To you, and thousands of young Americans like you, belongs the future—rich with promise and bright with opportunity.

For you, everything is done to build mind and body—to help you face the world of tomorrow strong and confident and *smiling!*

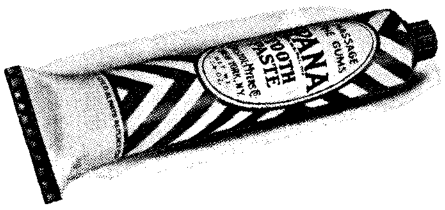
Yes *smiling!* For even now this little boy knows a lesson in dental health that many grown-ups have yet to learn. Today, in thousands of classrooms throughout the country, youngsters are being taught the importance of firm, healthy gums to bright teeth and sparkling smiles.

These young Americans know that today's soft foods rob our gums of work and stimulation. They know why gums tend to become soft, tender... often signal their sensitiveness with a warning tinge of "pink" on your tooth brush!

### *Never Ignore "Pink Tooth Brush"*

If you see "pink" on your tooth brush . . . *see your dentist.* It may not be serious, but get his advice. He may simply say your gums have become tender because of today's soft foods. And, like many modern dentists, he may suggest "the helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

For Ipana Tooth Paste is designed not only to clean teeth thoroughly but, with massage, to aid gums. Massage a little Ipana onto your gums when you brush your teeth. Circulation quickens within the gums—helps them to healthier firmness. Let Ipana and massage help you to brighter teeth, firmer gums, a more sparkling smile!



**Ipana Tooth Paste**

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*Look for the RCA Victor advertisement appearing regularly on this page*

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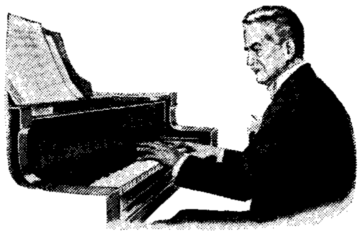
. . . Again, and for the last time, Artur Schnabel and Frederick Stock share their mutual devotion to Beethoven in an interpretation of his proudest concerto that eloquently bespeaks its monumental stature.



. . . Schnabel plays with tremendous sweep and power—his expressive fingers imbuing every measure with throbbing life. The Chicago Symphony Orchestra, under the baton of Dr. Stock, outdoes itself in magnificent support.

. . . Never again will Artur Schnabel and Frederick Stock share their feeling for Beethoven in the splendor of a mutual performance . . . plans for a superb series were ended by the conductor's death. The "EMPEROR" CONCERTO, Victor Album DM-939, is a musical treasure impossible to duplicate. Seldom are you privileged to hear such a confluence of triple genius, and the experience is one that you will not soon forget!

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Collier'

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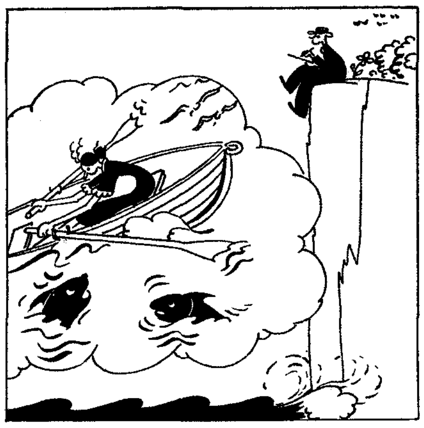
# ANY WEEK

WE ARE sitting on a high stool in the corner of the room, wearing a conical hat after pulling that boner in the March 20th Collier's. A caption messed up Robert McCormick's otherwise flawless piece The Army Spreads Its Wings. We called a twin-tailed plane an Airacobra. Anyone who is aware that a war is being waged on this planet knows that the plane pictured was a Lockheed Lightning or P-38.

There came a deluge of letters. It's good to know that so many of our public are air-conscious. But in all fairness to the caption writer, the day he wrote the flagrant error spring reared its garlanded head for the first time. He raised his eyes from the typewriter and thought—thought, mind you—he saw a single-tailed robin. From that moment, he could not erase from his mind the vision of single-tailed Airacrobras. Hence the mistake.



ON THE Five Mile Shelf of books which will have been written about this war, there will be Mr. Albert Finnegan's. When we last saw Mr. Finnegan he was sitting cross-legged on Shakespeare Heights, the most commanding of the much-besung white cliffs of Dover (England) scribbling rapidly. Mr. Finnegan needed a bit of urging because, he said, he feared that there wouldn't be a public for a war book which wasn't devoted exclusively to the far travels, the splendid achievements and the inspired wisdom of the author. But we assured him that such a book would be sensational. "The only place my name will appear in this book," said Mr. Finnegan, "will be on the title page. And there I shall spell it wrong just to create a little talk.

"Much of my work will be about Dame Polly Pidgeon who, on her seventy-second birthday, made off with a dory or rowboat and rushed unassisted to the evacuation of Dunkirk. She rowed steadily for seventy-two hours without eating, sleeping, drinking and, according to her diary, scarcely breathing. She wore out four pairs of stout gloves and two pairs of boots, and ruined her last remaining stays. Incidentally, she kept an elaborate dairy and drew up a plan for the restoration of Dover while rescuing sixty-two Tommies and coming to grips with the crew of a downed German bomber, rescuing them too from the Straits after a bitter struggle. It's all down here in her diary. After that, it was impossible for Dame Polly Pidgeon to settle down to ordinary war. So she set forth in the dory, saying that she was going to rescue two French schoolteachers whom she had met on the Riviera in 1912. She was a large, handsome, rawboned woman but somewhat willful. Before Dunkirk, she was taking parachute lessons. It's all down here in her diary. Incidentally, she has not been heard from since setting forth to look for those schoolteachers. If you see her in America, tell her I'd like to have the dory back."

JUST before we bade a lingering farewell to England, we had a few words with Mr. Enos Quilter Berrie who, until apprehended by Scotland Yard, was about to be Britain's King of the Cornwall Daffodilleggers. For reasons which we didn't have time to run down, it is illegal to smuggle daffodils, violets, anemones and other early spring flowers into London. Mr. Berrie was nabbed as he stepped off a Penzance train, carrying what was obviously a bull fiddle. But Scotland Yard smelled a daffodil—and looked into the fiddle. Mr. Berrie was not hanged, merely fined fifty pounds and assessed twelve guineas costs, incidentally losing his bull fiddle and daffodils. Mr. Berrie told us that it was stern punishment like this that robbed life in England of much of its romance and that he was going to run for Parliament on a liberal daffodil platform. In Highgate on the same morning, Mr. David Rosenberg was fined twenty-three pounds ($92) for misusing petrol (gasoline). Mr. Rosenberg merely drove one mile in his car to get a shave. This was not regarded by the government as essential. Mr. Rosenberg is now letting them grow. We cite these items so that you may know how England is reckoning with her latest type of malefactors. In Kent, a lady who threw bread to pigeons was fined twelve pounds.

SO WE'RE back home after a hit-and-run career as a war correspondent. If we were to write that in the manner of the British correspondent we'd say: "I am now in a position to say that I am home." But we have doubts whether anyone gives a doggone. . . . W. D.

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# THIS WEE

APRIL 24, 1943

## SHORT STORIES

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**M. J. GAFFNEY**

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**COVER** ERWIN BLUMENFI

# Are you getting enough of these?

TODAY, we owe it not only to ourselves, but to our country, to keep physically fit. Every man, woman, and child should have a health program—one carefully adjusted to his physical condition, age, and working hours. It should embrace *sleep, rest, recreation, exercise, and a nutritious diet.* Below are suggestions concerning the first three of these requisites of good health.

## SLEEP?

**Sleep is a great healer.** It eases the work of the vital organs and gives the body time to mend worn-out tissues and build new ones. Most adults require eight hours of sleep daily. Children need considerably more, especially in the early 'teens. Refreshing sleep comes more easily when you avoid excitement or hard physical or mental work just before bedtime. Those whose work requires daytime sleep should especially be shielded from the worst enemies of sleep—*light* and *noise.*

## REST?

**Enough sleep**—especially tossing, fretful sleep—is not necessarily enough rest. Have you ever tried to relax completely? When you are completely relaxed, asleep or awake, the restorative powers of the body can get at their work of overcoming fatigue. The habit of complete relaxation for even brief periods is worth while cultivating in these days of hard work and taut nerves. Letting both mind and body relax at odd moments throughout the day helps conserve energy for *important* tasks.

## RECREATION?

**Even amidst the grim business of war,** Uncle Sam plans carefully for adequate recreational facilities for our armed forces. Recreation is equally important for civilians. Hobbies are excellent and so are sports, reading, music—whatever *you* call fun. Try to get some of your recreation out of doors in the sunshine. For example, *plant a Victory Garden!* This year, tending a vegetable garden is not only healthful recreation, but an important contribution toward winning the war.

Metropolitan will send you upon request a leaflet containing suggestions for your physical fitness program. Ask for, "Blueprint for Health."

**MORE NURSES ARE NEEDED!** The health of our armed forces, of our war-industry workers, and of our families and friends depends in large part on skilled nursing care. No war work for women is more vital. None offers a more lasting and rewarding career. America needs 65,000 high school and college graduates to enter schools of nursing this year. Federal funds are available for scholarships for qualified students. Write to the National Nursing Council for War Service, 1790 Broadway, New York City, for information.

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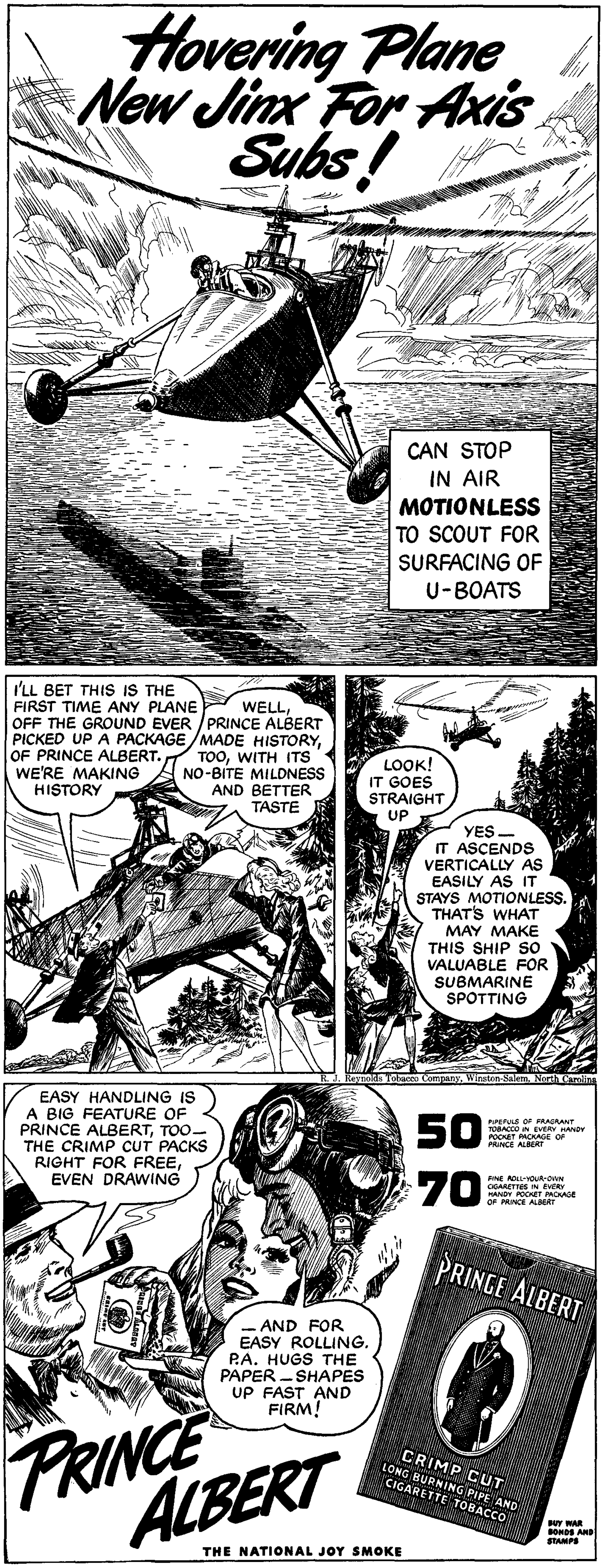
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CAN STOP IN AIR MOTIONLESS TO SCOUT FOR SURFACING OF U-BOATS
I'LL BET THIS IS THE FIRST TIME ANY PLANE OFF THE GROUND EVER PICKED UP A PACKAGE OF PRINCE ALBERT. WE'RE MAKING HISTORY
WELL, PRINCE ALBERT MADE HISTORY, TOO, WITH ITS NO-BITE MILDNESS AND BETTER TASTE
LOOK! IT GOES STRAIGHT UP
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PRINCE ALBERT
CRIMP CUT LONG BURNING PIPE AND CIGARETTE TOBACCO
PRINCE ALBERT
THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE
BUY WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

# KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

### By Freling Foster

*As the* International Ice Patrol in the Atlantic has been discontinued, there is no estimate of the number of icebergs that will drift south into shipping lanes this summer. Their number varies considerably from year to year; while the average since 1900 was 423, there were 1,351 in 1929 and only two in 1940.

*Marriage* by proxy is legal in many Christian countries, among them being Argentina, Austria, Germany, the Netherlands, Portugal, Spain and Venezuela.

*America's* 16-inch coast-defense guns, which hurl one-ton shells nearly 30 miles, have a recoil mechanism that can absorb, within five feet, a force equivalent to that of a 20-ton freight car traveling at 60 miles an hour.—*By Theron Stillman, Kalispell, Montana.*

*War Production Board* simplification orders have saved tens of millions of dollars' worth of metals, lumber, textiles and other materials. In one case, by reducing the types of men's working clothes, overalls and coveralls from eighty-seven to six, and eliminating reinforcements and unnecessary pockets, enough cloth will be saved annually to make 7,000,000 additional garments.

*Since* 1939, one airplane manufacturer alone has devised nearly 250,000 special tools to speed up production, chiefly on only one type of bomber. This figure does not include any standard tools such as electric drills and rivet guns.

*In a* London suburb, a large factory making electrical equipment for aircraft is only forty feet wide but seven miles long. It occupies an unused subway.

*The* pilot holding the record for the largest number of transoceanic flights is Captain R. O. D. Sullivan of Pan American Airways. So far he has made 53 trips across the Pacific and 112 trips across the Atlantic.

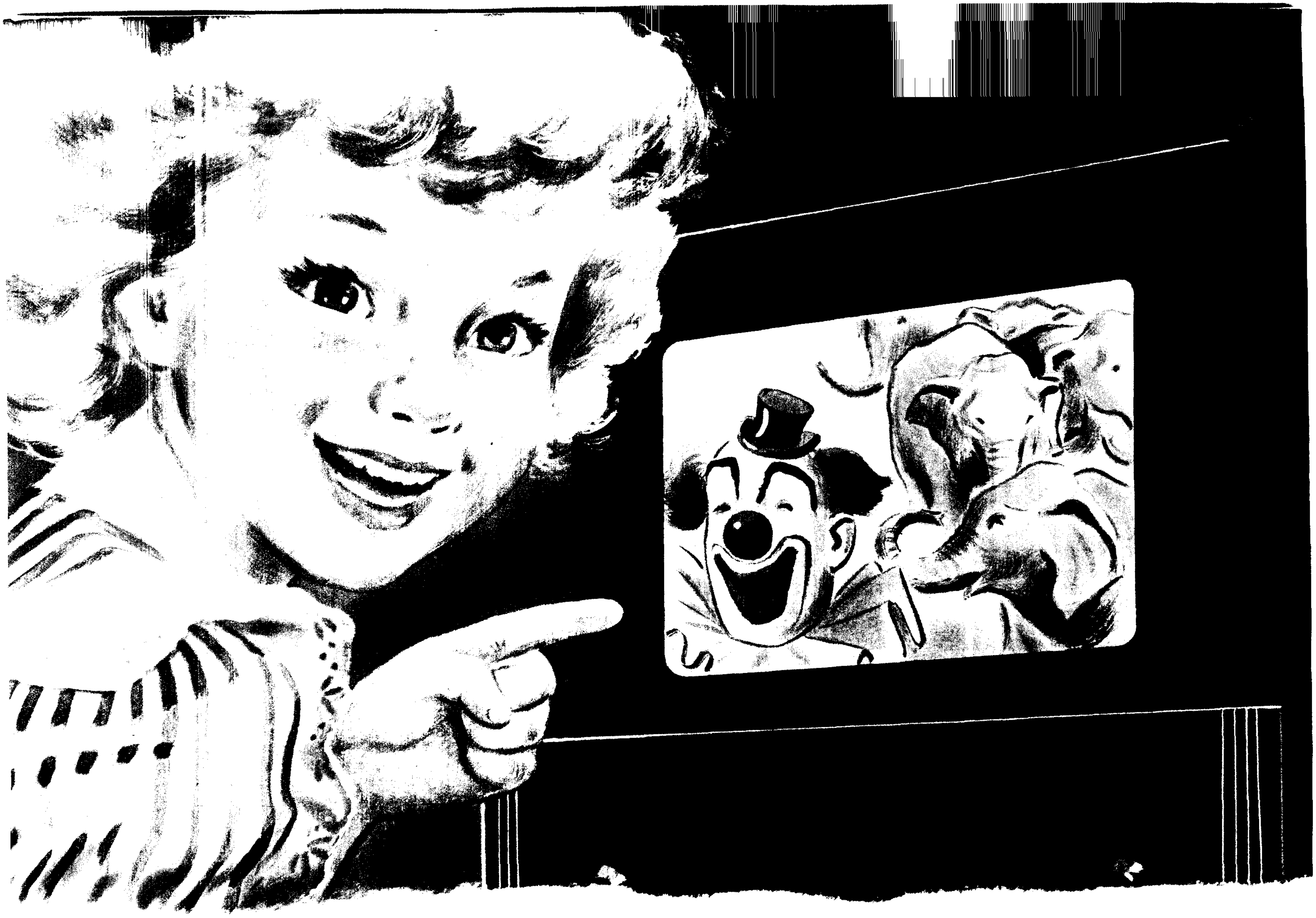
*The* color of light is more or less stimulating to human muscular activity. Tests have shown that, when such activity is normal at a rating of 100 under artificial white light, it increases to 104 under blue illumination, 121 under green, 130 under yellow, 159 under orange and 187 under red.

*Of the* 625,000 known species of insects, only about 20,000, or 32 in 1,000, spread disease or damage crops and other property. Of the 80,000 United States species, only 600, or less than 8 in 1,000, are destructive pests.

*The* name of a Pullman car indicates its capacity and interior construction so that trains can be made up quickly to specific requirements. Cars in the "City" series, for example, have an eighteen-roomette capacity. Cars in the "Lake" series are divided into ten sections, two compartments and a drawing room.—*By C. E. Miller, Bloomington, Indiana.*

*Since* the beginning of the war on September 3, 1939, the cost of living in the United States has increased only 21 per cent, while the weekly wage of factory workers has increased 66 per cent, or from an average of $23.93 to $39.78.

**Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City. This column is copyrighted by Collier's, The National Weekly. None of the items may be reproduced without express permission of the publisher**



## "Hurry up, Mother! Here come the elephants!"

### General Electric Television will make your home a window on the world

The time is coming when in some form — whether a cabinet set or a projected picture on a wall screen —*every one* will be able to enjoy the thrill of home television.

By television, you will see a circus parade, a big baseball game, the Mardi Gras, the launching of giant ships. You will invite friends in for the latest television movie, or the new Broadway musical show. By television, you will keep up with new fashions, new recipes, and new dance steps.

If you are a business man, you will introduce new automobiles, radio receivers, refrigerators, electrical appliances, and airplanes by television. Not only will you tell the public about your product, as you do now by radio; you will show the public the actual product, package and all.

All of General Electric's experience in radio and television is at work today producing electronic weapons that are helping to win the war. When Victory comes, new knowledge gained in war years will be applied to the purposes of peace, and General Electric will build fine radio and television receivers for your enjoyment.

Television and FM (a new kind of high-fidelity radio) are coming industries that will provide thousands of new jobs in the post-war world.

**FREE:** A fascinating new booklet, 32 pages, full color, tells the story of television and other electronic equipment. Write for your free copy of "Electronics—a New Science for a New World," to Section 5-A, Electronics Dept., General Electric, Schenectady, N. Y. And when you come to Schenectady, visit General Electric Station WRGB, one of the largest television stations in the world.

*Tune in on Frazier Hunt and the News every Tuesday, Thursday, Saturday evenings over C. B. S. On Sunday night listen to the "Hour of Charm" over N. B. C. See newspapers for time, station.*

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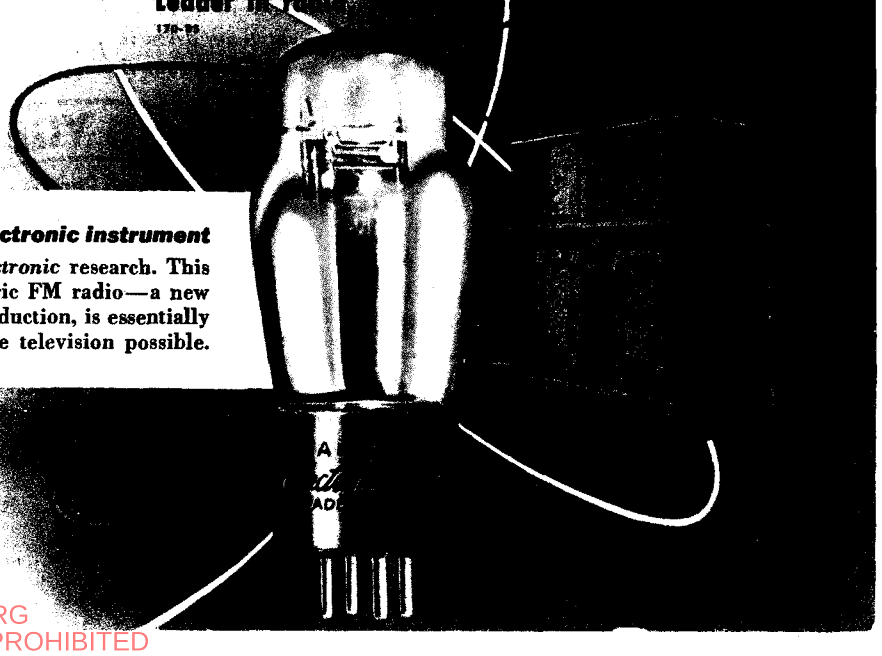
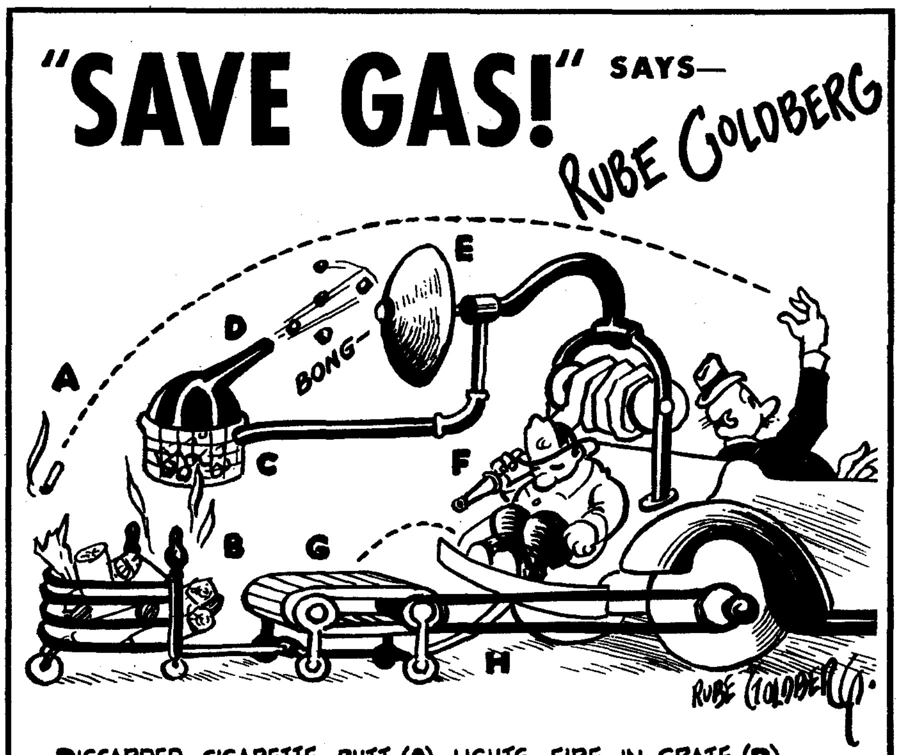


***Every General Electric Radio is an electronic instrument***

**Radio, like television, is a product of *electronic* research. This electronic tube, used in the General Electric FM radio—a new kind of radio with amazingly lifelike reproduction, is essentially the same as the electronic tubes that make television possible.**

"SAVE GAS!" SAYS— RUBE GOLDBERG



DISCARDED CIGARETTE BUTT (A) LIGHTS FIRE IN GRATE (B), HEATING POPCORN (C)—CORN POPS THROUGH NOZZLE (D), RINGING FIRE BELL (E) AND WAKING UP MIDGET FIREMAN (F)—FIREMAN, IN ANXIETY TO PUT OUT FIRE IN GRATE, RUNS ON TREADMILL (G), CAUSING BELT (H) TO SET CAR IN MOTION—THIS SHOULD BE SIMPLE METHOD OF DRIVING TO MOVIES IF YOU DON'T LIVE OVER A BLOCK AWAY!

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Keep terminals clean and tight. Remove any corrosion with baking soda and water. Wash with water, and coat with vaseline. Keep battery filled with distilled water.

Recharge when check shows need.

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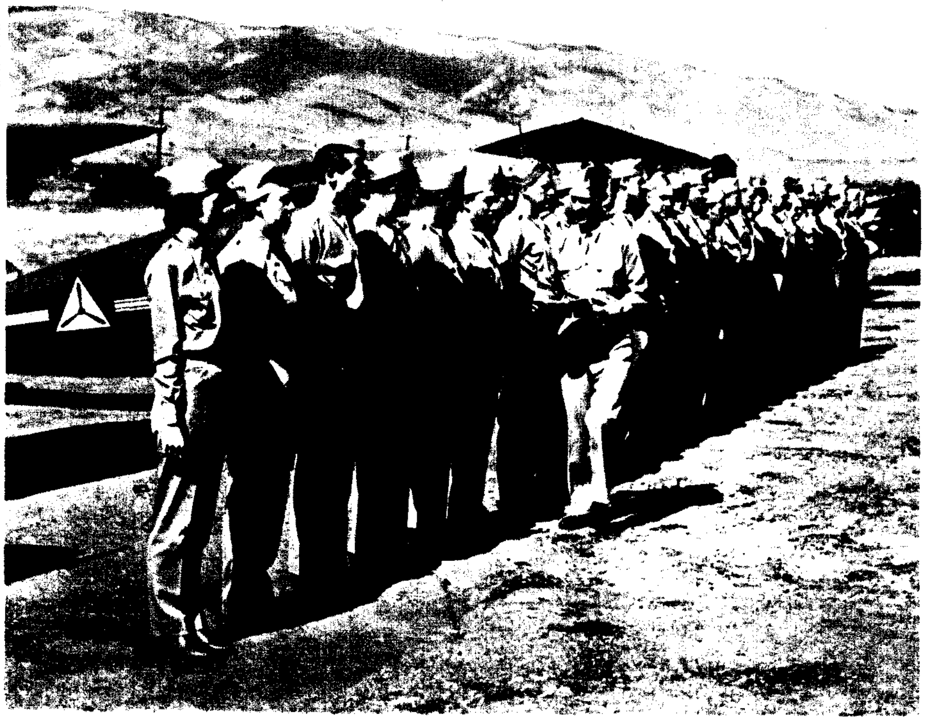
GIVES YOUR ENGINE AN EXTRA MARGIN OF SAFETY

# WING TALK



PRESS ASSOCIATION, INC.

Civil Air Patrol pilots line up in front of plane with CAP insigne

THE CIVIL AIR PATROL was a crazy idea to begin with. It obviously couldn't work. You can't expect men to volunteer to go through fire and brimstone without pay or glory.

Paraphrasing an old Army slogan, the CAP isn't by any means the safest place to be, but it's certainly the strangest. Consider, for example, the time a little Stinson, patrolling the Gulf of Mexico for enemy submarines, was forced down on a miserable, bleak little island off Mississippi. The plane was too badly damaged to get back into the air, so a Coast Guard boat rescued the CAP pilot and observer. Another CAP plane tried to land on the island to repair the first plane, but it got stuck, too.

Finally, a regular repair crew was brought out by boat. First, it had to win the island from a force of wild boars. A few of the vicious pigs were shot, demoralizing their front lines, and the repair mission settled down to live a while with roast boar, mosquitoes and hard work. The men had no water, and it couldn't be dropped in paper sacks from the air, the way most things could. So a CAP patrol craft put a chunk of ice in its bomb rack and plunked it on the boys. The planes were patched up with whatever was handy, including the bottom of a frying pan, which was welded into the tail assembly, and thirteen days later the two planes careened down a strip of bumpy beach and flew back home.

ONE day, Major General James E. Chaney, commander of the First Air Force at Mitchel Field, New York, was flying comfortably at 10,000 feet in a twin-engined bomber. The general was looking down distastefully at the 30-foot waves, when he thought he saw two impudent little yellow-winged land planes sitting on the water beneath him. He made his pilot circle and came down to investigate. He discovered that the planes weren't actually on the water. They were low over it, looking for submarines.

"How far is it to land?" the horrified general asked his pilot.

"Seventy-one miles the shortest way," the pilot said.

Chaney wrote Major Earle L. Johnson, national commander of the CAP. "I just wanted you to know," he said, "that you have no draft dodgers in that bunch."

Incidentally, CAP men are not deferable from the draft. Most of them have dependents or are overage or physically unfit for regular military duty.

THE CAP was started December 1, 1941—a week before Pearl Harbor—as part of the Office of Civilian Defense. Plans were worked over for a month before that by a committee of air-conscious people who refused to be skeptical. The main idea was to use the thousands of private pilots, planes and air enthusiasts, in work which could be done by men and equipment somewhat less high-powered than that used by the Army Air Forces.

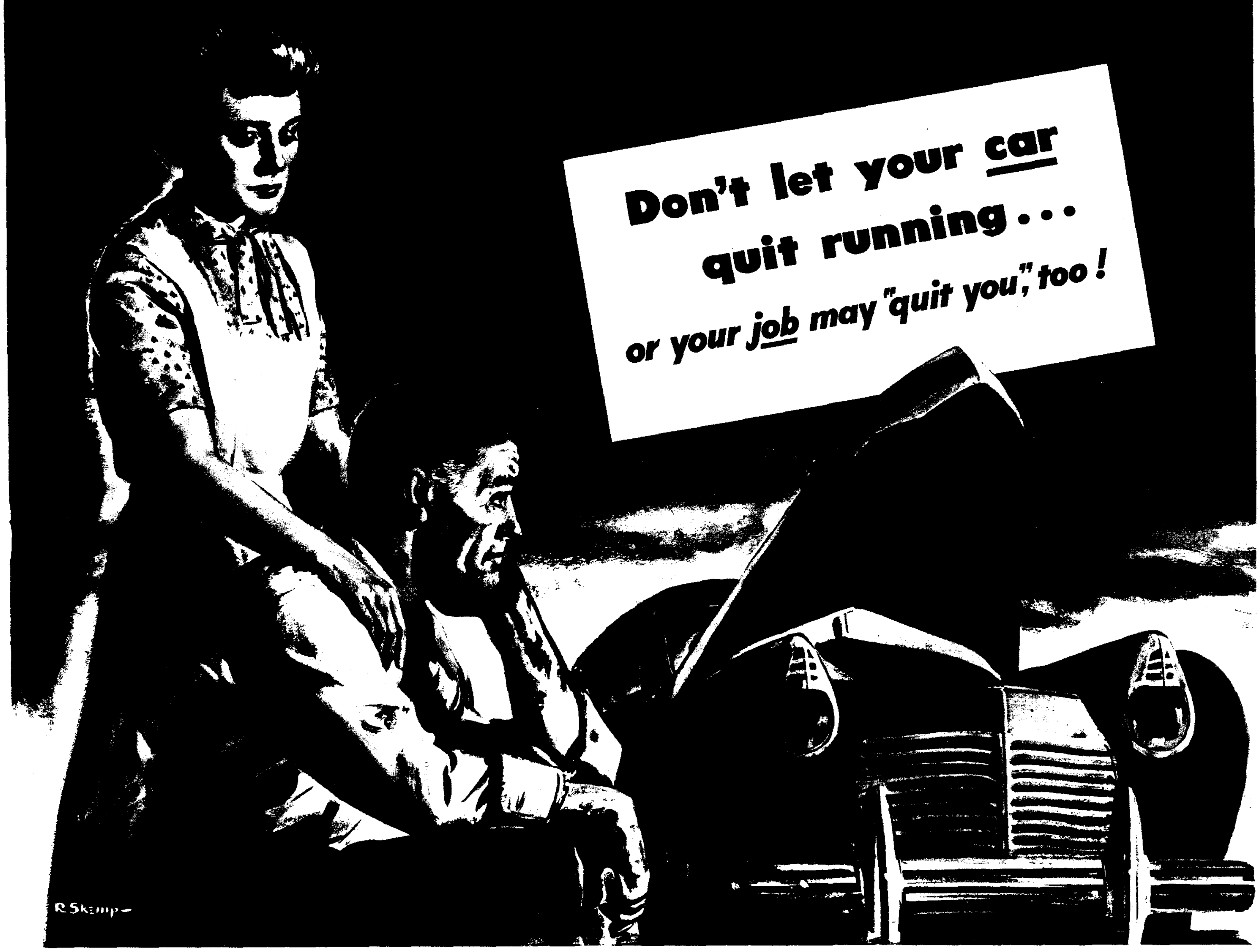
A wing was set up in each state, under a wing commander. Volunteers had to stipulate when they would be available for service. They had to answer eighty questions, be fingerprinted and investigated by the F.B.I. No one born in an enemy country could get in, and if born in an allied foreign country, he must have been a resident of his present city for ten years back.

The boys and girls (several CAP groups are all women) meet three nights a week, usually, and study navigation, radio, meteorology, military drill and military courtesy. Those who bring their own planes get paid around $15 an hour, depending upon its horsepower, when it's actually in the air. But only the depreciation on the plane goes to the owner; the rest goes into a kitty from which all owners buy parts, tools and similar essentials, when they can get what they need. Keeping in CAP together has been an incessant battle with priorities and with assorted private and bureaucratic prejudice. James Landis, busy trying to make sense out of the hysterical Office of Civilian Defense which he inherited from Mayor La Guardia of New York, has taken time out to fight for what the CAP requires; and along with Major Earle Johnson of the Army Air Forces, director of the CAP, Landis must get the kudos for making the organization move ahead into incredible difficulties.

THERE are 21 CAP bases from Mexico to Maine, and a volunteer is just as likely as not to find himself sent for thirty

*(Continued on page 69)*

# WARNING—TO 4 OUT OF 5 WORKERS


Don't let your car quit running...
or your job may "quit you," too!
R. Skemp

ARE YOU convinced that "American genius always finds a way"? That—one way or another, you can always get to your job? Play with this thought for a minute:

If all the street cars and buses in America were packed to capacity every morning and night, they could carry just 1 out of every 5 workers to work and back!* 4 out of 5 would have to get to work in private cars. Or walk! Or face the cold truth that the man who can't get to his job doesn't have a job!

With buses and street cars already loaded, even a few more private cars worn out mean men missing from war jobs. And the more there are who can't get to work, the fewer weapons we'll produce—the longer the war will last—the greater will be its toll.

That's why it's time to face these facts: *You're driving your last car* until months after war ends. If you can't ride to work because you let it wear out, you'll walk—or not work! So your automobile service expert is far more important to you than he ever was before.

He knows how to stretch car life—to keep you riding—and working. He knows the new service needs arising from today's reduced driving. And he knows that the most important step in keeping cars in service is proper lubrication.

Like many who are sincerely interested in preventing avoidable wear, he is likely to use and recommend Alemite lubricants. But whether he has Alemite or another recognized brand, the important thing is to see him regularly. This is no time to risk the loss of a car you and your country depend upon!

*Another Product of*
STEWART
WARNER

**ALEMITE**
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

**LUBRICANTS • LUBRICATING EQUIPMENT • MOTOR OIL**

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

**Based on figures supplied by The Office of Defense Transportation*

# CITY GIRL MAKES GOOD . . . *on the Farm!*

*Yes . . . so men can fight on battle front and production front . . . willing feminine "hands" from city and town have rallied to the job of filling the biggest food order in history.*

## EVERYTHING'S CHANGED NOW

Today, the full force of General Tire's recognized leadership in Top-Quality is being directed straight at the target of giving our fighting men the vital tools of war . . . the countless rubber products needed for Victory.

You, in turn, must *save your tires;* help to conserve America's precious rubber supply.

As you do it, however, you can look forward *on that day to come* to a General Tire with even more mileage, safety and comfort than the famed Generals of the past. Yes, General's specialized manufacturing skill; its unique ability in getting *the most* out of rubber . . . are your promise of still more change *for the better.*

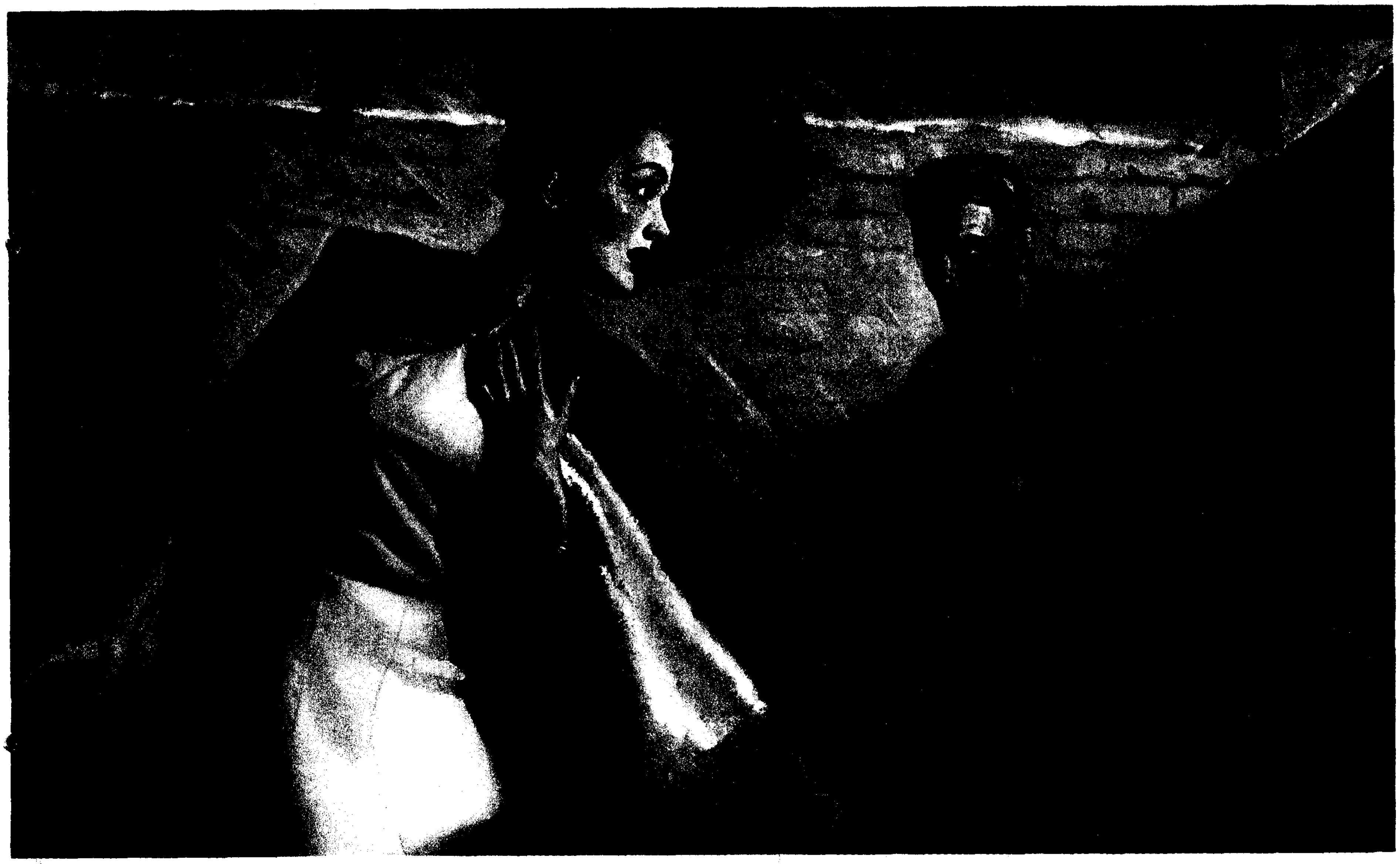
Because, you see, as General's technicians discover new materials and new ways to make rubber fight . . . they are discovering, also, how to build a still finer Top-Quality tire for your car.

**THE GENERAL TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY • AKRON, OHIO**

**A TIRE THAT MAY LAST AS LONG AS YOUR CAR?**

*Coming from General?* Coming, too . . . much less air pressure? Lighter weight, yet more strength? The heat problem ended? Synthetics, rayon, nylon? *You'll have to wait to find out* . . . until that great day ahead! But, depend on it, new compounds and new processes being developed now will bring you the greatest Top-Quality General Tire ever built!

The GENERAL TIRE



With an alert, fierce glance about him, a young man stepped out. "Can I be seen here?" he asked

# A FRENCHWOMAN, TOO

## BY GRACE FLANDRAU

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM REUSSWIG

**Behind enemy lines, a man's life may depend on little things—such as the loyalties of two strange women, and a bottle of brandy in the attic**

SHE was alone now in the quiet room, and what few sounds there were seemed only to deepen the silence: the slow ticktock of the clock, the scratching of sleet against the windowpanes, the crackling of logs in the fireplace. We can have fires, Céleste was thinking; no matter how cold all France is, we can be warm.

Perhaps that was what Angèle, too, had been thinking. Perhaps there were always thoughts like that back of her eyes, colorless like glass in her rough peasant face. In spite of herself, Céleste had not been able to resist trying to placate her; to win from her some recognition of herself, Céleste, as a human being too, and even a Frenchwoman. Some small gesture of friendliness to lighten the awful solitude in which she lived.

"You can take a later train back, Angèle. If you prefer. I don't know when my husband will come home, and for me it doesn't matter." On Thursdays and Sundays, the woman went by train to her village some ten miles distant.

"I thank Madame, but I shall come back at the usual hour."

No favors. And too, she would take no liberties with her job. They could have hired other servants, but Angèle was competent to do the work of three and she wanted to get the wages of three. She loved money.

That was all Céleste knew about her—that she loved money and that her uncle, who had been made puppet mayor of the town, was a collaborationist. About Angèle herself, she didn't know.

Céleste's eyes fell again upon the leaflet that lay face up on the table: "One hundred thousand francs reward." How big would that sum seem, no matter which side she was on, to a peasant woman who loved money? What if I asked her? What if I said I hoped it would never be paid? Would she believe me? How could she? How could any of them?

She glanced about her in a kind of bewilderment. In the dim morning twilight, her face had a shadowy loveliness—flesh laid sparingly on good bones; hair too fair to be brown, too brown to be really gold; eyes of the deep violet blue that is nearly black, and set under brows lifted wistfully high above them. A face too young, altogether, for the sadness and uncertainty that lay upon it.

Over her head, age-darkened beams hung low; under her feet was the silky unevenness of tiles worn smooth in centuries of service to a family that was not hers. What was she doing here? Into what sad exile had these people—whose place she had taken—been sent? All at once the room, the strangers' house, became insufferable to her, and, snatching up a cape, she went out into the gale.

The wind swooped upon her, swept back her hair, whipped the frozen rain against her face. There was solace in this physical discomfort and, leaning into the storm, she went along the path to the lower end of the garden. The steep slope made it possible to see over the wall, and she liked to stand here on fine days and look out to sea.

TODAY, however, there was only the gray wall of sleet, shutting her in with her thoughts, with the hate in Angèle's cold eyes, in the voices of the tradesmen, in the strained formality of the few people she had met. In a bigger place, Paris for instance, there would be plenty of people to welcome a Frenchwoman who was married to one of the Nazi masters. But these she herself would have disdained to know.

For there was no way to bridge the gap between the present and the world of a few years past; between herself today and the girl she had been, so very ignorant, so very young! Everybody then had believed in peace and friendship with Germany; and there'd been only congratulations among the diplomats and the politicians when the daughter of their special envoy to Berlin was married to a German.

She stood very still, the storm loud in her ears; and when suddenly she heard a man's voice speaking to her, it was not at first real or separate but only a part of the tumult about her and in her heart.

"Madame, if you please, don't be afraid." It was fluent French but not the French of a Frenchman. "I'm only asking you for help."

She could not move; she could not draw out her breath, caught in her throat, or speak. Thick shrubbery filled the angle of the wall, and, with an alert, fierce glance about him, a young man stepped out. He was tall, with a mop of fair hair and a grimy, unshaven face.

"Can I be seen here?" he asked, his jaws snapping together with the chill that passed in long shudders through his body.

He glanced up at the windows of the house, and she saw how blue and young

(Continued on page 39)

INTERNATIONAL

One who was caught: Axel Wheeler-Hill, a naturalized American working with a Nazi spy ring, wound up in jail. Not all of them d

# ’s Spies
# perts

### oover
### L. Collins

**From businesslike German schools come the professional spy and the saboteur—cunning, ruthless, superbly trained for their specific tasks. They'll be hard to stop, says Mr. Hoover, and catching them—in time—is a job in which every American can give the F.B.I. a hand**

IT IS perhaps too early to hope that Hitler is burning bridges behind him, but he *is* blowing them up, literally—and railroads and water mains and power plants, too—in all-out training of his assassins in their job of sabotaging property and communications in the United States.

The capture and conviction of eight German saboteurs who landed on our Eastern shores from a Nazi submarine did not end the peril. They merely emphasized it. Adolf Hitler's spy factories have been training spies and saboteurs for years, and every potential saboteur is given practical tests, on carefully selected proving grounds, in the destruction of life and property.

But our story concerns itself, first, with an upstanding middle-aged American, of unquestioned character and repute, who landed in Germany in 1939 to visit his mother, a resident of Mülheim, in the Ruhr.

The dream of almost every naturalized American is to make a return journey to the land of his birth; to revisit the scenes of his childhood and to show his family and friends that he has "made good" in the land of his adoption. Of none is this more true than of the self-respecting, family-loving German-born. So the man (whom we will call William Stoltz) was making a pilgrimage to his aged mother's home on a mission we can all understand and respect.

But as he set foot on German soil for the first time in nearly twenty years, the Nazi immigration official who examined his American passport ordered him brusquely to stand to one side. Immediately, a man in civilian clothes approached and demanded Stoltz's name and destination. He gave his mother's address in Mülheim.

"You will wait there," commanded the stranger, who was an agent of the Gestapo, "to hear from us in the near future."

A few days later, Stoltz received a letter from one Doctor Gassner stating that the writer had a matter of importance to discuss with him. The "matter of importance" was, in the first instance, an effort to obtain information on plane production in the United States. Stoltz, an engineer, had worked in several aircraft plants, but could not give Gassner the information he sought. Whereupon the Herr Doktor told him that it had been decided that Stoltz should return to the United States to act as a Nazi spy. When Stoltz asked who had done the deciding, he was told only: "Our society."

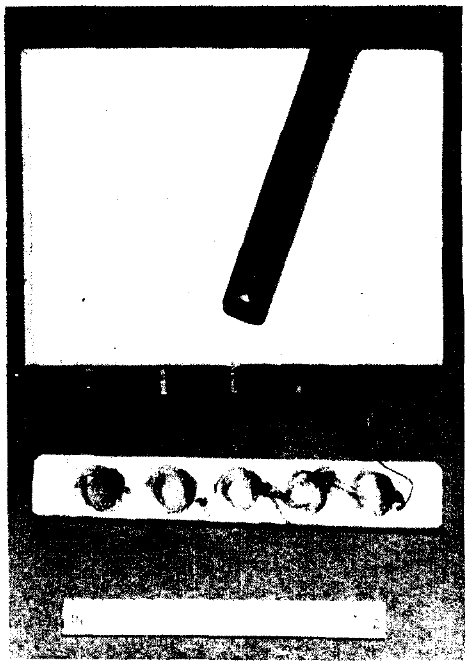
Stoltz refused to obey, but when he reached his room he found that his American passport—the only evidence of his legal right to be in Nazi Germany—had been stolen. While he was gloomily analyzing the fix he was in, Doctor Gassner reappeared, with a grim person of military bearing, who was introduced as Doctor Renken but who was in fact Major Nikolaus Adolf Fritz Ritter of the Nazi Secret Service.

Robbed of his American credentials and threatened with reprisals against his mother and other relatives in Germany, William Stoltz had no alternative. He had to obey the Nazi agents' commands. He was, therefore, taken to the German Espionage School at Hamburg and delivered into the hands of still another "doctor," the notorious Henrich Kurtz, also known as Heinrich Sorau, who had discovered and trained Lilly Carola Stein, the Mata Hari of the New York spy ring. Not all recruits for the Nazi espionage system are so brazenly kidnaped as was William Stoltz; but in the great majority of cases some form of compulsion is employed. With the younger men the approach is more subtle.

I have in mind the case of another German-born American visiting the Fatherland, who found himself assiduously cultivated by a very attractive young girl in the Foreign Office. Through her he met officers of the General Staff and other dignitaries who, according to the German caste system, would normally have treated him with contempt. Flattered, the young man, who was a machinist, began answering questions about American life in

(Continued on page 57)

Nazi instruments of destruction. Above, a 13-jewel watch mechanism for time bomb. Below, detonators which were concealed in wooden blocks

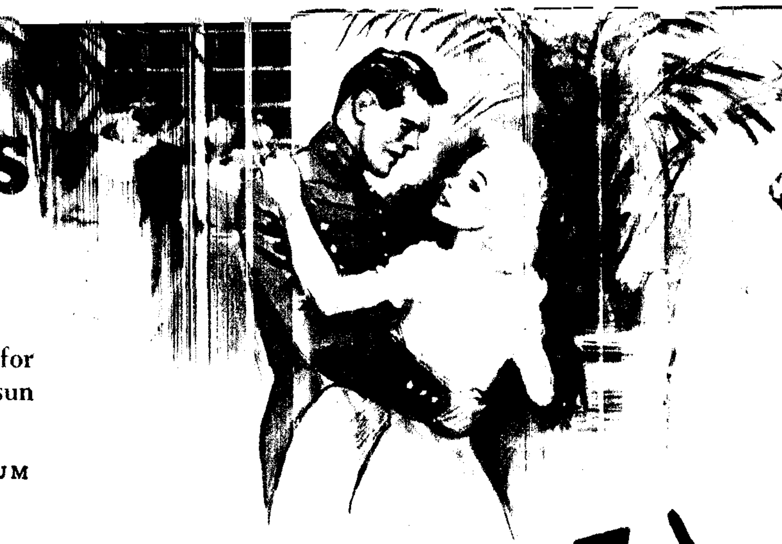


# FIVE DATES

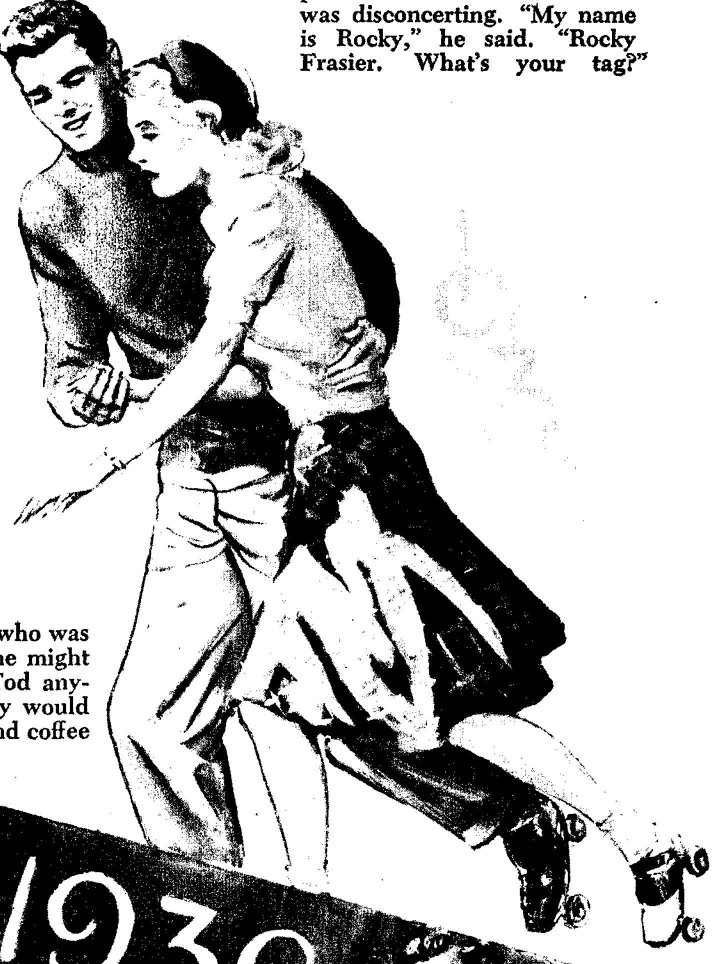
## By M. J. Gaffney

The coming-of-age of a girl who was made for moonlight, and had to learn to walk in the sun

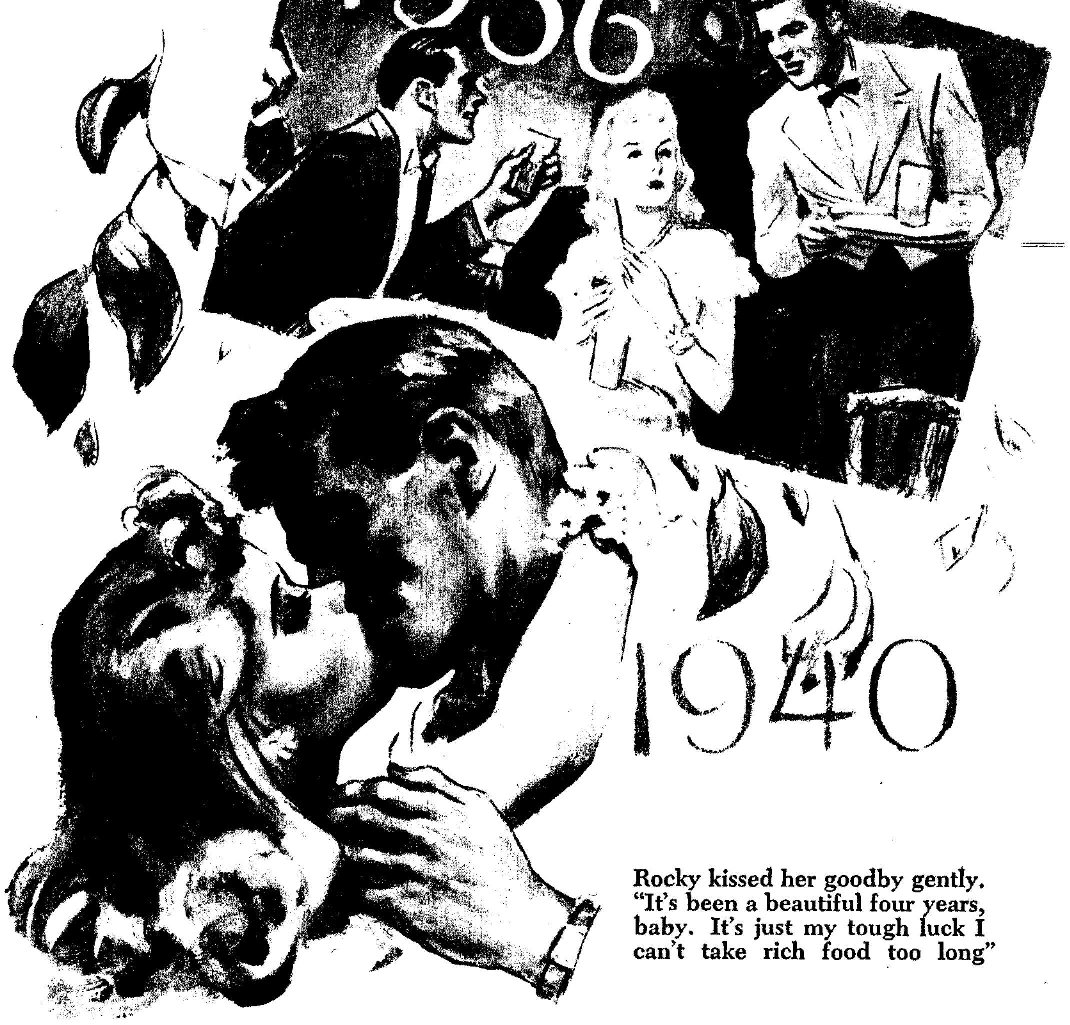
ILLUSTRATED BY JAY HYDE BARNUM



Then Tod Warren cut in. He was as beautiful as Lexy and quite sophisticated for being only seventeen. "Hello, lost heartbeat," he said



Besides taking her hand, he put his arm around her. It was disconcerting. "My name is Rocky," he said. "Rocky Frasier. What's your tag?"



Lexy looked at the boy who was serving them, so that she might tell him not to bring Tod anything to drink; that they would both have sandwiches and coffee

Rocky kissed her goodby gently. "It's been a beautiful four years, baby. It's just my tough luck I can't take rich food too long"

HERE are five dates in the life of Alexandra Sanders. She is a pretty girl from Royal Oaks, North Carolina. The Sanderses are not an old Southern family, but, what is more important, they have a lot of money.

1931:

It was Lexy's sixteenth birthday. Her father—whose name was Jim Sanders and whose business was PEM, the delicious compressed pork loaf—was giving her a coming-out party. It was in that era when people drove to parties in cars, and more often than not, with only two in a car. Probably you can remember such a time.

Lexy was in a fabulously simple white chiffon evening gown. "Good evening, Mr. and Mrs. Carmer. Hello, Roy," she would say in her faintly charming little voice as she stood in the receiving line. Then she would smile, and you somehow expected her to make a curtsy.

After a bit Major Winn came over and asked Lexy for the first dance. The major was a genuine product, if on the rummy side. He had some kind of unexplained job in the PEM Royal Oaks branch.

Lexy drifted off, her saffron hair floating behind her.

"You're a right graceful dancer, Miss Lexy," said the major.

Lexy smiled.

Then Tod Warren cut in. He had on his V. M. I. uniform, and he was as beautiful as Lexy; not swish, mind you, just beautiful like the Greek gods batting their medicine balls about on the playing fields of Olympus. All height and chest, no waist and fearless blue eyes looking out at the world with the strength of ten because his heart was pure. "Hello, lost heartbeat," he said to Lexy. He was sophisticated for being only seventeen or eighteen.

Lexy opened her eyes wide. "Hello, Tod." Then she closed her eyes as if in ecstasy at his touch, letting the lashes fall where they would, making smudges on her pale cheeks. "What a good-looking couple we are," she thought triumphantly. "Tod knows it too." He did, for he was branching out with all sorts of elaborate steps. People were looking at them, and the oldsters on the side lines emitted "Ohs" and "Ahs." Not this time, but after the second cut-in, Lexy knew Tod would ask her to the V. M. I. spring week end. You couldn't blame her then for resembling just a bit a cat who has dined on some young robins, when Tod did invite her. . . .

1933:

Lexy used to say she hadn't the faintest idea where she met Rocky Frasier. She knew perfectly well. She and Tod and Jane Mayberry and Bob Frances were at Brennan's Roller Skating Rink. It was out about two miles from Scotch Corners, the housing district of the PEM employees, and it was tough. Maybe not so much tough as rough; people knocked one another over, and then if they didn't get up quickly, skated over them, back and forth, back and forth, with loud hooting.

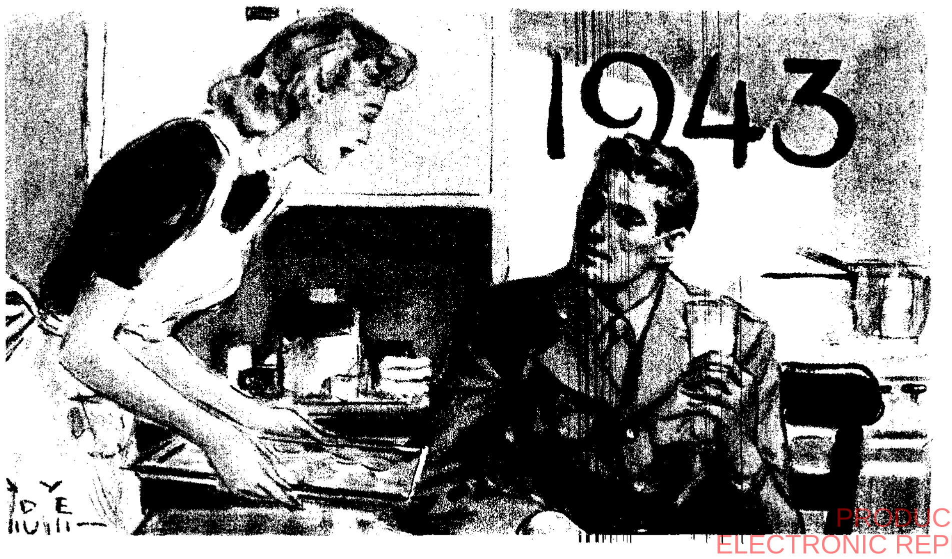
"What a terrible place!" Lexy said.

"It'll be fun." Jane was enthusiastic. "I've reached the saturation point with those proper, gosh-awful things we're always going to."

The boys for once agreed with Jane, and as Lexy was no fool, she hopped onto the band wagon with a nimbleness she seldom displayed. Besides, she was looking at a boy in a bright red turtle-neck sweater and gray flannel slacks stained with machine oil. He was even taller than Tod, and with broader shoulders, but thinner. His hair was cut in a crew cut and, somewhere along the line, he had acquired a broken nose that had set not too badly. He was looking Lexy over with eyes that were amused, like Groucho Marx looking at a pretty blonde, who was just that and nothing more.

They skated in twos and threes, once in fours. Sometimes the man with the loud-speaker told them to reverse directions and skate the other way because they might get dizzy whirling around on the two turns and the straightaway that comprised the Brennan circuit. He then announced a number called a Kentucky Steal. The girls started out with their partners, but every time the music stopped they went ahead one. By the end, everybody should have skated with everybody else.

About the third pause Lexy found herself with the red-sweater boy. Turtle necks, she tried to think scornfully, didn't he know they were terribly outdated?



There were tears not so far back. "I've got to go upstairs with some cookies for the kids," Lexy said

"Hi, pretty," he said and besides taking her hand he put his arm about her. It was easier skating that way, but disconcerting being so close to somebody you had never even been introduced to.

"My name is Rocky," he told her, "Rocky Frasier. What's your tag?"

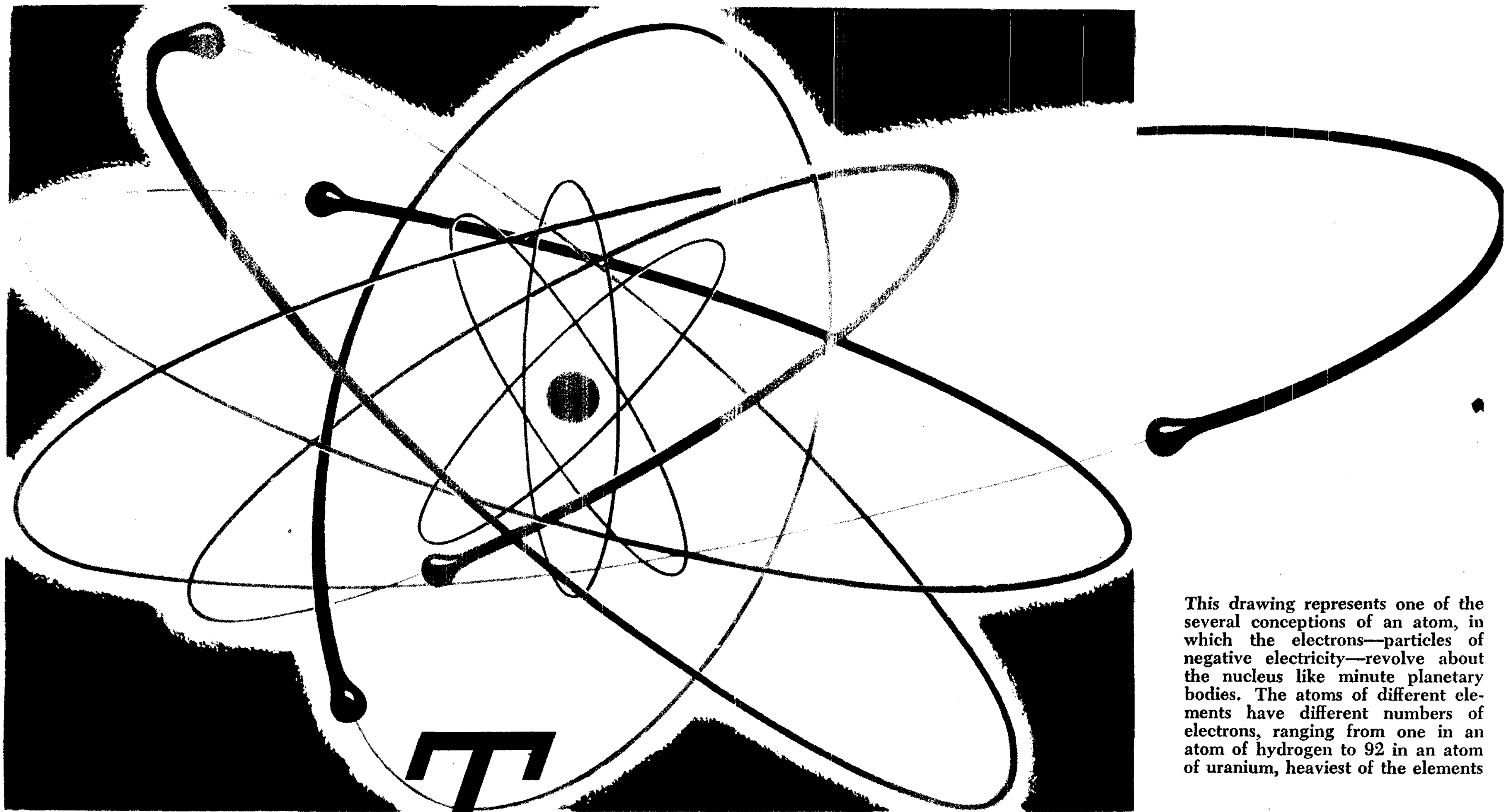
"Alexandra Sanders," she said, and he said, "What?" because her voice was small against the background of loud music and clanking skates. She repeated it and he said, "I won't ever forget that name."

Then came the silence and Lexy moved to go ahead, but the boy in the red sweater tightened his hold. "Let the gunny sack behind us move up a couple," he said and then, leaning over casually to the fat red-headed girl abreast of them, he pinched her and said, "Margie, be a pal and let me skate with the babe here."

Nor would he release Lexy at any of the pauses, just laughing too easily at the girls, calling most of them by name. He was, Lexy thought, rude and impossible. She couldn't be enjoying having his arm about her? Or could she?

"I'll buy you a soda," he said when the number was over and they had utterly ruined the Kentucky Steal.

*(Continued on page 33)*



**This drawing represents one of the several conceptions of an atom, in which the electrons—particles of negative electricity—revolve about the nucleus like minute planetary bodies. The atoms of different elements have different numbers of electrons, ranging from one in an atom of hydrogen to 92 in an atom of uranium, heaviest of the elements**

# The Electron

## An Infinitesimal Giant goes to work for Science

**BY J. D. RATCLIFF**

**ILLUSTRATED BY KENNETH THOMPSON**

**In deep secrecy, the versatile electron is helping to win the war. Tomorrow you'll find it heating the house, minding the baby, preventing colds and making flying foolproof, to mention only a few of its jobs. It's going to have a profound effect on the postwar world**

THIS is the story of a war hero that has made no headlines. The hero is the electron. Lord Beaverbrook credited it with winning the Battle of Britain. It promises to change the whole aspect of our lives when peace comes.

Electronic devices now available are far more startling than were the telephone and electric light in their day. They will do an incredible number of jobs. They can make planes as safe as rocking chairs. They can weld metal, cook meat, cure venereal diseases. The number of jobs that can be done by electronics is limited by man's ability to put this willing new servant to work. Step into the electronic home of the future.

You'll note that there are no radiators, *no heat pipes, no furnace.* The house is heated by vacuum tubes hidden in the walls. The windows may be open, and the air temperature may be subzero. But you won't feel cold, no matter how light your clothing. The tubes are broadcasting warming waves that heat every solid object they strike—chairs, sofas, people.

The air of the house is miraculously free of dust and dirt. Particles have been removed by electronic devices. Perhaps the television machine in a corner of the room catches your eye. It is like nothing you have seen so far. The images on the screen are in color and they are three-dimensional. The speaker on the program appears to be sitting in the same room with you.

As you approach a door an unseen servant—an electronic tube—opens it for you. Lights switch on automatically as you enter a room.

You will note faint bluish tubes at the top of the room. These lights destroy microbes that float in the air—thus keeping colds and other diseases at a minimum. Perhaps your host will describe a trip he has taken lately in his plane. "Pretty wonderful, these new models," he will say. He was in the air six hours on a dark, foggy night—reading a book all the way! Electronic devices flew the plane, kept it at a constant level above the ground, and landed it automatically!

"Bizarre," you may say. But there is enough knowledge on hand at this moment to accomplish every one of these things. War has pushed us into the electronic era.

This is a physicist's war. Nearly 100 per cent of our scientists are at work on war problems—and most of the problems involve electronics. This mass assault will produce quick results.

In the past year radio manufacturing was up 500 per cent—and most of this increase was in electronic devices. These devices represent the bulk of General Electric's business. The same is true of Westinghouse, Sperry, Bendix, RCA-Victor and Bell Telephone also have a tremendous stake in this field. This vast production will open up a wonderland at the war's end.

Electronics is the science of the electron. And the electron, as you know, is one of the fundamental particles of matter. Electrons whirl about the nuclei, or cores, of atoms like so many planetary bodies. Hydrogen, the lightest element, has one electron whirling around its nucleus. Uranium, the heaviest, has 92. Everything around us is to a large extent made up of electrons: the paper of this magazine, the lamp on the table, the chair you sit in.

When you stroke a cat, electrons pop off the fur. Lightning is a tremendous discharge of electrons. When you switch on an electric circuit, electrons flow through the wire, like water through a pipe. They are, of course, incredibly small.

But our scientists are just beginning to learn how to harness them.

### The Electron Goes to Work

The electron tube does the job of putting electrons to work to make radio, sound movies, X-rays. Electron tubes level elevators, sort beans, keep workers' hands from being mangled by machines. Ultraviolet tubes kill microbes in the air, and fluorescent tubes light homes, offices and factories. There are other tubes for changing alternating to direct current, and tubes to generate X-rays. But no matter what jobs these various tubes are put to, their essential function is the same: to control exactly the behavior of electrons.

The story of the newest electronic devices is altogether too clouded with war secrecy for a complete telling at the moment. Still, enough facts are available to give you some idea.

In general, these devices all work on the same principle. A tube generates a high-frequency signal that goes out, strikes an object and bounces back. A photo tube *sees* objects. These tubes *feel* them. They can be used to scan the skies and locate enemy planes miles away. A high-flying bomber might slip by a plane spotter. But it can never evade delicate electronic fingers. Used in fighter planes, such devices help a pilot to get a bead on an unseen enemy. They are valuable in aiding warships to locate such obstructions as icebergs and to detect enemy craft. They are also used to aim guns and to set courses.

All this work is so secret that it isn't even possible to say exactly who discovered the principle in the first place. The chances are that a number of groups stumbled on the idea at about the same time. In England, for example, one group of physicists was working with ultrashort radio waves. Their laboratory was near an airfield. Every time a plane passed overhead signals bounced back. In California the Varian brothers noted the same phenomena. And in Pittsburgh a Westinghouse researcher, Ilia E. Mouromtseff, stumbled on the idea. He was sending signals from his laboratory to a building a mile away. Every time a truck or a taxi passed on the highway between the two buildings, the signals rebounded. At once, everyone realized the tremendous importance of applying this idea to military aviation.

These devices are sure to have a tremendous impact on postwar life. They can serve a thousand useful purposes. They can prevent ship collisions and guide vessels through fogbound harbors.

They should make civil aviation foolproof. One of these tubes could be used to keep a plane any desired level above the ground. Others could land a plane or take it off the ground automatically. Placed in airports, they could give a lost plane exact bearings. The air will be crowded with planes in some areas, and fliers will have to keep on precise paths. Electronic devices can lay out these invisible roadways in the sky.

Tubes in a private plane would spew out signals. They would bound back and give the pilot a detailed picture of what lay beneath him. This picture would be projected on a screen on the instrument panel. Thus, in fog or in the darkness of night a pilot could see the dangers hidden from his eyes.

Another electronic device is sure to play a large role in our lives. This is the ultraviolet tube which kills microbes that float in the air. You get a graphic idea of how it works by putting a paramecium under a microscope. This is the slipper-shaped organism found in stagnant pond water. When ultraviolet light reaches the creature, blisters appear over its body. In a few seconds it explodes!

Something of this sort apparently happens with disease-causing microbes. In any case, these lamps are the most effective weapon yet found against air-borne bacteria. An invisible screen of this light dropped between cribs in a hospital nursery prevents cross-infections. Placed over operating tables they virtually eliminate accidental infection. Strung around the ceiling of a schoolroom they radically reduce the incidence of colds, influenza and such diseases as mumps, measles, chicken pox.

High-frequency tubes are being used for a dozen specialty heating jobs. They have the ability to produce internal, perfectly controlled heat. They are doing an outstanding job in the plywood industry. Until recently, it took three days to dry a slab of plywood. Electronic tubes do the job in three minutes!

This same principle is being employed to treat a variety of human diseases. By creating artificial fever they help cook microbes to death. And there is a possibility of such a system in home heating.

### The Hope of Tomorrow

This principle has another application in medicine that physicians are just beginning to explore. By directing or focusing the waves, they hope to be able to heat local areas. Thus, inflamed sinuses would have a stream of healing heat played directly on them. Research has indicated that heated bone marrow produces red blood cells at an increased rate, so the new system might have an application in treating anemia. It might also be used to destroy the microbes of tuberculosis that have invaded lungs.

The electron microscope is another piece of apparatus with big possibilities. It is capable of tremendous enlargements—up to 100,000 times. With it we can see things never seen before by human eyes; viruses that cause disease, antibodies that fight off infection.

Radio is destined for some fanciful new developments. The walkie-talkie, used by soldiers to communicate with officers, will find uses in civilian life. This miniature broadcasting station weighs 5 pounds, permits conversations over several miles. There are scores of applications for this.

Electronics will speed up production of consumer goods in a thousand ways. Photo cells will do repetitious jobs—inspecting packaged foods, for example—better, cheaper and more quickly than it can be done by human eyes. Other electronic devices will aid industry in a thousand ways. Westinghouse's Ignitron is an example of this. It gives an exactly controlled surge of current to fuse two slabs of metal together. In as little as 1/600th of a second it can stitch one sheet of stainless steel to another sheet.

One of the most interesting—and potentially one of the most important—of the new electronic devices is the gigantic electron accelerator which General Electric is building. This machine speeds electrons with previously undreamed of velocities—up to 100,000,000 volts. It also generates X-rays of like intensity. What will it do? No one knows. But there are a number of possibilities. For one thing, it can explore the inside of giant castings for defects. For another, it provides a tool for fundamental study of the electron—important when we are entering the electronic era.

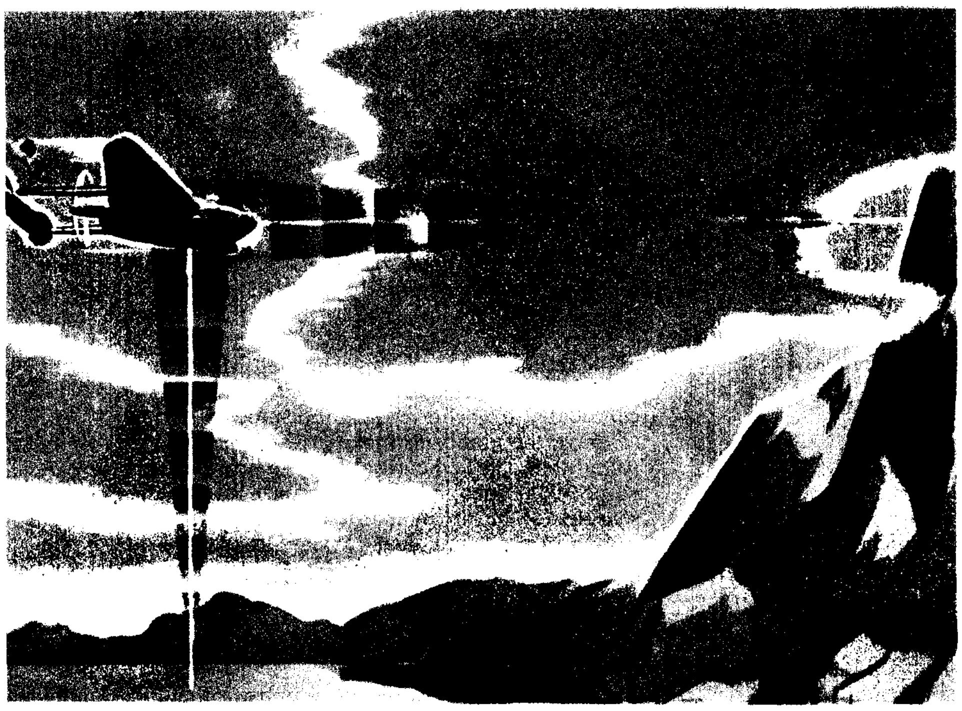
Magnificent new advances are about to be realized in the communications field.

A new transatlantic telephone cable will almost surely be realized at war's end. Electronic booster devices will be built into the cable which will carry the voice 3,000 miles. Other devices are available which will permit a single coaxial cable to carry as many as 600,000 conversations at one time!

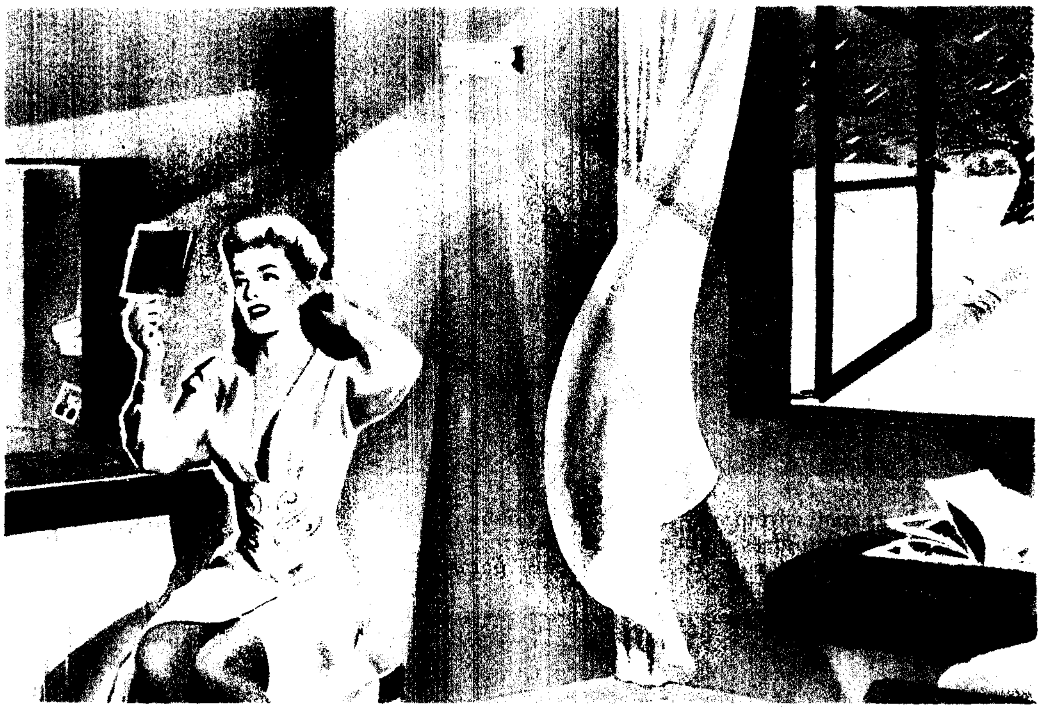
Viewing screens, which work on much the same principle as television, could be hooked up between living room and nursery—and keep check on the movements of the children.

These are but a few of the things that come within the scope of the new science of electronics. Even wireless transmission of power appears to be a possibility. No one will say that this can be accomplished. But no one will go on record as saying that it can't. Achievement of this goal opens up fanciful possibilities—planes, autos, trains, ships running indefinitely with no worries about fuel. They would simply pick power out of the air—power generated and broadcast by central power stations.

This is what is awaiting us in the electronic era. The postwar world is going to be a lot different. ★★★

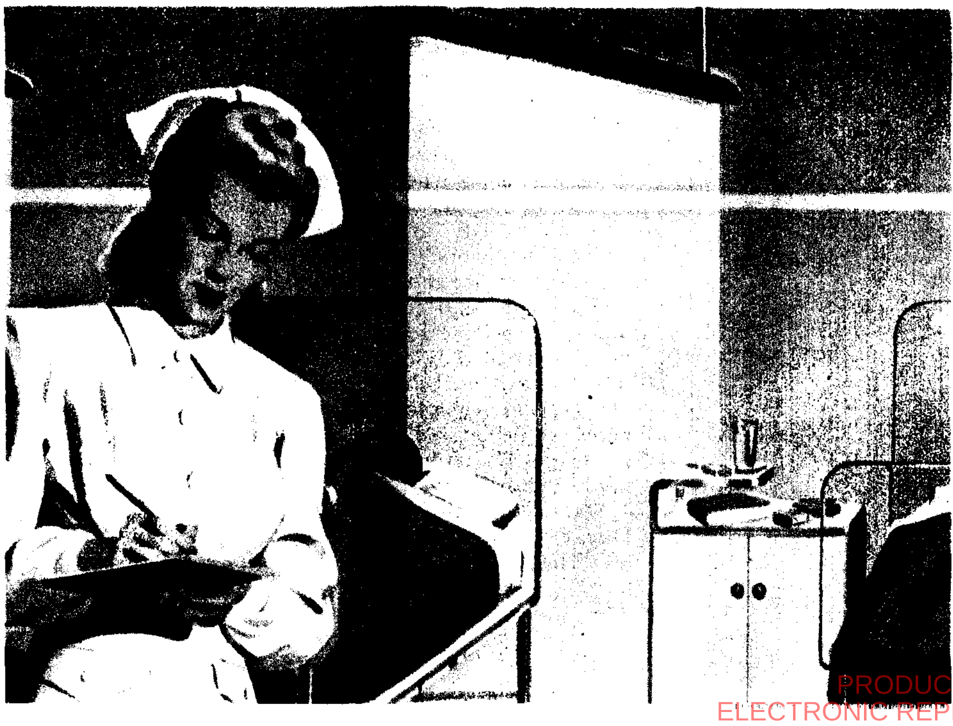


**Miraculous new electronic devices will make all-weather flying safer by detecting any obstacles ahead and measuring the exact distance to the ground**

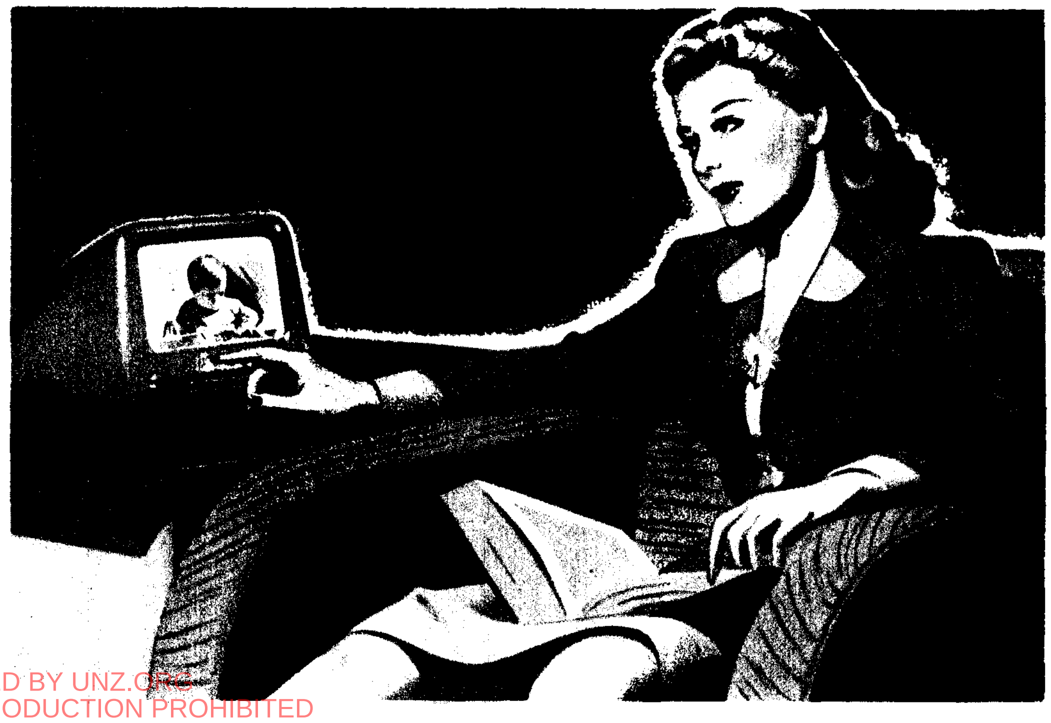


**The woman above is perfectly comfortable, although the room temperature is zero. An electronic device warms her with high-frequency waves**

**A screen of invisible light, controlled by electronics, prevents infection in this hospital. Microbes that try to cross the barrier are killed instantly**



**In the home of tomorrow it won't be necessary to visit the nursery to see that Junior is safe. You can watch the baby's movements on a viewing screen**



COURTESY ST. LOUIS POST DISPATCH

No fickle admirer is Mr. Jack Pierce who, though his hero has enlisted, still uses his bellows at every Dodger game to inflate balloons for Cookie Lavagetto

Mrs. Mary Ott, above, the Horse Lady of St. Louis. Her hideous neigh, rendered with a tug of the ear, strikes terror into the hearts of visiting players

# FAN—AS IN FANATIC

## BY STANLEY FRANK

**The professional rooter is a phenomenon peculiar to baseball. He lives only to rend the air with ear-splitting acclaim and vociferous vilification of friend and foe on the field. He's been hibernating, but here he is again**

COURTESY P. M.

A Redlegs rooter from way back, Harry Thobe expresses his boundless enthusiasm by wearing red and white shoes, suit, tie, megaphone, parasol

PRESS ASSOCIATION INC.

"Boy, oh boy, oh boy! Keep cool wit' O'Toole," is the insidious rallying cry with which Detroit's Patsy O'Toole battles all comers as the All-America earache

COURTESY DETROIT FREE PRESS

THE baseball season is upon us, and (Heaven help all sane citizens with an eardrum in their heads!) so are the professional baseball nuts, a strange and hardy breed indigenous to every town owning a franchise in organized baseball. These creatures of the half-world have apparently no other purpose in life but to watch ball games—and to prove that the Americans are a funny, foolish people.

Membership in the brotherhood of baseball bugs is a distinction demanding stringent qualifications. The candidate, to achieve neighborhood notoriety, must: (1) have the ability to make a distinctive and deafening sound that can be heard above the prosaic screaming of some 30,000 people; (2) see at least fifty home games a season; (3) be an unabashed exhibitionist.

On every count, Mrs. Mary Ott of St. Louis is the Number One fan of the country. In appearance, Mrs. Ott is a typical housewife, wearing her spectacles and her fifty-nine years none too lightly. Known as the Horse Lady in St. Louis and the surrounding countryside for reasons painfully obvious, she is the bane of visiting players and the scourge of umpires—the blind bums who call them wrong against her beloved Cardinals.

Mrs. Ott neighs. On a clear day with a following wind, Mrs. Ott's neigh has been known to cause stampedes in the Kansas City stockyards; it is that piercing and blood-curdling. Mrs. Ott's lung power and endurance are incredible, particularly when her pipes are lubricated with beer tendered by her adoring public. At the end of a tough double-header, she frequently is surrounded by two dozen empty bottles, not all thrown by sensitive customers.

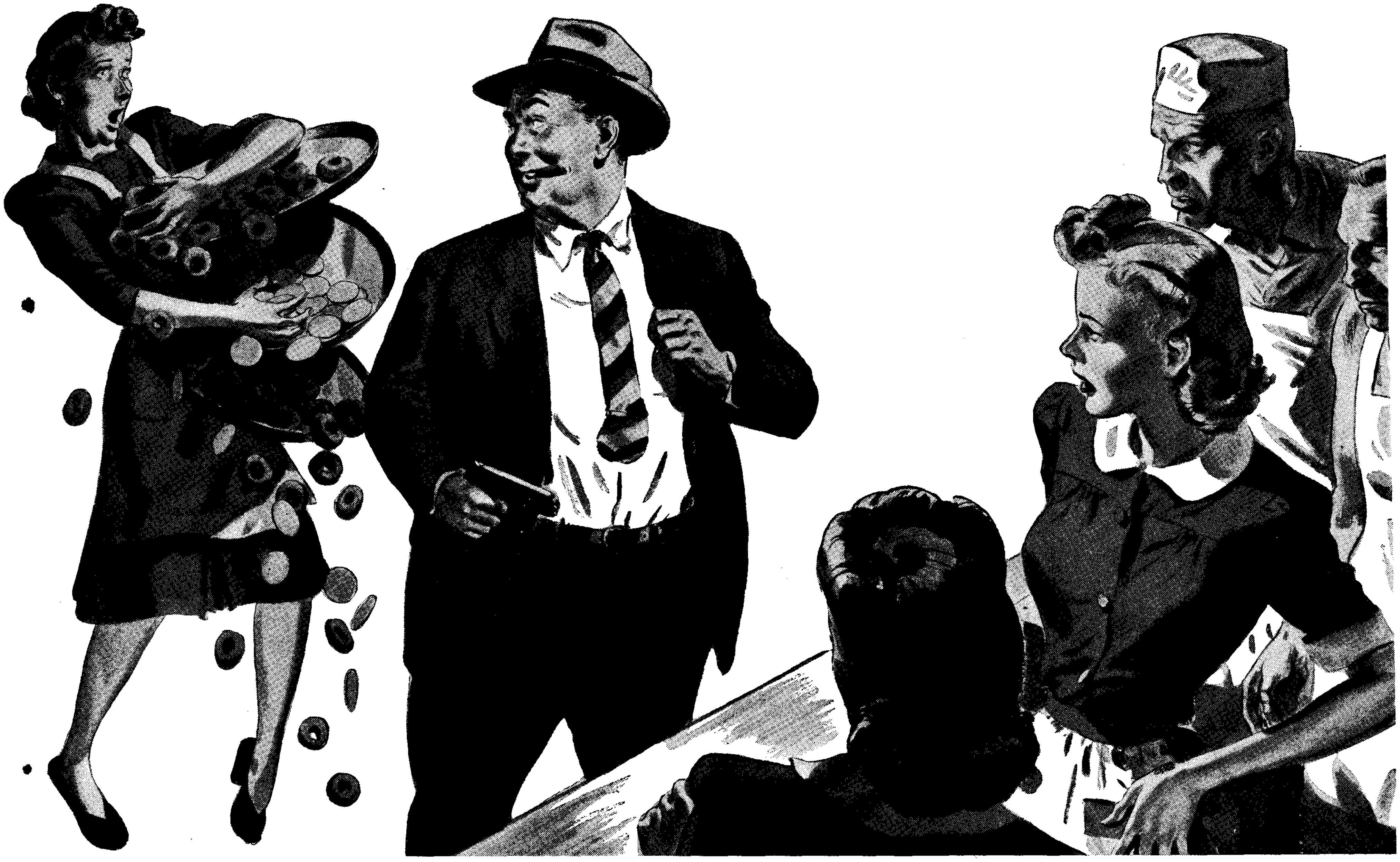
Mrs. Ott puts subtle nuances into her neigh. She can communicate delight or despair, exultation or excoriation, as the situation on the field develops. Her specialty, perhaps, is the leer in her tonsils, with overtones of strident triumph, when the Cardinals are giving the business to the Dodgers, whom she loathes. On such occasions, Mrs. Ott, artiste that she is, sounds like a misanthropic horse who has just thrown a thoroughly undesirable rider and stepped on his face.

Mrs. Ott has been making the afternoons hideous at Sportsman's Park for a quarter of a century and has been guilty of only one *faux pas.* She once asked Sam Breadon, owner of the Cardinals, for a pass.

"He told me," she relates bitterly, " 'Now, Mary, you know we never spoil a cash customer.' The only thing I ever got free from Sam was an autographed ball on my birthday."

Mrs. Ott refuses to patronize the ball park on Ladies' Day, even when the Cardinals are in a winning streak.

"There's a different class *(Continued on page 80)*



She dropped the stuff when she saw Herbie, but none of it exploded. "You are supposed to be home in bed," he said

# SNAP JUDGMENT

### BY WILLIAM FAY

ILLUSTRATED BY GILBERT DARLING

**Who but Herbie Delehanty (an Irishman) would have remembered for eleven years that Gus Schweiger was a big phony?**

HERBIE DELEHANTY, the detective, liked his happy home. He liked it with his shoes off, with his huge bulk in the easy chair, his big feet hung on anything available. He read the evening paper for a while. "This morning," he said, "in Brooklyn, saboteurs blow up a new machine tool worth two hundred grand. Will stop production for a month." He hit the paper with his hand. "Sabotage," he said, "the industrial U-boat."

"That's a nice way of putting it," his wife remarked.

"That's an expression I coin myself since we are workin' with the G-men." He put the paper down and dialed the radio. "No news," he said, regretfully. He was a patriot, devoted to the changing world equation.

Gracie cooked the calf brains in the kitchen. "No news is good news," Gracie said. She added salt. "A calf's got lots of brains," she said. "Today it's share the wealth and share the brains."

"Too bad the captain don't eat some."

Gracie looked out from the kitchen. "What's the matter with the captain now? What's wrong?"

"It's just he's always jumpin' to conclusions," Herbie said. "He'll break a leg yet jumpin' to conclusions. Such a smart guy. Such a brain-bomb. He comes in the station house at four o'clock this afternoon an' says, 'What's new?' 'Well,' I say, 'I was in a bar an' grill this afternoon.'

" 'What's new about that?' he says, sarcasticlike. 'I hope that you was comfortable,' he says. 'I hope they had a pinball game an' took the chill off of the beer for you.' Sarcastic, as you please, because I said a bar an' grill. Him tellin' me. Why, they took that guy off traffic fifteen years ago because his nose is so red the public couldn't tell it from the stop light. He should tell me. Well, I told him."

"About his nose?"

"No. About the Nazi I locked up."

"What Nazi?"

"That's what I'm gettin' to. There was a guy in this bar an' grill abusin' the United States of America by word of mouth. He was a two-tone-lookin' guy."

"Teuton, you mean. Teutonic."

"So what? It's treason, anyway you look at it. I flip this bum over the bar like a potato chip, an' a bottle falls off from 'way up where they got it stacked an' hits 'im on the head. A bottle of brandy. Too good for 'im. So I drag 'im in and leave 'im for the F.B.I. when he wakes up. But that will be some time, because the bottle hits 'im good. 'That,' I tell the captain, 'is what I'm doin' in the bar an' grill.' "

"Herbie—I'm so proud! It's really your first Nazi, isn't it?"

"Won't be my last," he said. He kissed her on the neck.

"Why don't you shave?" she asked.

HE SHAVED. Looking into the mirror, he made a muscle which intrigued him. He was a man built larger than a piano. He placed his hands behind his head and made the biceps jiggle up and down. He walked outside and showed his wife.

"Lord help us!" Gracie said.

"Like iron." He sure was feeling good. "Feel 'em," he said. "Hit me in the stomach. Not like that. Go ahead. Don't be afraid. Haul off."

"Always when I'm busy I have to do this," Gracie said. She was a lady of exquisite loveliness and tinge, and like a cameo, but big. He told her that. "Did you say cameo or camel?" Gracie asked. She was a great one for a laugh. She hit him in the stomach, hard, in keeping with the ritual. "Owww!" she said.

They sat down to dinner, Gracie and himself, with little Herbert fast asleep. "The foundation of good society," said Herbie. "It's what we got to protect."

"That reminds me," Gracie said. "I ran into Mr. Schweiger this afternoon. Remember him? We use to meet him at the beaches all the time?"

"What reminded you of Mr. Schweiger?"

"Biceps," Gracie said. "Remember the time he wrestled you at Coney Island, dear? We were laughing about that today when I met him and we got to talking about old times. He said you'd never think it was twelve years ago."

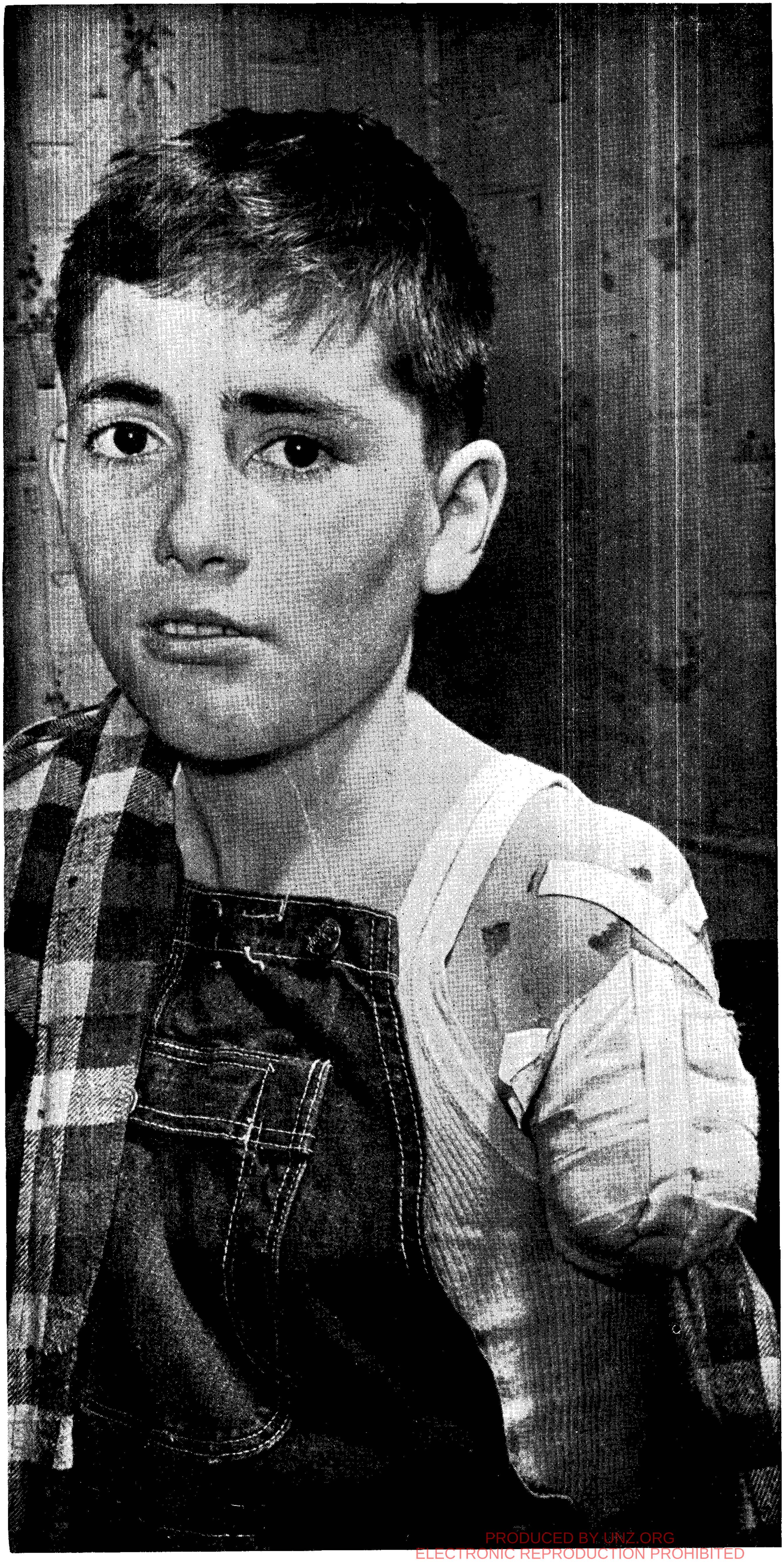
"That time I wrestled him," said Herbie, defensively, "I slipped." He did not like his wife remembering such things.

"Now, Herbie. He pinned you fair and square, in the sand. I remember the details. He pinned you on top of a salmon-salad sandwich. Why not be sporting about the thing?"

"That big bum never saw the day—"

"No matter. He was very courteous and nice today. He's got a new bakeshop on Fordham Road, a branch, he says, of his downtown place, and he's got a lot of other places, too. He's the man who puts out that Victory Lunch Box, for thirty-five cents to war workers. He says it would be a sin to take a profit. Yes, he did. That's

*(Continued on page 48)*



# CHILDREN FOR HIRE—CHEAP

## By Vera Connolly

**Throughout the land, child labor is making a comeback as already inadequate laws buckle under pressure of fraudulent appeals to patriotism. Here is what greed and indifference are doing to America's greatest asset—its children**

The tragic result of using inexperienced child labor; 13-year-old J. Lawrence Dobbs had his arm torn off by a threshing machine he didn't know how to handle

CHILD labor is here again. It is countrywide and increasing. This time it is not a slum problem. Employers eager for cheaper labor are reaching down into schools for full- and part-time workers; and children, drawn by the lure of paid "war service" and backed by shortsighted parents, are responding by hundreds of thousands.

As a result of this situation, overdriven, understaffed state labor departments are reporting a startling increase in violations of state child-labor laws. As for federal violations—the Children's Bureau states that in the fiscal year 1942, there was an increase of 132 per cent in the number of minors found illegally employed. Of these children, 75 per cent were under 16; 37 per cent were under 14; and 12 per cent were under 12. Many were 10, 9, 8, and even younger.

Most of the new employers of child labor, except farmers and canners, are in nonessential industries. Most of them know that there are untapped sources of adult labor still available. But they prefer children—the child worker is cheaper, more agile and willing, has less bargaining power. So the cry goes out for more and more children, "to help win the war."

Just how it helps win the war for an Alabama girl of 11 to work in the fields till she collapses and is taken to a hospital with heart trouble has not been made clear. Or for a 13-year-old New Jersey boy to work on farm machinery he does not understand, and have his arm torn from his body. Both are documented cases. Then there was Bernard, 15, illegally employed by a food-products company in the state of Washington, who died recently of burns from live steam while trying to clean a vat. And Joseph, the Connecticut high-school youth illegally employed to run a freight elevator, who climbed on the cab to clean the hoistway and was crushed to death between the elevator and the top of the shaft.

There is today a steady exodus from high schools to unskilled, temporary jobs in bowling alleys, diners, stores, on freight elevators, on trucks, in quick-lunch spots and honky-tonks—jobs that have no bearing whatever on the war and offer no future. Some of this employment is illegal, some of it is extremely hazardous, much of it is injurious to health or morals, and all of it is at a wage that no adult would consider.

The younger children, aged 10 to 14, are being swept by the same craze for earning. At three every afternoon, hundreds of thousands of these youngsters hurry to so-called part-time jobs, to work sometimes until midnight and beyond, earning a few dollars at the risk of ruining their education, their health, their future.

The young victims of the accidents described above were obviously sacrificed not to "help win the war," but to line employers' pockets. They bring to mind other recent instances of boys illegally employed: Frank, 13, of New Jersey, who worked for a meat market until he was impaled on a meat hook; Cedric, 16, of Ohio, whose

Betty, all of seven years, picks cotton on a "crop vacation." In some states, schools are closed for several weeks so that children can be exploited

Hundreds of thousands of children, like this strawberry picker, risk their education, their health and their future for a little money

This 11-year-old works 10 hours a day and more on a huge bean farm. Yet legislation to relax child-labor regulations has been introduced in 13 states

arm was snapped off by the centrifugal drier he was trying to operate in a laundry; Irving, of New Jersey, who fell from the elevator he was too inexperienced to run.

Incidents too ugly to report here are daily coming to life—stories not only of bodily and moral injury to individual child workers, but of whole towns and sections where the wholesale, unsupervised employment of school children (legally and illegally) is resulting in brazen truancy, defiance of all home authority, running away, breakdown of school discipline, and widespread juvenile delinquency.

In all states, the chiselers are hard at work, trying to break down child-labor laws it has taken this country 125 years to build up. Not that any state in the Union has model child-labor laws. Far from it! The child-labor provisions in most states are still pitifully inadequate.

Recently in Houston, Texas, Howard, a boy of 15, who was trying to operate a laundry mangle, died after having had his right arm torn off above the elbow. A sheet had jammed the machine, which was powered by a 7½ horsepower motor. Howard shut off the power, thought he had untangled the machine, and switched the power on again; his hand caught in the sheet and he was pulled into the mangle.

A fellow employee ran to the machine—but could see no one. Then he observed that the motor was smeared with blood. He heard a thumping sound Shutting off the power, he found Howard and lifted him out. The boy's clothing was all torn off; and besides losing the arm, he had a fractured leg, deep cuts and bruises.

Howard was legally employed, according to the state laws of Texas! Texas permits a child of 15 to operate a mangle.

Eighty per cent more work permits were granted to minors under the age of 16 in 1941 than in 1940, and the figures so far compiled for 1942 show an additional increase of 58 per cent.

### Danger: Children at Work

"The situation is alarming," Miss Beatrice McConnell told the writer, who had gone to Washington to find out for Collier's how federal officials viewed the problem. Miss McConnell is Director of the Industrial Division of the Children's Bureau. "In some neighborhoods," she went on, "we have been told there is scarcely a child fourteen or over not working; and many children, some under fourteen, are working long hours after school."

"What is the answer, Miss McConnell?" the writer asked.

"Action by the parents, schools and public-spirited citizens of each community," she returned quickly. "Let them ban all after-school work that is unsupervised and harmful. Let them insist that no children be excused from school work to take jobs unless all other labor sources have been exhausted." (These groups should also persuade the local chamber of commerce to agree to a fixed closing hour at night for all employed children, and to a provision limiting the amount of work a school child may carry, in addition to school.)

### McNUTT ON CHILD LABOR

**Collier's asked War Manpower Commissioner Paul V. McNutt for a statement on the pressure now being brought in state legislatures for relaxation of child-labor laws. Here is what he said:**

**"To allow laws regarding school attendance and child labor to fall into abeyance now, whatever the manpower needs of the nation, would jeopardize the safety of the younger generation upon whom the future of our entire way of life so largely depends."**

"Do you regard seriously the attempts now being made by pressure groups to break down the child-labor and school-attendance laws?" inquired the writer.

"Yes. Very seriously! There were many such attempts last year, even though only a few legislatures were in session. Federal legislation was struck at. For instance, a bill to 'suspend for the duration' the child-labor provisions of the Sugar Act was introduced in the House and passed, then fortunately tabled by the Senate Finance Committee. The step would have meant a return to deplorable conditions in the sugar fields, when little children worked ten and twelve hours a day."

"Will that attempt be made again this year?"

"It may. And numbers of bills to break down child-labor standards are now being introduced in the state legislatures as well. This year the real test will come."

Miss McConnell urged that a clear distinction be made between (1) children under 16 and older boys and girls; (2) between summer-vacation work and full-time employment during the school year; and (3) between part-time work of school students carried on as an educational, supervised project, and indiscriminate employment after school hours without safeguards.

"Our chief anxiety now," she said, "is over the increase in employment of younger children. The child under sixteen belongs in school, not in industry. And the amounts and kinds of work he can undertake in addition to his school program, without grave injury to himself, are very limited."

Pitiful instances of the exploitation of child workers from 14 to 8 years old and even younger are being reported not only by labor inspectors but by ever-increasing numbers of citizens who demand that something be done.

Here is a letter about a 14-year-old boy employed illegally in a cotton gin last year:

"At noon on April 1, 1942, while helping a man operate a delinting machine, he was struck on his left leg by a part of the machine known as the breast. This piece knocked him over into the machine where the saws caught his left arm and mangled it. . . . The saws also cut about eight strokes into his left side. Finally, they got him out and took him to the hospital. The doctor amputated his arm, but he died at 4:15 P. M., April 3, 1942."

### Tragic Squandering of Youth

And here is more damaging evidence, all of it taken from the files of the Children's Bureau and the National Child Labor Committee: A Pennsylvania boy, 13, employed last year at 20 cents an hour to help in threshing, was caught between tractor and threshing machine and severely injured in back and abdomen. A New York boy of 14 engaged by a butcher as delivery boy only was instead put to work on an electrical meat grinder; his hand was caught in the grinder and severely injured. At Akron, an inexperienced boy of 15 was killed and another injured when they poured water into a steel drum which had held rubber latex and put a lighted match to the opening.

What a tragic squandering of precious youth! Boys killed and maimed—for what? Because we adults are too blind, or too absorbed in making quick money, to organize our children's patriotism and find safe channels for it?

And here is part of a report received recently by the Children's Bureau from its inspectors of fruit and vegetable packing sheds:

"In one cold storage plant, 24 children from 10 to 15 years of age went to work at 3 A. M. and capped berries until 7 A. M., when they stopped to eat breakfast and go to school. Some stayed out of school during the strawberry season and worked from 3 A. M. till 3 P. M. or even longer."

In Illinois, Mrs. Jewell Organ Coleman, Superintendent of the Women's and Children's Division of the Labor Department, has opened a determined fight on violations of the Child Labor Act, especially by owners of bowling alleys, retail stores, and factories and restaurants.

In Iowa, Charles W. Harness, State Labor Commissioner, warned that "the number *(Continued on page 56)*

Work-Map of the World

KNOPF-PIX

# TWO-WAY TRADE—AND Peace

**By Albert Gore** MEMBER OF CONGRESS FROM TENNESSEE

**A congressional proponent of reciprocal trade agreements tells you how they work, what they have accomplished, and why their continuance is essential to any lasting peace**

CONGRESS will soon have to make a decision that may determine when—and if—we shall have another war. The Reciprocal Trade Agreements Act is scheduled to expire June 12th and, unless it's extended, the United States will once again start leading the world back into the economic stupidity that has been the foundation of all modern wars.

The trade-agreements program is the most intelligent approach we've ever made to economic co-operation with the world—the basis for world peace. It was a ray of light in a dark, war-omened decade, yet it has been maligned beyond limit. Its operation has been distorted, its achievements minimized, its purpose misrepresented.

Weeks of strenuous preaching couldn't lay out all the truth, because the subject is both big and complex. But I would like to unwind a few of the more monstrous misconceptions of the program. I feel a certain vicarious paternity for the program, since I come from the same district in Tennessee which produced Secretary of State Cordell Hull, originator of the trade-agreements program, and I have studied the subject as intensely and objectively as I know how.

Opposition to the trade agreements comes roughly in two groups. First, is opposition based on the seductive economic theory that we could and should be a self-sufficient nation, dependent upon no one but ourselves for anything. It is a foolish theory, originating more in national pride than in intelligence. Second, is opposition of the special interests who want to protect their own businesses and industries. This opposition stems from selfish greed that results in the American people paying disgracefully high prices for the things they need and want.

**"The world is watching the Congressional battle on trade agreements as an indication of how seriously the United States regards these promises. Repudiation of the principle at this critical time would undermine world confidence in the nobility of our war aims"**

●

No great industrial nation can be economically independent without sacrificing many of the necessities, conveniences and luxuries of everyday existence, or without smothering its industrial life. Self-sufficiency means that we import virtually nothing; which means that we export nothing, either, because other countries will not buy our goods in any quantity unless we buy some of theirs. Yet if we produced domestically enough of some commodities to meet all our needs, we would have tremendous surpluses of other related products, and we'd have nowhere to sell them.

For example, if we produced at home all the wool, hides and skins we need, we would normally have huge surpluses of meat. If we produced all the coal tar we need—it is a by-product of the coking process—our coking industry would be thrown off balance. If we supplied all our crude-oil needs from domestic refineries, we would normally produce too much gasoline. The high-protectionist boys protest that lowered duties throw men out of work and cripple industry generally (which they do not); but imagine the havoc these three scattered sample surpluses would create in our economic system, and look at what would happen to some other lines of business if we followed through completely on the self-sufficiency idea.

In 1937, a more-or-less average peacetime year, we sold abroad more than 43 per cent of our cotton crop, nearly a third of our leaf tobacco, more than a third of our dried fruits, more than a tenth of our automobiles, nearly a sixth of our agricultural machinery, more than a fifth of our office appliances. Think for a while of what would happen to these major enterprises if we chopped off their foreign markets.

### The Good Old Days

Under the trade agreements, many of our increases in exports were in commodities in which we had serious surpluses. Wheat flour was a good example. Exports went up 82 per cent since we started making agreements. Exports of canned vegetables (we actually had surplus canned vegetables in those blessed days before the war) rose 80 per cent. Exports of automobile parts climbed from $90,638,000 in 1933 to $348,887,000 in 1937. Exports of electric machinery, pigments, paints, varnishes and dairy products likewise increased, and whenever we sold these excess products, we reaped more employment, prosperity.

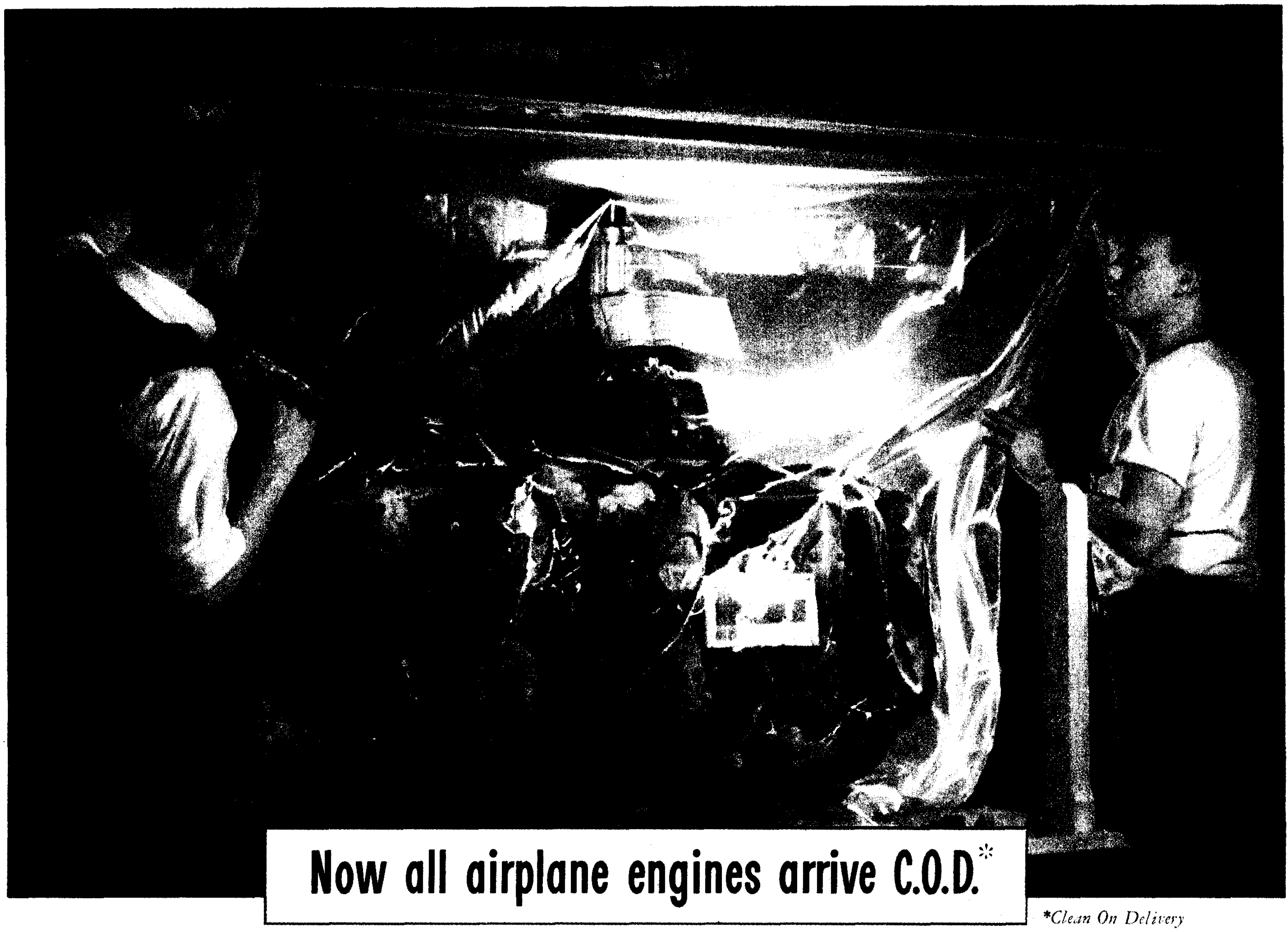
At first glance, the proponents of inordinately high tariffs for the protection of American business make a most appealing case. What the high protectionists actually want is an exclusive system whereby we sell only what we don't want and buy only what we can't possibly make here. But it won't work. As I said before, we can sell to foreign countries only if we buy from them.

Of course, the Congressional Record is full of sad-sounding stories of damage done the pottery manufacturers, the silver-fox breeders, the lace workers, the fish industry and the producers of handmade glassware. Now, some specific jobs may have been lost and some business houses may have been hurt by our trade concessions. But if we have a jot of patriotism in us, we must look at the bigger picture.

Isador Lubin, the chief of the Bureau of Labor Statistics, has figures showing that the number of workers engaged in making goods for export to countries with which we have trade agreements increased by great leaps from 1934 to 1938. For example, the number of wage earners making agricultural machinery and leather goods to be sold to agreement countries increased three times. The number making office furniture went up almost a third; the number making electrical appliances went up almost a half; the number making paper and paper goods went up almost a fifth; the number making iron and steel goods went up a third; the number making industrial machinery went up two thirds.

In all but two of these lines, the increase in labor engaged in making goods for agreement nations was greater than the increase in labor making goods for non-agreement nations; and the two exceptions were largely due to the buying of war goods.

If increasing employment in seven major industries from 20 per cent to 300 per cent is throwing people out of work my mathematics are cockeyed. Take one specific case: In our Reciprocal Trade Agreement with the United Kingdom, we gave *(Continued on page 60)*



# Now all airplane engines arrive C.O.D.*

**Clean On Delivery*

AIRPLANE engines are as sensitive as they are powerful — sensitive to the corrosive action of moisture in the air. Even a hint of rust on the finely machined parts plays havoc with their split-hair precision. To safeguard against this, engines in transit to airplane factories and overseas have long been thickly coated, inside and out, with heavy grease — *a protection that takes from 50 to 75 man-hours to apply and remove!*

But when America began producing scores of thousands of planes, engine manufacturers sought some way to break this labor bottleneck, to avoid disassembling engines for greasing and de-greasing. They found it in *PLIOFILM*, that unique water-moisture-vapor-proof material made by Goodyear, so widely used in prewar days for moisture-tight packaging of cheese, meat loaf, pickles and numerous other dainties.

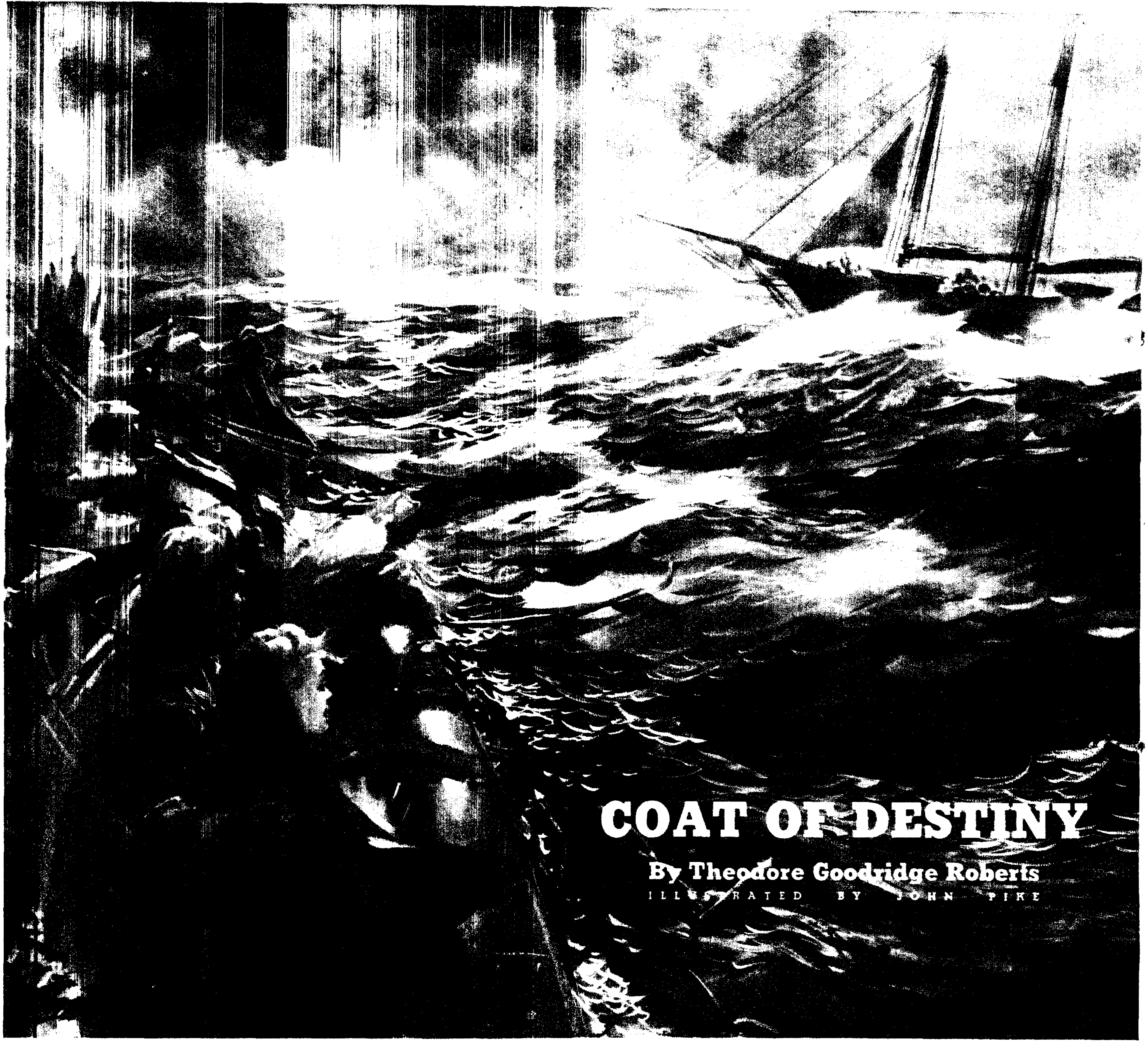
So today engines are being "packaged," just as they come from the test block, in *PLIOFILM* envelopes, hermetically sealed against air, moisture and humidity. Shipped to the ends of the earth, stored in any climate, they emerge from *PLIOFILM* as clean and bright as a surgeon's knife, ready for instant mounting — needing only gas and oil to roar into battle.

No other pliable, transparent packaging material in the world has ever met so severe a moisture test. That is why *PLIOFILM* was revolutionizing the packaging of foods, and all moisture-sensitive products, before Goodyear's entire production was drafted for military service. But after victory, look for it again on fine foods, pharmaceuticals, tobaccos, chemicals; in rain-wear and household accessories too. Good things *stay good* — in *PLIOFILM*.

Pliofilm

*PLIOFILM*—T.M. The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company

GOODYEAR
GOODYEAR
THE GREATEST NAME
IN RUBBER



"Thar he broaches!" yelled the boatswain. Sure enough, there was the gleam of Pat's mighty shoulders on the white-laced flank of a tortured wave

# COAT OF DESTINY

### By Theodore Goodridge Roberts

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN PIKE

**The love and fights of Patrick O'Grady, emigrant—deeds possible only to a fine broth of a boy**

PAT was just about all ready to step out on the road to Dublin and take ship for the New World and the Great Adventure. All he had to do was rope his box, when his father came down from the loft with the grand O'Grady heirloom folded over his arm, and told him to take it along and never to deny it or desert it.

"There never was its match for gold braid in all the county," said Peter O'Grady. "Yer great-gran'fadder gambled away his last farm in it, an' emptied his last bottle in it, an' expired under the dinner table in it like the grand gintleman he was. Poor ye may be, me b'y, but so long as ye stand true to Colonel Patrick O'Grady's grand coat (and himself the last O'Grady to sit an' dice an' wine an' pass to glory in possession o' Castle Grady) ye'll never forgit yer gintility. The thought o' the grandeur behind it and the gold braid on it, worth all of twenty-five guineas, will keep yer heart high an' da'ntless agin the winds of adversity."

So Pat O'Grady stowed the grand coat of destiny in his modest box of deal which he had made and painted green with his own two big hands. Then he roped the box, kissed his parents yet again and stepped out manfully on the road to the Port of Dublin on the Liffey.

When one of the sailors fell into the sea, never to be fished out, it was young O'Grady who volunteered for the vacant berth and removed his sea chest and his gunny bag from the steerage to the forecastle. That was in the brig Columbine, nine days out of the Liffey and westward bound for Halifax in Nova Scotia; and the time in history was what you might term, speaking by and large, the Great Period of Irish Emigration to the New World. So it goes without saying that our brig was no ocean race horse, greyhound of the Atlantic or floating palace. But that she was as seaworthy, and as smart on a slant of wind, as any vessel of her rig and size, cannot be denied.

Two or three days after the fatality which had changed Pat O'Grady's status and quarters, the great Augustus Prime mentioned it to the brig's master at the cabin dinner table.

"They tell me you lost one of your mariners overboard t'other night, my dear Spry," he said, as casually as if referring to the loss of an hour's sleep.

"Aye, sir, the poor feller went overboard for a total loss," admitted the master.

"I trust that you are not shorthanded in consequence," pursued the other.

"No fear o' that, sir! But thanky all the same for yer polite consarn," replied the master.

"D'ye tell me that you actually expect such losses and so carry extra hands to provide for them?" asked Mr. Prime, with a real, though faint, show of interest.

Captain Spry winked at the slice of roast chicken on his fork.

"'Tis the truth we carry extry hands on this run, sir, but not for reefin' and steerin', but for the sarvice o' yerself an' ladies and friends and household—an extry cook and two extry stewards, sir," he said. "But for the replacement o' lost sailors we must look to the steerage, sir—this run like any other. To volunteers from the poor emigrants, sir. We've never lacked volunteers. The rum issue in itself is inducement enough, not to mention the victuals, sir."

"Nor the good wages?" suggested the great Prime.

Spry giggled. "Our owner makes no provision for wages for voluntary crewmen, sir. His gratitude and commendation, conveyed to them by meself, is ample reward for a few days, or maybe a week, o' reefin' and steerin' and maybe goin' overboard to Davy Jones's locker."

"You're joking, my dear sir!" protested Mr. Prime severely.

"He's drunk!" sneered Major Timmis.

At this, the shipmaster's weathered face changed entirely, and his manner along with it. He was a large man, this Spry, and well on the stiffening and thickening side of middle age; and despite his empurpled nose and dullish eyes, he could assume, upon occasion, an air and appearance of imposing, at times of even threatening, dignity. Now he took on a truly formidable appearance and turned his large head and looked at this Major Timmis with a glare and a scowl that might have shaken the nerve of a war-seasoned soldier even—which the major was not. Carefully he placed knife and fork on his dinner plate. Purposefully, yet still glar-

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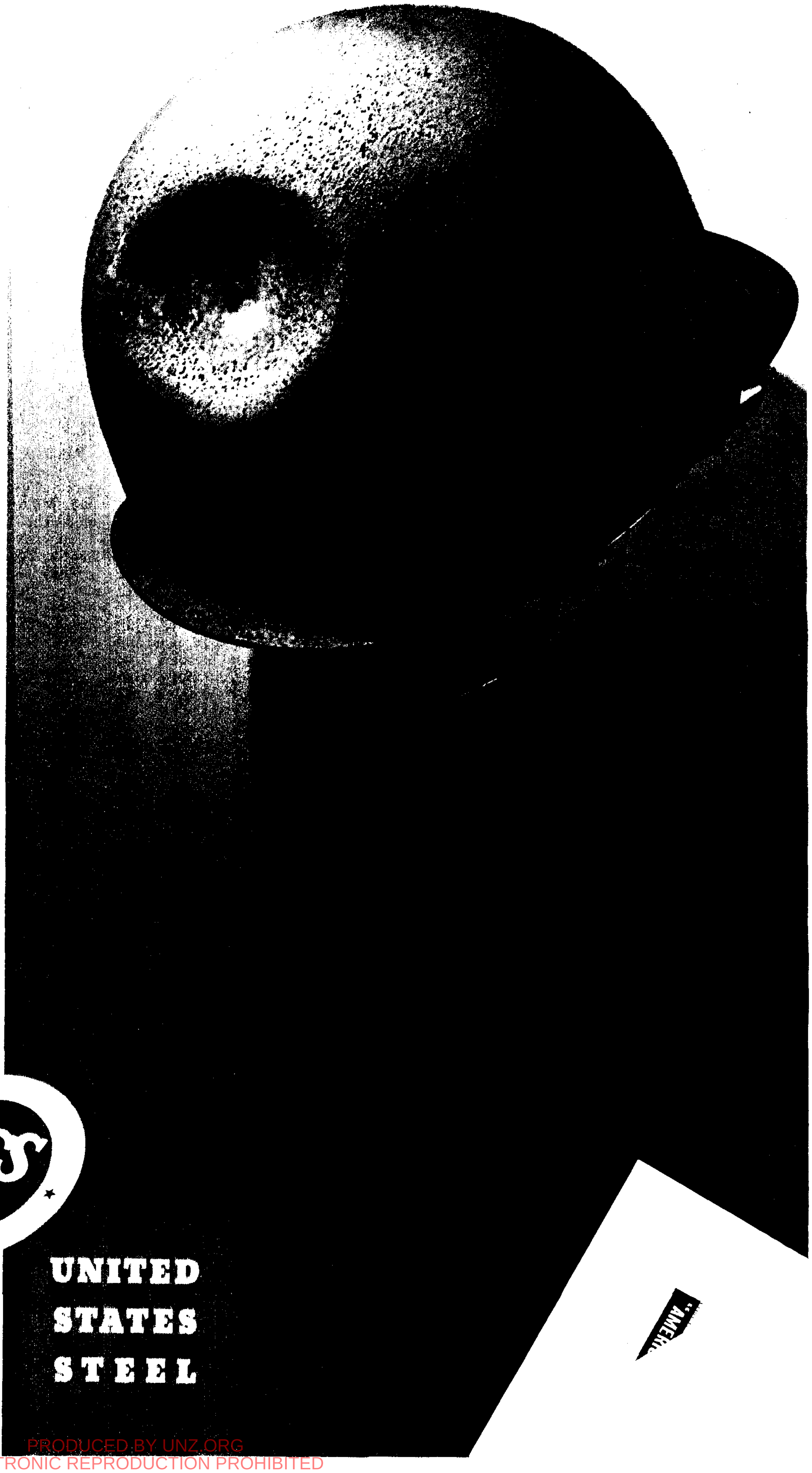

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"..like raising up a curtain"

I guess I'd smoked most every
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And some were disappointing—yes, and
some I thought were grand—
Until one day, 'twas quite by chance,
I tried the Edgeworth blend.
I took one puff—and *knew* that I
had found my lifelong friend.

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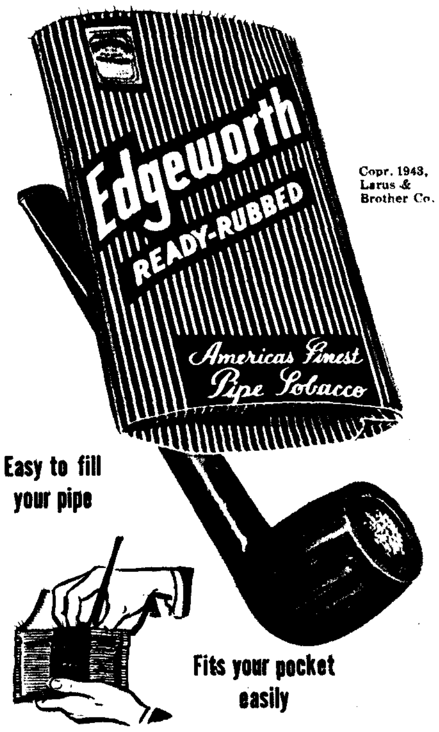
and yes, I feel so certain
That *you* will also find it—
well, like raising up a curtain.



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CA'S FINEST PIPE TOBACCO"

ing at Timmis, he laid hold of his goblet of claret with a right hand like a picnic ham. He spoke slowly and loudly, in a clanging, dangerous voice.

"Drunk, d'ye say? And even if I was, (which I ain't, by the blisters on hell's main hatch!) why wouldn't I be, after playin' chief flunky to—"

He paused and shifted his glare which had instantly softened, to the distressed face of Mrs. Prime and around to the amused face of Miss Prime.

"With all due respect to yerselves, ma'am and miss," he continued, on a lower note, "as I was about to say, I am ready to carry out me undertakin's, which same demand that the utmost o' safety and comfort and the height o' civility be extended by meself and all hands to Augustus Prime, Esquire, and his ladies and household throughout the passage from Ireland to Novy Scotia, but, by the Lord Harry and by Judas, I'll not be insulted by any carpet-prancin', negus-nippin' nincompoop of a toy sodger at me own cabin table—"

"Captain Spry!" exclaimed Mrs. Prime. "*Dear* Captain Spry!"

"You forget yerself, my good Spry!" cried Mr. Prime.

"Me good Spry be demmed!" shouted the navigator.

But his great moment was passed. His flare of righteous indignation was spent, and his bolt of fury shot. As the grand, expanding forces went out of him, he lost color and sagged, and even appeared to dwindle, in his chair. He withdrew his hand from the goblet and eyed it curiously. It was trembling. He sighed profoundly and turned a weak and wavering smile upon Mrs. Prime.

"I sartainly ain't the man of action I used to be," he muttered apologetically.

SAVE for a faint giggle from Caroline Prime, a strange sound as of gritting teeth from Major Timmis and a disapproving sniff from the great Augustus, silence held the little company for a matter of minutes.

It was broken by a ringing cry, "Man overboard!" which was twice repeated and was followed fast and loud by roars from the officer on deck, answering shouts from the watch, squeals of the boatswain's pipe, thumps of running feet and the creaking of gear as the lower and upper mainsail yards were backed. Major Timmis sprang to his feet with a cry of dismay.

"Sit down, ye swab!" commanded Captain Spry.

Decanters and dishes slid a little in the hollows of the tablecloth between the fiddles, while the brig was luffed and hove to on the rocking seas. Timmis sat down, only to spring up again.

"Calm yourself, Alfred," advised Mr. Prime, with a suggestion of peevishness in his voice. "There's no danger."

"Except to the man overboard," said Miss Prime, glancing at the master.

Spry caught the glance and brightened perceptibly. He raised his goblet of claret with a steady hand, winked at the young lady, bowed to Mrs. Prime and drained the glass.

"Think nothin' of it, ladies," he said. "Like enough it's the pore landlubber of an emigrant. There's some could tumble overboard off a raft on a duck pond."

A little later, the brig fell away and resumed her course, and the second mate entered the cabin, cap in hand.

"The two of 'em safe aboard agin, sir, an' sound, only for Jim Noggin's busted nose," he said.

"Two?" exclaimed Spry. "D'ye tell me there was two went over, Mr. Hooley? An' what of Noggin's nose? One thing at a time, Mr. Hooley, if ye please!"

"It was all one thing, sir—all of a piece, so to speak," returned the second mate. "Jim laid a wrong name onto the volunteer emigrant, sir, an' the lad knocked 'im off the fo'c'slehead wid a right to the nose an' then went over after 'im an' held 'im up till they was both fished out."

"Bravo!" cried Mr. Prime.

Captain Spry rolled an eye at his grand passenger. "Askin' yer pardon, sir, that depends on the name Jim Noggin laid onto 'im before the blow was struck," he said. "What was it Jim called 'im?" he asked Hooley.

Hooley stepped close, stooped and whispered in the captain's ear.

"'Vast heavin'!" exclaimed Spry. "'Nough said! I'd ha' done the same—to a sartin extent. I'd ha' let 'im sink."

Mr. Prime produced a gold coin from a pocket of his flowered silk waistcoat between thumb and finger and extended it toward Mr. Hooley.

"Here's a guinea for the worthy fella," he said.

"Nay, sir, give it to 'im yerself!" said the captain. "We'll have a word with the lad, if the ladies be agreeable. Fetch 'im aft, Mr. Hooley, if ye please—an' shake a leg!"

The second mate retired, but soon reappeared, prodding the volunteer sailor into the cabin ahead of him. The young fellow had changed into dry shirt and breeks, but the dark locks of his head were still dank with brine. His feet were bare; and if he didn't stand six foot three on the skin of his soles, call me a liar!

"Wot's yer name, me lad?" asked Captain Spry.

"Patrick O'Grady, sir," replied the young man.

"You performed a courageous deed, my good fella; and here's a guinea for you," said Mr. Prime.

Pat took the coin with his right hand and passed it to his left hand without a glance at it or a word to the kind gentleman. Major Timmis tossed a coin on the table. The sailor ignored it.

"Steward, a glass o' rum for O'Grady," said the captain.

When the steward poured red liquor into a rummer, Miss Prime filled one of the small glasses at her right hand with port from a convenient decanter; and when the sailor accepted the rummer, Miss Prime looked at him and raised her glass.

"Here's to you, Pat!" she said.

"And to yerself! An' may ivery hair of yer elegant head turn into a wax candle to light ye to glory!" returned the emigrant.

He bowed low, then straightened every inch of him, squared his grand shoulders and tossed off the potent juice of Jamaica like so much milk. The girl made four swallows of her wine, but drained the glass for all that. Then the sailor threw Prime's guinea to the steward, bowed again to Caroline Prime, turned and strode from the cabin.

"Bless my soul!" exclaimed Mr. Prime.

"Demmed impudence!" sneered Major Timmis, rising and recovering his donation from a hollow in the tablecloth and repocketing it.

Captain Spry sat back and laughed loud and long.

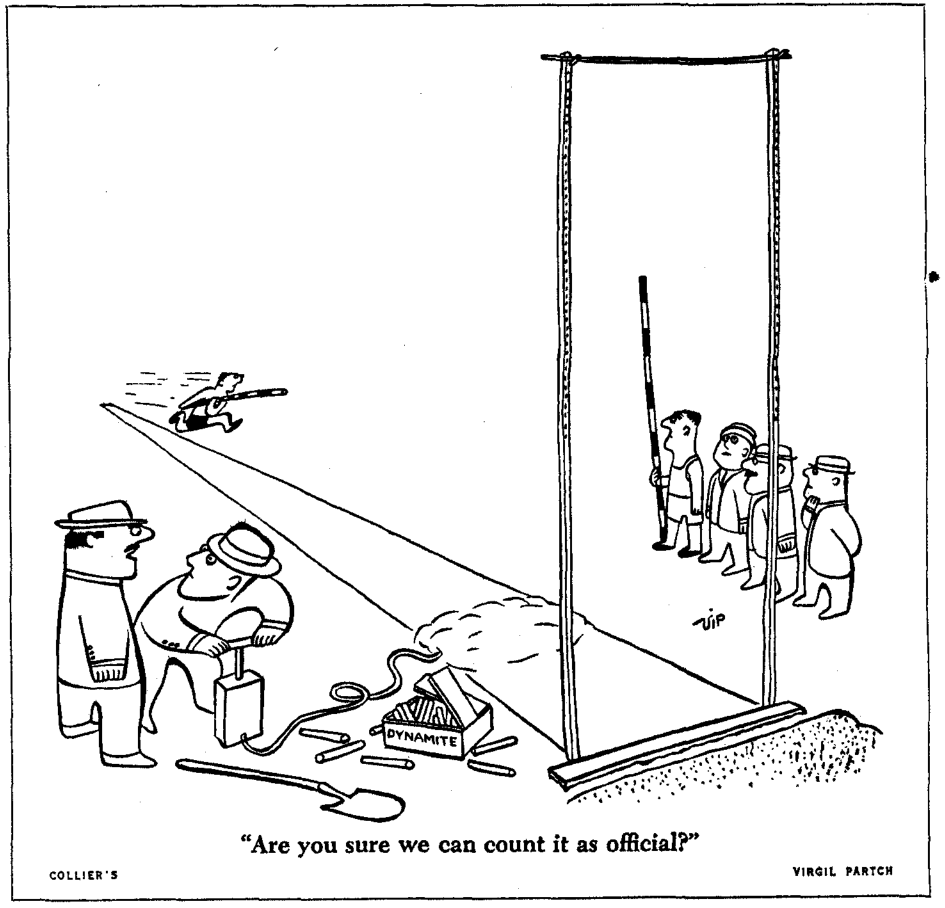
All of which happened between one and three bells of the first dogwatch—four o'clock in the afternoon being the stylish time to sit down to dinner in those days.

AFTER sundown, the wind worked itself up to half a gale; and by sunup she was blowing a full gale—a gale which continued four days and nights. The brig's passengers, numbering eight in the fine cabin aft and sixteen in the steerage, kept in out of the weather, but the mariners—officers and seamen alike—were at their stations and their duties and perilous tasks without respite, clinging to shrouds and footropes aloft, sliding down sloshing decks and rolling in swirling scuppers, bruised, and drenched with foam and green water, without a chance to empty their boots.

The cabin passengers were the three genteel Primes, Mr. Prime's man and the ladies' two maids, Major Timmis and his soldier servant. The Primes were English, but had resided for the past three years in Dublin, in close touch with a high officer of the Crown who was related to Augustus on his mother's side.

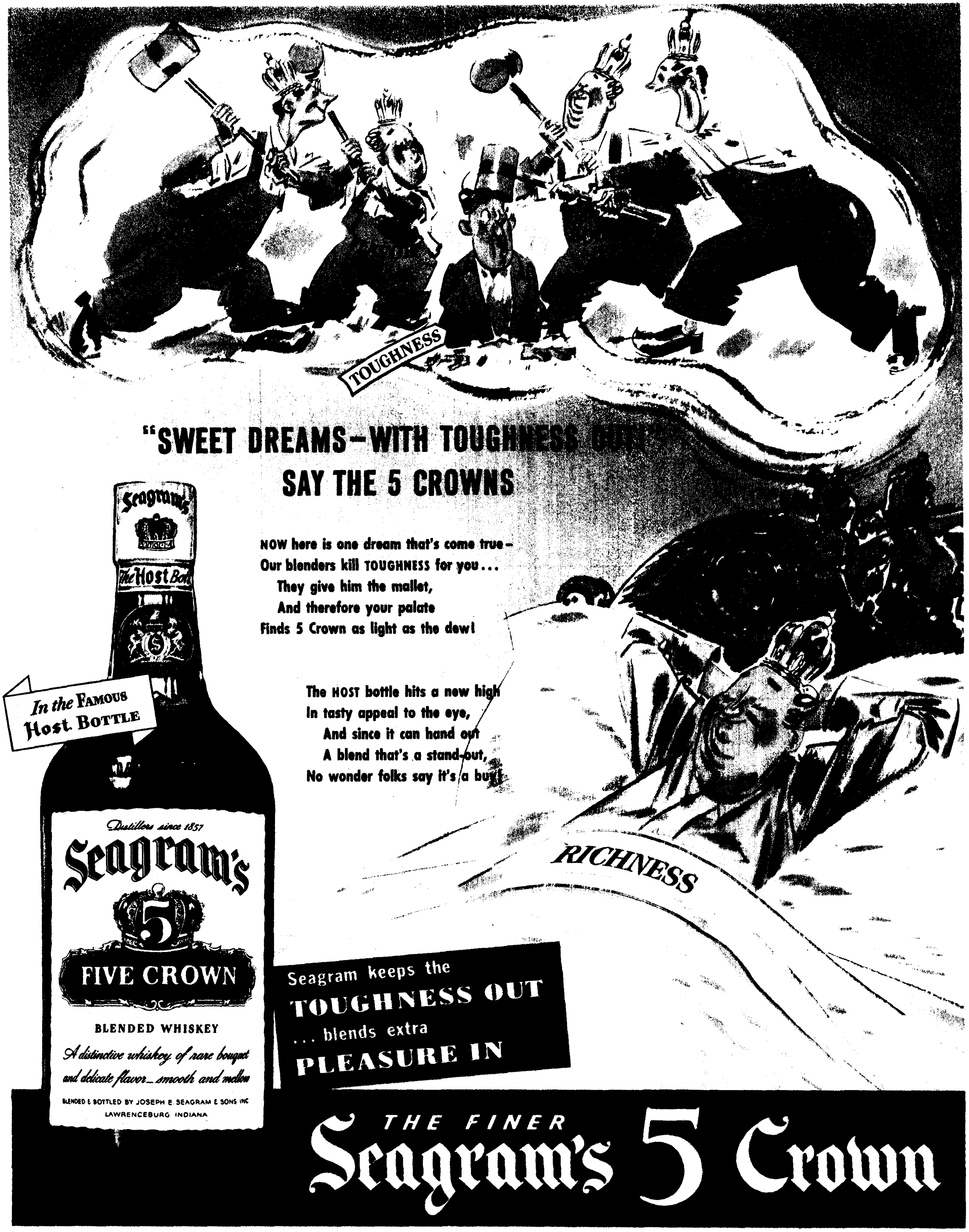
After years of toadying on Prime's part, he had been rewarded, through his second cousin the earl's political influence, with the post of surveyor general of Nova Scotia and a passage to Halifax in the brig Columbine, of which this same earl (a nobleman of many and various interests) was sole owner.

Major Timmis, English too, was a wealthy bachelor, a major of the Household Cavalry without war service, who had been seconded from his regiment to jingle-jangle on the viceroy's staff and was now devoting an indefinite term of special leave to the pursuit of Caroline Prime, with the most honorable intentions. Mrs. Prime was a woman of good breeding and character and (despite her agreement with



"Are you sure we can count it as official?"

COLLIER'S VIRGIL PARTCH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Augustus in the notion that Alfred Timmis would make a desirable son-in-law) of excellent sense.

Caroline Prime was one in many thousands, even at eighteen, and sure to improve with age. Her eyes could be any one of three shades of blue, four of gray or five of green in the flicker of two eyelids. Her brow, her nose, her lips, her chin—but you'll really have to excuse me, for I'm only a blunt narrator who never attempts fine descriptive writing. Of the rest of her, I shall say only that the turns of her smooth and pliant person—at neck, shoulders, breast, waist, hips and knees—were equaled in grace only by her turns of wit. And the white gold of her tresses was equaled in goldiness only by the red gold of her heart.

On the third night of the gale, the brig's fore-topmast came down, crushed two sailors on the forecastlehead and pitched over the starboard bow, carrying away the forestays and the jib boom along with it. This wreckage made a sea anchor for her, to which she came wallowing up into the eye of the gale, where she reared and plunged, drifting stern first to leeward all the while. The foremast broke off at the pin rack and toppled backward, ripping away yards and shrouds and running gear from the mainmast, to crash its threshing weight along the deck at last. Her maintopmast went by the board over the taffrail at three bells of the morning watch.

"She'll be tore all abroad at this play," said John Spry.

So she was hacked clear of the sea anchors and put before the gale. A bit later, the mainmast itself came down like a felled tree; but the spouting hulk continued to lurch and wallow on her way, which was the blind wind's way.

Along about three bells of the afternoon watch, Captain Spry decided to send out signals of distress. Available means were few, however, for all the rockets, Greek fire and powder kegs were under water. The little foghorn with the leather bellows was manned, but you could put all the noise it made into your ear without discomfort.

Pat O'Grady fairly clubbed his brains for a bright idea. He had put on the grand ancestral coat for safekeeping, and a salt-rimed old boat cloak over it; and also under the cloak, he had a little keg of powder for which he had dived. He asked Captain Spry for permission to set off a squib somewhere.

"Wot the divil d'ye mean by a squib? An' where the mischief would ye find a dry spot to set it off in?" bawled the distracted master.

The emigrant replied that the for'ard sail locker would be dry enough for a squib, which is kind of wet by nature anyhow, and all he required besides the place was a mite of fire or a dry tinderbox; and Captain Spry told him he was welcome to any dry tinderbox he could find for'ard or aft, and not to blow the ship up, on pain of a hundred lashes, though she'd not be much worse off blown to smithereens than the way she was.

So PAT went down into the main cabin, and stood sunk to halfway between his hips and his floating ribs in eddying water and looked about him. All the cabin passengers, gentle and simple alike, were in states of confusion and despair, or of distress, anyhow, only the three Primes retaining a semblance of dignity.

"Is it you, O'Grady?" asked the great Mr. Prime, with an eager note in his voice.

Pat bowed and made a wide gesture of salutation with his left hand, his right arm being occupied with the keg of powder under his cloak.

"'Tis meself, sir, at yer service an' at the ladies' service," he replied. "And in yer service, in a manner of speakin', I make so bold as to request the loan of a dry tinderbox—wit' Cap'n Spry's permission."

"Tinderbox, you fool!" cried Major Timmis. "This is no time for tinderboxes, you ape! Get back to your duty of saving the ship."

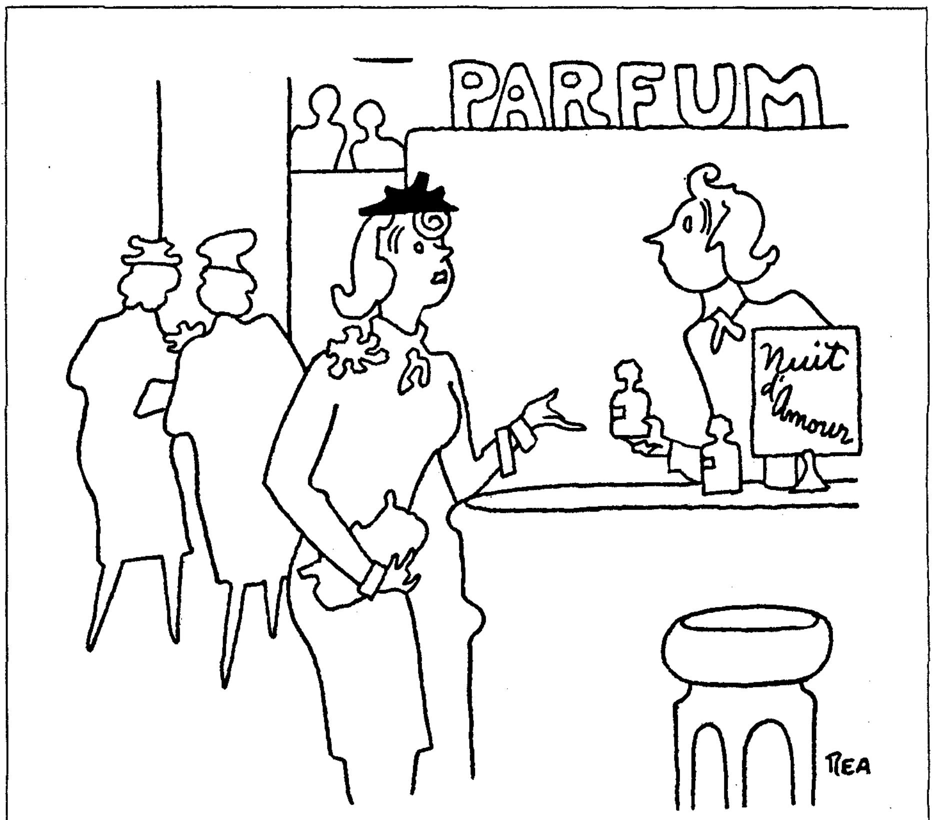
"Here you are, my good fellow," said Mr. Prime, extending his own tinderbox.

O'Grady waded forward and took it from the honorable surveyor general's slightly tremulous fingers.

"I'll be settin' off a squib, by way of a signal o' distress, sir; so if ye hear a mite of a huff an' fuff, it'll only be me, an' nought to feel alarumed about," Pat said.

"He means to blow up the ship—by Spry's orders!" cried Major Timmis. "They're all drunk—or mad! Barley, arrest that man! Take that keg of powder away from him! Kill him if need be!"

Trooper Barley, the soldier servant, lowered himself into the swirling flood from an unsure roost on the table and moved slowly in young O'Grady's direction. He was a tall, bulky fellow with fierce mustaches and mild eyes. He boasted a regi-



COLLIER'S "Have you any Jour d'Amour? I'm on a night shift" GARDNER REA

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**2. Perhaps the draft** has taken so many men out of your office that you're doing the work of *3* men. You work late nights, and now, more than ever, you need a good night's sleep.

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**4. Then you toss and turn,** and wish you could sleep. Should you give up the cheery luxury of fragrant coffee? Of course not. Simply ask your wife to start serving Sanka Coffee.

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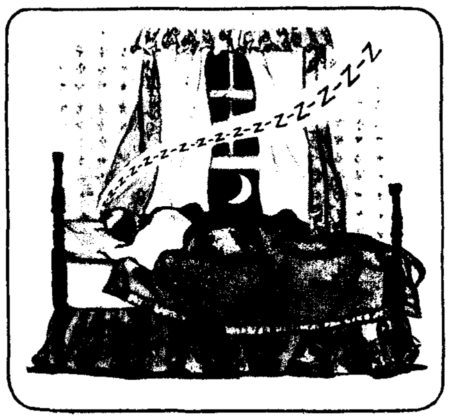

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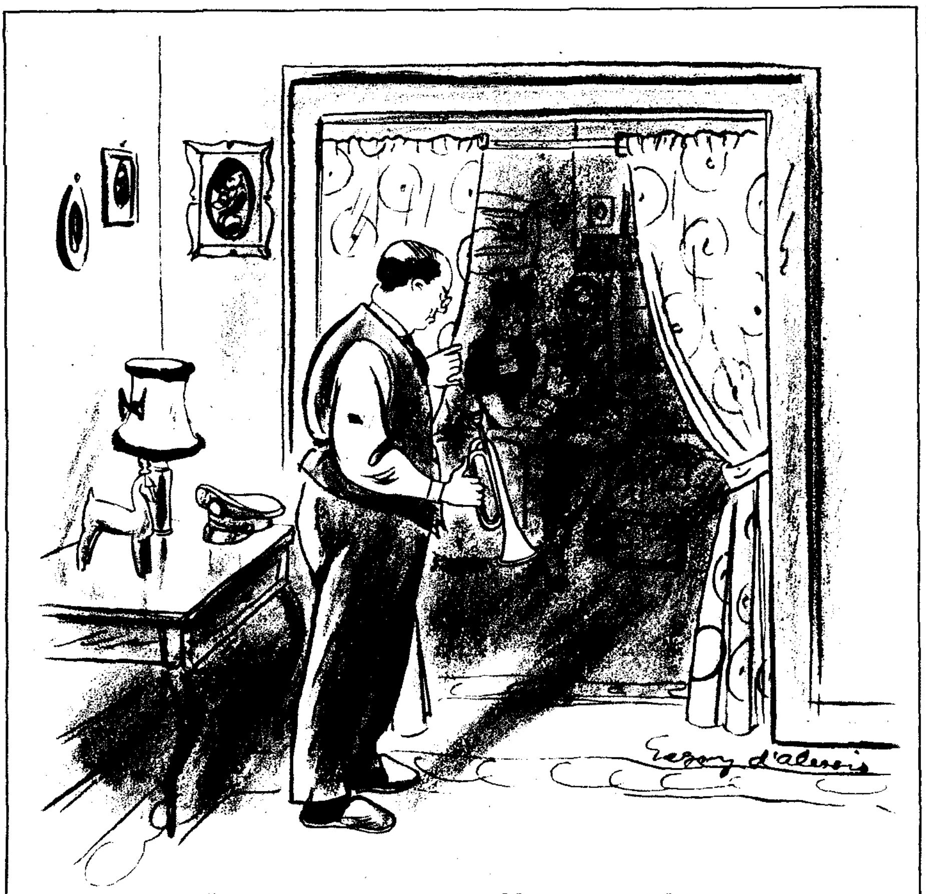

"Of course we heard you blow taps, Father. . . . Well, didn't we put the lights out?"

COLLIER'S GREGORY D'ALESSIO

mental reputation as a good wrestler.

Pat tossed his salty cloak into Mr. Prime's berth, and his grand heirloom of a gold-braided coat became the target of all eyes. He placed the little keg and the tinderbox on the cloak. After a moment's hesitation, he took off the grand coat itself. Now he wore nothing but his skin above the leather belt which supported his tarry breeches and his sheath knife.

"I'll hold your coat, Pat," said Miss Prime, in a low but clear voice.

"It belonged to the last O'Grady of Castle Grady—and himself me own great-gran'fadder—but never a prouder man nor meself at this moment," murmured Pat. And he bowed low as he placed it in her outstretched hands.

"He's sneaking up on you!" she cried.

Then the emigrant turned in a flash, quick as an otter, and sprang to meet the big dragoon. Pat feinted high, then tackled low. Both went under water. By the splashing and sloshing and heaving, you'd think a whale had washed into the cabin. They boiled up to the surface, and there was the great dragoon in Pat's arms. Next moment, the soldier went flapping through the air and landed on top of his cursing master, the major.

O'Grady recovered his cloak and the keg and the tinderbox and returned to the deck, leaving his ancestral coat in the small hands of Caroline Prime.

Fifteen minutes later, the wallowing hulk was shaken from stem to stern by a blast of violence that was not of wind or wave; and maybe another ten minutes after that, the poor emigrant floundered into the cabin again. His face was that black nobody noticed that his eyebrows and drooping black forelock had been burned clean off.

"Don't be alarumed!" he shouted. "I set off me squib, an' now I got a bit of a flare goin'—flame an' smoke ye could see five mile away—and all's well!" And he floundered up and out again.

"He's set the ship afire!" moaned Major Timmis.

"Hold your tongue!" snapped the great Prime.

"Gus!" protested Mrs. Prime.

"Don't 'Gus' me!" returned Augustus. "And be so kind as to tell the women to hold their tongues, too."

The maidservants ceased their whimpering.

"Hark! What was that?" exclaimed Caroline.

Trooper Barley, who had now returned to his insecure roost on the staggering table, cried: "It sounded like a gun to me, miss."

And a gun it was. They heard it again, and louder, a few minutes later.

The big four-masted schooner, Sally Quackenbush, of Portland, Maine, was in far better case than the Irish brig Columbine, for she had missed the full fury of that gale. All her sticks were standing, and she was keeping on her course, or near enough, under a mere sliver of a jib. But all her boats had been washed from davits and chocks. Her master and part owner, Captain Silas Quackenbush, Jr., was a skilled and courageous young seaman, and her mates and crewmen were good, too, but they couldn't lay her alongside the distressed hulk without danger of smashing aboard and being stove in like a puncheon. The best the schooner could do was lay on and off, drifting and tossing, within fling of a handspike of the helpless brig.

PATRICK O'GRADY asked permission of Captain Spry to take a line aboard the schooner.

The master stared at him. "Be ye fish or fowl—in yer own estimation?" bawled the master.

"More fish nor fowl, sir," Pat shouted back. "I got no intention of flyin' across. Swimmin's me specialty, sir."

"Don't forget it was yer own idee and come blamin' me if ye drown!" roared the other.

That was permission enough for the emigrant; and with the help of the boatswain and another hand, he soon had one end of a thin Manila rope rigged over one shoulder and under the other. Then he let his cloak blow away downwind like a flapping raven, and followed it to leeward in person a second later, on a hill of green water veined with foam.

Captain Spry covered his salt-stung, wind-whipped old eyes with a hand like a cowhide glove.

"He was a good lad!" he shouted into the uproar of the elements. "He had the

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A FINER cigarette—scientifically proved less irritating to nose and throat...

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We do *not* claim curative powers for PHILIP MORRIS. But this evidence proves they are far less irritating for your nose and throat.

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makin's of a great man in him, God rest his soul!"

"Thar he broaches!" yelled the boatswain.

Sure enough, there was the gleam of the mighty shoulders on the bottle-green, white-laced flank of a tortured wave.

There have been otters that couldn't swim any better than Pat O'Grady. There have been seals he couldn't have learned much from, unless it was a taste for raw fish. Now he swam, and again he only sloshed and surged along. He was submerged most of the time. In the dark valleys and on the flying crests, he sucked gulps of air from bubbles of foam and spray.

Captain Quackenbush himself landed Pat on the schooner's deck with a boat hook, like a gaffed salmon. It wasn't long before lines and tackle were rigged, and a slung contraption something like a boatswain's chair was passing back and forth between spouting brig and r'aring schooner. But it was a rough, wet and terrifying passage.

MR. FINN, the brig's first mate, was the first to make it, to establish confidence in the breasts of the landlubbers. Mrs. Prime came next. It was O'Grady who received her aboard the schooner into his blistered arms. She was half drowned and gasping, but with never a whimper.

Pat carried her down and laid her in Captain Quackenbush's own berth without so much as a by-your-leave. The maidservants made the passage next, one at a time. Then Caroline arrived, wet as a fish but brave as a lion; and Pat carried her down to her mother and then dosed them both with brandy out of the schooner captain's own bottle. And so they came, one by one. Mr. Prime was next to the last; and Captain Spry was last, swearing into his whiskers.

At that moment, Caroline Prime came up the aftercompanion and running to young O'Grady. "I left your beautiful coat in my berth!" she cried, in distress.

"And why wouldn't ye?" said Pat, with a warm smile and a respectful bow. "Think nothing of it, me dear young lady," he added.

But with his next breath he shouted at Captain Quackenbush, "One more trip, sir, afore ye cast off, or I'll have to swim it again!"

"'Tain't *my* idear of fun, lad, but I'll stand by," said the Yankee master generously, with a flicker of an eye in the direction of the wave-tossed yet lovely girl.

So Pat was yo-hoed and heaved away back to the half-drowned hulk; and, owing to the heft of him, he made half the passage entirely under water. But he reappeared at the other end of the running gear, blew like a whale, waved a hand and again sank from sight.

He returned to view fifteen minutes later, with his arms full. And it was because his arms were full, and the lads at the hauling line in too much of a hurry, that he came to grief in the very act of coming back aboard the cavorting schooner. He lay down in the sloshing scuppers, but sat up with a fixed sort of grin on his face before you could count ten.

"Here's yer kitten," he said. "She was shut in the pantry. She's a divil at scratchin'."

Caroline Prime took the wet kitten from him. "If you'll trust me with the ancestral coat again, I'll take better care of it this time," she promised.

She took the goldy coat from him and hastened below with her white arms full of it and the bedraggled kitten; and then he permitted himself to groan with the pain of his broken leg.

Captain Spry and Captain Quackenbush were both first-rate doctors, and especially good at the setting of broken bones—by their own telling. While they argued about their respective claims to take command of the poor lad's leg, the great Augustus Prime coaxed half a pint of untamed Jamaica rum down Pat's throat with his own hands; and so it was that the patient was all but unconscious by the time the two captains actually got to work on him.

Spry, as Pat's captain, played the leading role in the setting; and Quackenbush, as master of the schooner, was the final authority when it came to placing and binding the splints. Mr. Prime, the sympathetic soul, winced and swallowed a nip of rum every time the emigrant groaned or grunted.

No sooner was the schooner Sally Quackenbush moored to her consignee's wharf on the Halifax harbor front than a messenger—Mr. Finn himself, in his best shoregoing togs—was dispatched to Government House. Mr. Prime would have gone himself but for an attack of gout.

Mr. Finn was back within the half-hour, accompanied by the governor, an aide-de-camp, a secretary, the attorney general of the province, the mayor of the city and a leading physician. The port doctor and the harbor master were already aboard. The meeting of the governor and the Honorable Augustus Prime was a thing to see and to remember to tell your grandchildren about.

It was a happy and a fateful occasion. The young Yankee captain was host; and he had some rare stuff in his cabin lockers. Also, he possessed charming manners and a gift of phraseology. Mr. Prime talked well too, between twinges of gout. They set forth a stirring picture of their ordeal. And Sir George was an enthusiastic listener to tales of derring-do, and a judge of good liquor and a man of good will. He even spoke every now and then himself, and always to the point.

"Take it down, Mr. Clark," he said to his secretary. "Jot it down. Make a note of it. I'll write to the Colonial Secretary. Put it all down, Mr. Clark. Keep it straight. That's your business. Don't leave anything out. And remind me to write to the Home Secretary. And you say this admirable liquor is called applejack, wot? Extraordinary! But for your seamanship and daring, my friend Gus Prime and his lovely daughter, to say nothing of the hero O'Grady, would be at the bottom of the sea. Not to mention Captain Spry. Good old Spry! Remind me to write to His Majesty, Mr. Clark."

THE session lasted three hours. After an hour of it, the two medical gentlemen retired to examine O'Grady, at the request of the Prime ladies. Poor Pat had a high fever in addition to the broken leg. The doctors examined him, shook their heads over him. The ladies charged them to save both leg and life and to send the bill to the Honorable Augustus.

"Will he pay it, ma'am?" asked Doctor McTavish.

"He will be charmed to do so," replied Mrs. Prime, with dignity.

"He had better be," murmured Miss Prime.

So the emigrant was carried ashore on a stretcher and taken to Doctor McTavish's residence.

The Primes and their servants went to Government House, there to remain, as guests of Sir George and Lady Prudfutt-Blast, until a suitable residence could be found for them. Major Timmis went ashore with his baggage and Trooper Barley and sulked at the best tavern in the town until the good-natured Sir George sent for him to rejoin his friends at the gubernatorial mansion, where Mr. and Mrs. Prime greeted him coldly and Caroline not at all.

That was on the third day. On the fourth day the governor dispatched a fat budget of warm official reports and yet warmer semiofficial letters to leading members of the British government.

On the fifth day, Mr. Prime went

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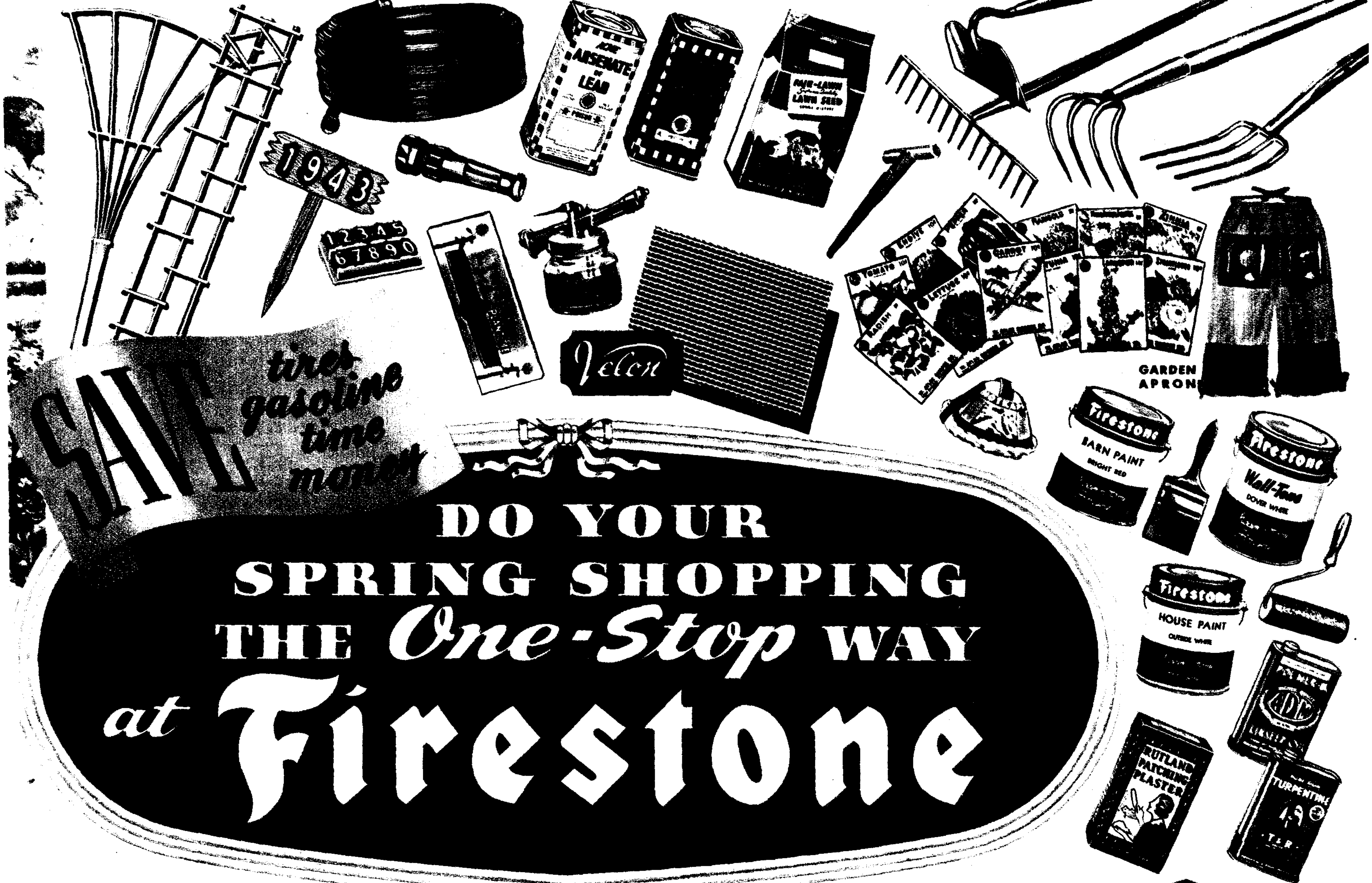
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Westminster
AMERICA'S FINER SOCKS

These are the men all shaven and shorn
Who went to church on Easter morn
Who wore the socks
With stripes or clocks
That fit their feet
And looked so neat
They even made the Easter bunnies
Notice that their socks were honeys.

This is the lad (and he's *not* forlorn)
Who shined the shoes on Easter morn
That belonged to the men all shaven
and shorn
Who wore the lisles
That walk more miles
And set the styles
That even please the fussy spinsters—
They're the men who wear Westminsters.

Westminster
AMERICA'S FINER SOCKS

through the motions of taking over his official duties. On the eighth day, Caroline expressed something of her opinion of Major Timmis (who had asked what had become of the runaway Irish footpad who had tried to blow up the brig Columbine) with the flat of her right hand to his left ear; and Major Timmis and Trooper Barley sailed for Dublin on the tenth day after their arrival at Halifax, in the ship Neptune.

Time passed and events transpired. Young Captain Silas Quackenbush got one freight out of his big schooner and another into her and sailed for home.

The ladies called on Dr. McTavish's patient and were for the first time admitted to the sickroom. They found the poor emigrant thin, pale, limp as a squid and dull of eye.

"He still runs a bit of a temperature now and then, but I'll soon correct that," said the doctor.

"How are you feeling today, Patrick?" asked Mrs. Prime.

"Like nothin' an' nobody, ma'am, thanky all the same," murmured O'Grady.

"I am taking good care of your grand coat, Pat," said Miss Prime.

Pat closed his dull eyes. "Never mind it. I'll never again be man enough to wear it, but thanky all the same," he murmured.

"Better care than I took of it last time you left it in my keeping," continued the girl. "D'ye mind that day, Pat, when you threw Trooper Barley across the cabin, and blew your eyebrows off signaling for help, and then saved all our lives—and my kitten's, too—by swimming to the schooner with a life line?"

Pat's lids quivered, but did not lift. "I've not forgot," he said faintly and dully. "I had me health. But how many lives could I save right now? Not even a cat's!"

"I'm proud of that coat, too," said the girl, speaking softly and slowly. "I've been working at the gold on it, and now all the black salt tarnish is cleaned away, and the lace and braid are as bright as new. And I found some moth holes in the cloth and darned them with blue silk. I love that coat, even if I'm not an O'Grady of Castle Grady; and if you have lost your pride in it, Pat, and your faith in it, I'll take it for a gift and thank you. I'll take it and I'll keep it—it, and myself to myself—until I find a man who is man enough to wear it—and fill it."

The sick man opened his eyes and gazed at her, and she gazed back at him. Then the dullness of his eyes changed, and black flames began to brighten and move in them. Her eyes were the first to waver.

"Do just that," he whispered. "Take it an' keep it—an' yerself to yer own sweet self—till ye find the man who's man enough to fill an' to wear the old coat of pride in any company, wit'out fear or shame—an' God bless yerself an' himself!"

He closed his eyes, smiled wanly, and lifted and let fall a thin hand as if in benediction and farewell.

AND so time passed, and a ship with mails from London, and the Yankee schooner Sally Quackenbush, came into the harbor on the same day. Captain Quackenbush was summoned to Government House next morning and presented with a gold medal from the new British sovereign, young Queen Victoria, a suitably inscribed brass telescope from the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty and a silver tea service from the British Board of Trade.

"And here are two medals for Patrick O'Grady, one from Her Majesty, together with a commission in the navy, and t'other from the Royal Humane Society," said the governor. "But where is he? I thought you meant to keep an eye on him, Gus."

"I meant to, yes," replied Mr. Prime. "I offered him a post—a very good one—in my department, but he refused it and went into the woods with a pickax to discover a gold mine. That was ten days ago. I sent three good men in after him to fetch him out, but have heard nothing as yet. That was a week ago."

A footman entered the room and whispered in Mr. Prime's ear. Mr. Prime bounced to his feet and out of the room. He was back in ten minutes.

"It's the young man himself, Sir George," he said. "It seems that he resented my friendly attention as presumptuous interference, and vented his indignation upon my three messengers when they attempted to fetch him back to town according to their instructions. In short, he beat them up so severely that he had to bring them in for surgical treatment. He has a soft heart, really! He has left them with McTavish and come on here to explain and apologize to me. He is in the hall now, in a thoroughly repentant state of mind."

"Repentant?" cried the governor. "I don't believe it; no more than I would of myself if I'd beaten up three bushwhackers. Her Majesty's navy's the right place for him, devil a doubt of it! And now will you be so good, Mr. Surveyor General, as to invite Lieutenant O'Grady in, with my compliments both official an' personal."

The Honorable Augustus hurried out again and was soon back with O'Grady. Pat had a cut on one cheek and a discolored swelling of one eye, and he was dressed like a bushwhacker in reduced circumstances; but if he was in a repentant state of mind, it didn't show in his face or bearing. The governor pinned the two medals on his swelling chest, then read the commission aloud and gave it to him and shook his hand.

Then Pat's good friend the great Mr. Prime took him by an elbow and led him away. They returned to the hall—and there was Caroline Prime waiting for them with something in her arms. It was the grand O'Grady heirloom—the masterpiece of gold and rich cloth, the coat of pride and destiny itself.

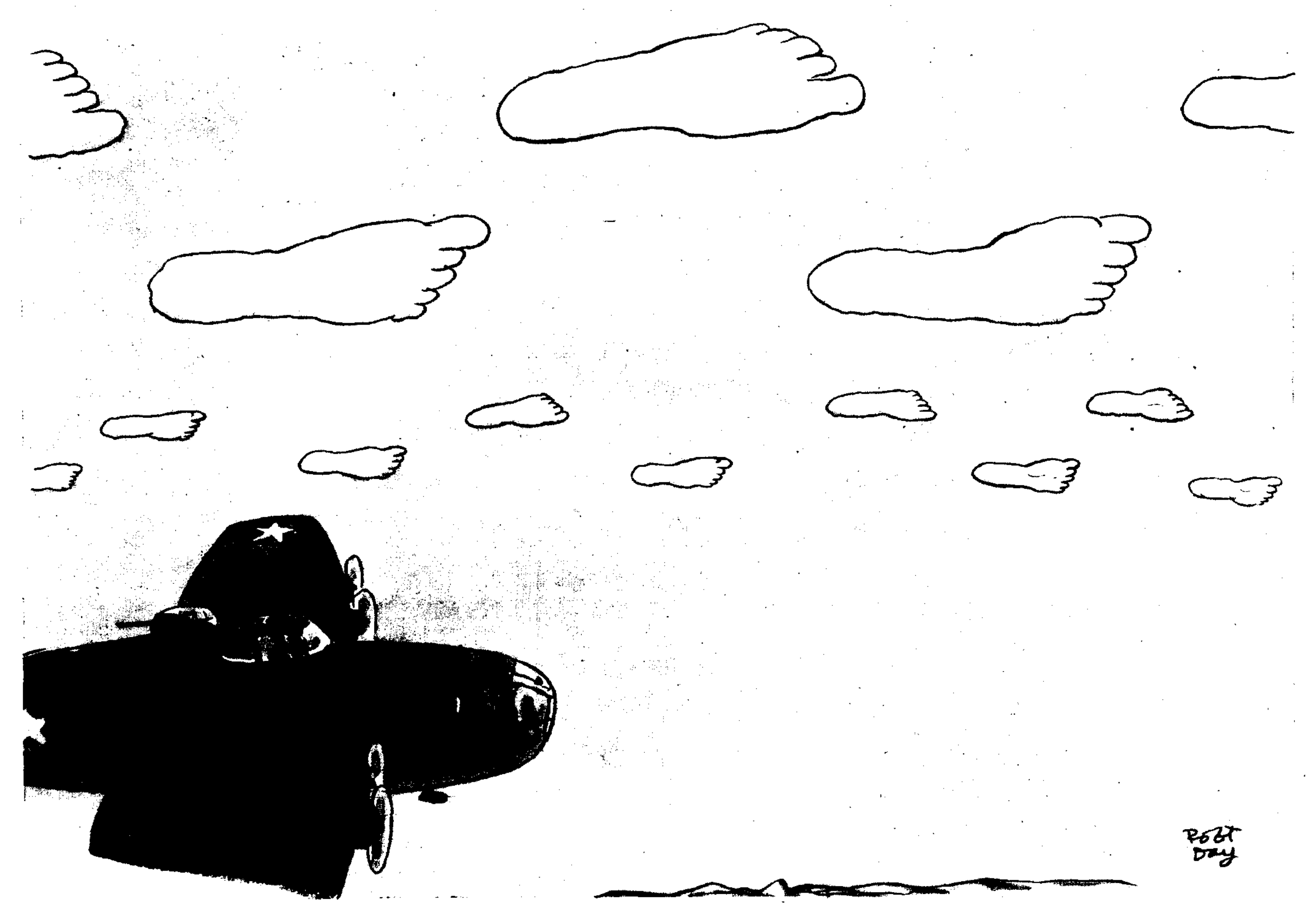
"Here's your coat, Pat," she said, shaking the folds and creases out of it. "Put it on," she added.

The emigrant looked at the lovely creature with his good eye, and then glanced at the young queen's commission in his fist. He took the old coat from Caroline and pulled it on and buttoned it. She stepped close to him and felt the set of the garment on his shoulders and across his arching chest with her two hands.

"It's almost too tight for you already, my darling," she murmured.

The great Mr. Prime remembered his manners and looked the other way.

THE END



"May I see that map, Lieutenant?"

COLLIER'S ROBERT DAY

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# U. S. HIGHWAY NUMBER 1

No, it's not on your road map . . . our fighting men are hacking it through the jungles of the Solomons . . . pushing it overseas to Murmansk and India . . . across the desert sands of Africa.

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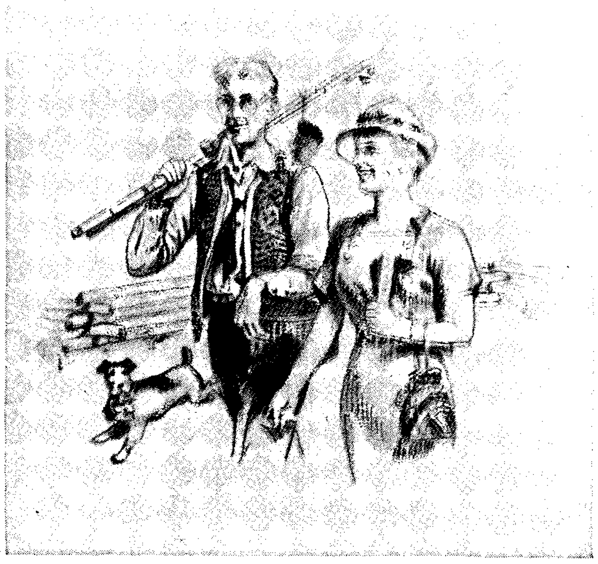
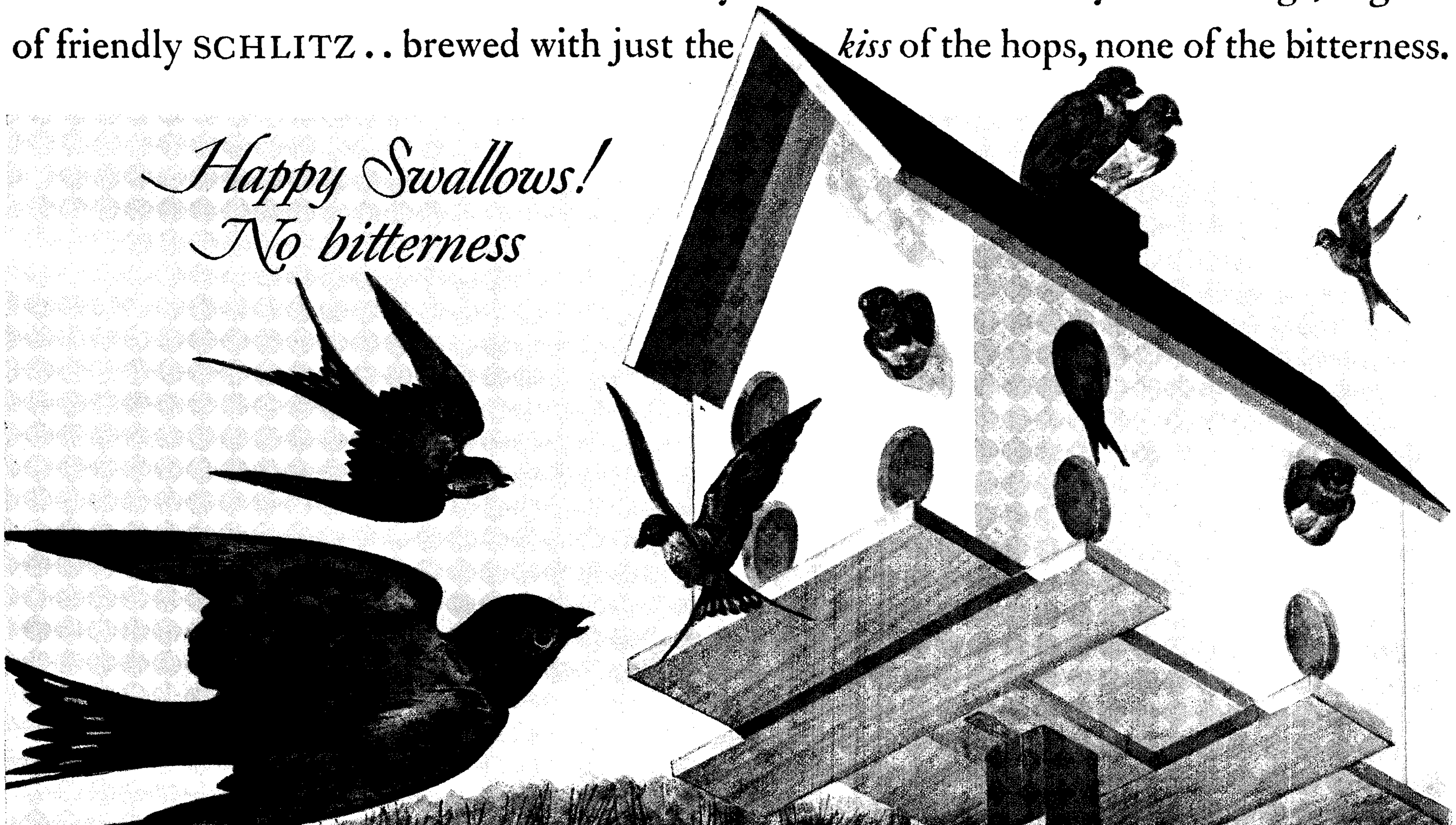
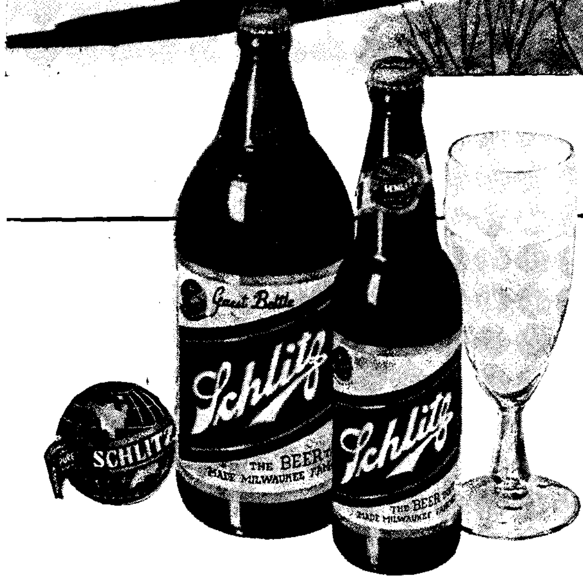


Many expensive luxuries are gone, but the good, basic things remain—richer and more valuable still. The moments we enjoy with intimate friends, the quiet, unhurried hours spent in places we love, these are solid treasures to store in our memory. For millions of Americans their richness is enhanced by another of life's truly finer things, a glass of friendly SCHLITZ.. brewed with just the *kiss* of the hops, none of the bitterness.


Happy Swallows!
No bitterness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*In 12-oz. bottles and Quart Guest Bottles. On tap, too!*

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## THE BEER THAT MADE MILWAUKEE FAMOUS

# Five Dates

Continued from page 13

"No, thank you." Her words were three tinkling icicles. There was Tod in a corner, looking at her, puzzled. "Well, thank you for the skate," she finished up politely and moved away. Lexy was never one to be caught with her manners down.

"Glad you enjoyed it." He was laughing at her as he had at all the girls. With an elaborate twirl he had caught up with a dark-eyed girl who was wearing too tight a green skirt. She was pretty, but common, Lexy decided, and then for some reason she felt irritated at Tod, and even more so at that horribly conceited Rocky Frasier. It was surprising she even remembered his name. She never quite managed to forget it.

1936:

It was called the Chapel Hill Tavern, and the college boys and their dates went there for meals and after dances. It was small, with mountain hickory furniture, well-cooked meals and potent liquor.

Even now at almost four in the morning it was crowded with early breakfasters, people still drinking. Tod Warren was one of the people still drinking. "Get me another Cuba Libre," he said to the waiter. Cuba Libres were getting popular with the younger crowd.

"You've had enough, Tod." Lexy was in white again. Chiffon to four or five inches above the ankle. She was even prettier than she had been five years before at her debut.

TOD was looking at her curiously. He was broad-shouldered, lean-waisted in expensive evening clothes. His face was still frank and open as it had been in prep-school days, but his eyes were wary. Now in his senior year at college he had suddenly matured; he drank too much, overcut classes, quoted poetry that Lexy didn't understand, was faintly communistic and very condemnatory of the rich businessman, his own father and Lexy's for the most part. "You sounded just like your mother when you said that," he told her. "When poor old Jim knocks off too many highballs."

Tod veered between one attitude where he censured Jim Sanders for being a tinned-meat tycoon and another where he pitied him for being a Caspar Milquetoast at home.

"I don't think that's amusing," Lexy said. "As a matter of fact you've been very disagreeable all week end."

"I'm sorry, my sweet," he said. "My sweet" and "my pet" were in vogue. At that moment and under the temporary influence of the Cuba Libres Tod was feeling superior to Lexy, and for years he had unconsciously smarted under her remote indifference. He finished up his drink quickly. "You know you'd be a lot more human," he went on, "if you'd drink a little." He was beginning to pronounce his words too distinctly. Lexy knew he was drunk.

When he motioned to the waiter again, for the first time she looked at the boy who was serving them, so that she might tell him not to bring Tod anything to drink, but that they would both have sandwiches and coffee. As a matter of habit Lexy never really looked at waiters, butlers, maids, taxi drivers or clerks. She was suddenly looking at this one, though. He was very tall with a short white jacket which should have looked ridiculous with brown tweed pants, but didn't. He had sandy-colored hair and dark eyes which were mocking but good-humored. He was the boy at the roller-skating rink, Rocky Frasier.

He had known her all the time; she was sure of that. Lexy stared at him for a long moment.

"Hello," she finally said.

"Hello, Alexandra," he answered quite simply. She felt inexplicable jubilation. He had remembered her name.

Tod looked up. "Oh, hello, Rock," he said. "I'm looped but good. Didn't even know you until just now." Tod shared Lexy's habit of paying scant attention to anyone who served him.

Lexy couldn't say anything now about not bringing another drink. Instead she excused herself, went into the ladies' room. It was filled with girls, smoothing lipsticks, combing their hair, repairing the ravages of the dance. Lexy spoke to a few of them; they answered without much enthusiasm. She was sorry she had not been friendlier to Tod's friends' dates. From the time she was quite young Lexy had always said, "It's really funny, but I don't care much for girls at all." She had been cordial enough to the boys who shared Tod's suite in his fraternity, but she had thought their girls were too horrible. "That Nancy and Jo are a couple of muddy plows," she had told Tod, "such big, sloppy creatures."

Surprisingly enough they had been popular at the week-end festivities, with the boys, with the other girls. Not cut in on as much as Lexy had been at the formal Friday night where she had worn the black tulle that came from Paris, but much sought after at the smaller fraternity parties, the picnics, the games. They wore gay sweaters, ankle socks and dirty run-over shoes. Not, mind you, that Lexy didn't wear sports clothes when they should be worn, but hers were expertly tailored woolens or peasant dresses from the most exclusive shops.

Lexy wished now they were with another couple. But she had ignored Tod's suggestion of going partying after the dance with Bill and Nancy. Nancy, she had had to admit, was witty, and it was a source of irritation to hear Tod laughing at Nancy's little jokes, see him look so alive and amused.

Back at the table Tod was gone. Lexy sat down, waited a few minutes. At an adjoining table she saw a girl look at her, then quickly away, then laugh. Lexy felt insecure, almost frightened. Where was Tod? What was keeping him? Why had she been so disturbed at seeing Rocky Frasier? Lexy was not such a snob as to look down upon someone because he worked, still it was puzzling to get this feeling in the pit of her stomach about someone who waited on table.

Rocky was coming toward her. "I've got a message for you," he said stiffly.

"Yes?" Lexy picked up her cigarette case, nervously ran her fingers over its dull platinum surface.

"Your friend Warren left a little while ago with Nancy Hinman." (So even Rocky knew Nancy.) "He said for me to tell you that they'd send Bill back to pick you up."

LEXY could say nothing. She had never experienced such anger. She could feel it sweeping over her in fierce, blood-pounding waves. How dare Tod do this to her in front of these people, in front of—and this was what hurt the most—Rocky Frasier?

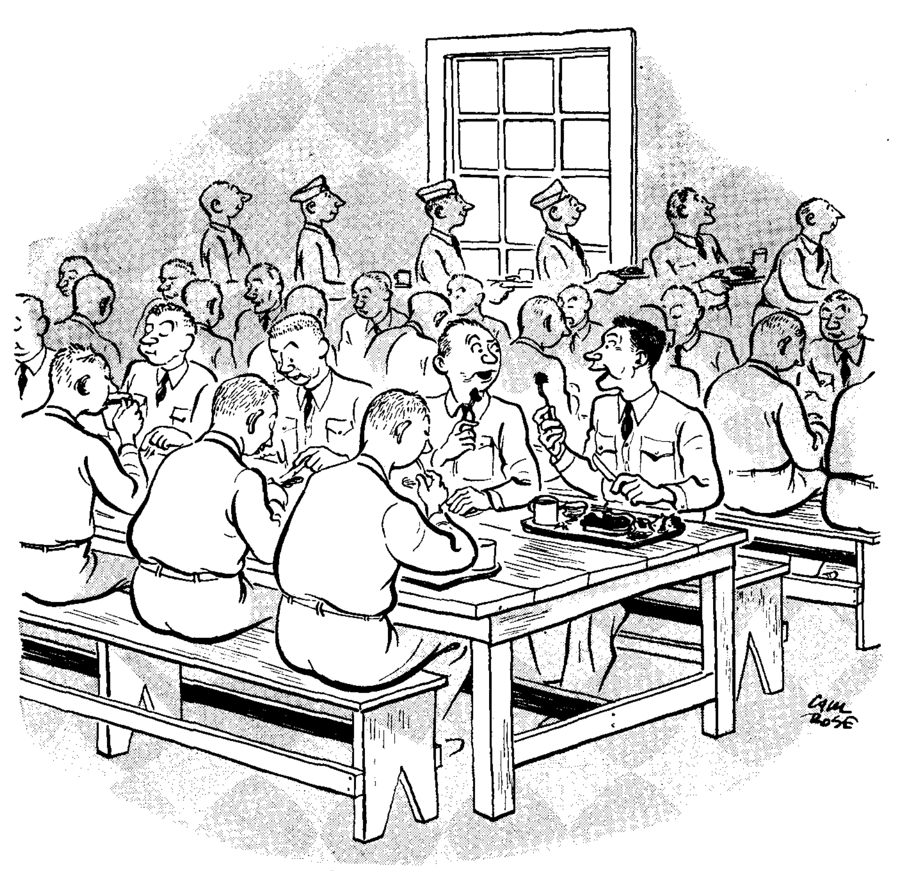
"Thank you," she managed to say. She slipped the cigarette case into her evening purse, got up. "If Bill should come back, tell him I've gone on, will you? Goodby, Rocky." She carried it all off very well except that her voice broke a little when she said "Rocky."

Then slowly she walked out of the tavern. Dawn was coming up; there were a few students on the street, a car or two racketing by with late revelers going up on Tamarack Mountain to see the sunrise. She had never dreamed this could happen to her.

There was a step behind her; she turned, stopped, half in fright. In that moment Rocky Frasier caught up with her. "Can I see you home?" he asked awkwardly. He was the brash Rocky of the red turtle-neck sweater no longer.

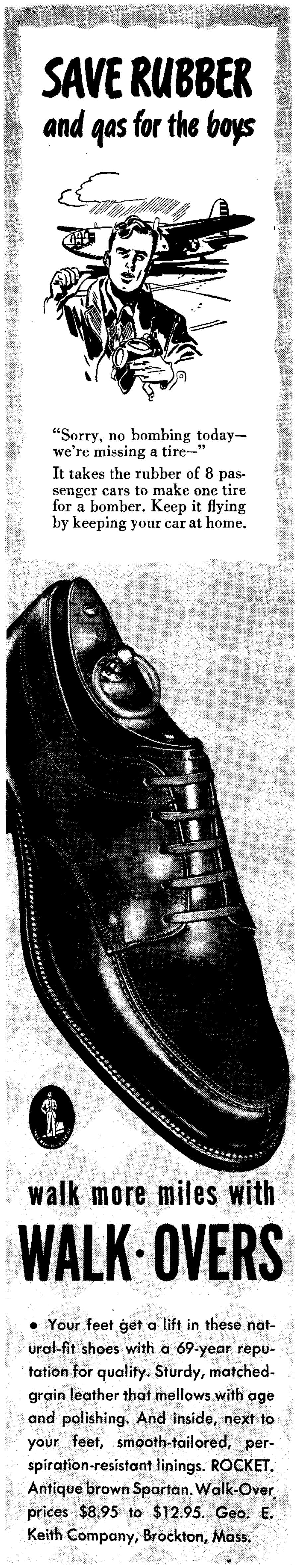
"All right," Lexy said. She could think of nothing to say, yet she felt oddly at ease with him.

Then he began to talk, at first haltingly, then in a torrent trying to bridge the years



"Boy, it feels good to get back to nice juicy steaks again after a furlough!"

COLLIER'S CARL ROSE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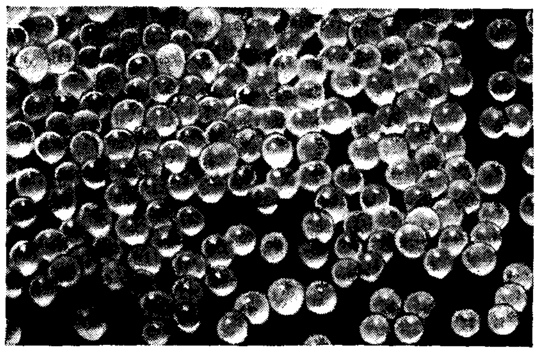

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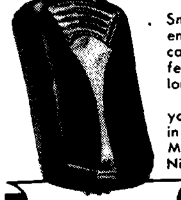

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since that first, too brief meeting. He was poor, he said, terribly poor; she had known that long ago from the mending on the elbows of his sweater. For a while when he was sixteen, seventeen, he had clowned around; he was big for his age and the girls all liked him. He had worked in a filling station. He had even at one time worked for her father on a label machine that pasted thousands of labels on thousands of cans of PEM. "I used to think when I was sweating over those doggone labels: 'I've skated with the big cog's daughter, had my arm around her.' I was milky in the filbert all right. Used to cut out your pictures from the papers like the poor boys always do in the stories."

Lexy was touched. "That's sweet," she said.

Finally he had quit school, gone to Miami.

"But how did you live?" Lexy asked him. "If you didn't have any money?"

Rocky laughed. "Work, my little aristocrat. Caddie master at the Royal Palms, bus boy in a hotel, bartender in a lousy dump."

HE WAS opening up another world for Lexy. She was fascinated. They were passing by the town's little Methodist church now; it had wide steps and involuntarily they both stopped, sat down. Afterward Lexy remembered the black sign in front of the church with the white letters that she could just make out by the dim light of dawn: *First M. E. Church—The Reverend Harold Priester—Sunday morning services at 11; Sunday School at 12:30. Everyone welcome.*

"Then I met Dave Schwed, Dr. Schwed," Rocky went on with such a solemn note in his voice that Lexy asked, "Is he somebody I should know?"

"I don't know. Depends on who you do know. He was a pretty well-known guy; he was a darned fine scientist."

Lexy recognized the hero worship in his voice; the gruff attempt to conceal it.

"What got me was that he was swell to me, a punk kid. I used to caddie for him. He'd invite me over to his place—and let me see his experiments. I finally got ashamed; I knew so darn' little. He was helping, well a lot of people, Lexy—women; he was working on painless childbirth by injecting metycaine. Then he got me to freshen up in biology and chemistry and come here, take a pre-med. It's the right place for me because you can go as fast as you want to here. I don't want to be Methuselah when I get practicing. I've even been working summers, taking night courses."

"He sounds like Arrowsmith," Lexy said, moved, although up to now she had always been bored with sincere young men who had ideals. Bored because they liked to talk about themselves and not about her charms.

"Maybe," Rocky said. "But it's *was*. He's dead. Last year. If it hadn't been for him I'd be just another wise guy kicking around the country. As it is I'm just as hard up, but some day it'll be different."

"Yes, of course it will," Lexy reassured him.

"I don't know why I'm running off the chin like this," he apologized. "Why am I telling you all this anyway?"

Lexy smiled. "I like to hear it."

IT WAS getting much brighter. No one at all was on the streets now. The early-morning breeze blew the chiffon dress about her, bouffant like that of a ballet dancer's.

Rocky slid his arm about her; Lexy stiffened, then with a long sigh relaxed against him.

"Gosh," said Rocky. Fumblingly he sought her lips; when they kissed, they unconsciously arose, one silhouette against the white church bathed in the Midas glow of sunrise.

1940:

It was Lexy's first and last quarrel with Rocky. It was funny, too, their not quarreling before because they had been in love for four years. That is a lot of time and the path of true love is never smooth. "The path of true love for me is always Rocky," Lexy would say, and laugh her bubbly, little-girl laugh that fascinated Rocky.

The quarrel took place in the front seat of Lexy's roadster on a soft, fragrant evening in June. They had been to the country club, just a regular Saturday-night dance, but Lexy was dressed up, a white piqué evening gown, deceptively and expensively unpretentious. Rocky had on his three-year-old white suit.

"Darling, in that suit you look like somebody in a Grade B melodrama about Central America," Lexy said. "Why don't you let me treat you to a new one as a graduation present?" Only ten days before, Rocky had graduated from Harvard Medical.

"Say—how many graduation presents do you give, Lexy?" Rocky said. "A new watch," he began cataloguing, "a sailboat, oh, just a little inexpensive one," he mimicked, "enough instruments to start a medical center. Now a suit."

"Oh, Rocky, don't go into that again," she said. "Besides, what's the sense of having money if I can't do what I like with it?" Her lower lip trembled ever so slightly; she moved closer to him hoping he would notice a new scent she was using, titled ironically enough for 1940 *Entente Cordiale*. He didn't.

"Lexy, I've got something to tell you." He wheeled the car into a side lane off the country-club road.

Lexy laid her head back against the red-leather seat, closed her eyes tightly. Pretty soon Rocky would kiss her; that was really all that mattered. The suit, his silences more and more of late, everything was unimportant when they kissed. "What have you got to tell me?" she asked

"Lexy, I've joined the British army."

There was a moment's stunned silence. Then Lexy broke it. "Are you crazy?" she said sharply, her voice rising a little. "Are you absolutely mad? Here you're just through Harvard; here Father has gotten you the most marvelous hospital in the country to intern at, and you do such a ridiculous thing."

"They need doctors pretty badly," Rocky said.

"Well, what if they do? That's not your concern. This isn't our war. Why do you have to get mixed up in it?"

"Your father's making a lot out of this war," he said gently. "He was telling about the government contracts he had for Lend-Lease provisions."

"That's different," Lexy said. "That's business. When you talk like that, you sound exactly like Tod Warren. I bet the English are mighty glad to get PEM."

"Do you know that France has fallen?" Rocky went on. "That Holland was bombed to pieces? That England will probably be next?"

"Of course," said Lexy impatiently, "I listen to Lowell Thomas every night. But what has that got to do with your joining the British army?"

He gave up trying to reason. "I'm going in two weeks," he said finally.

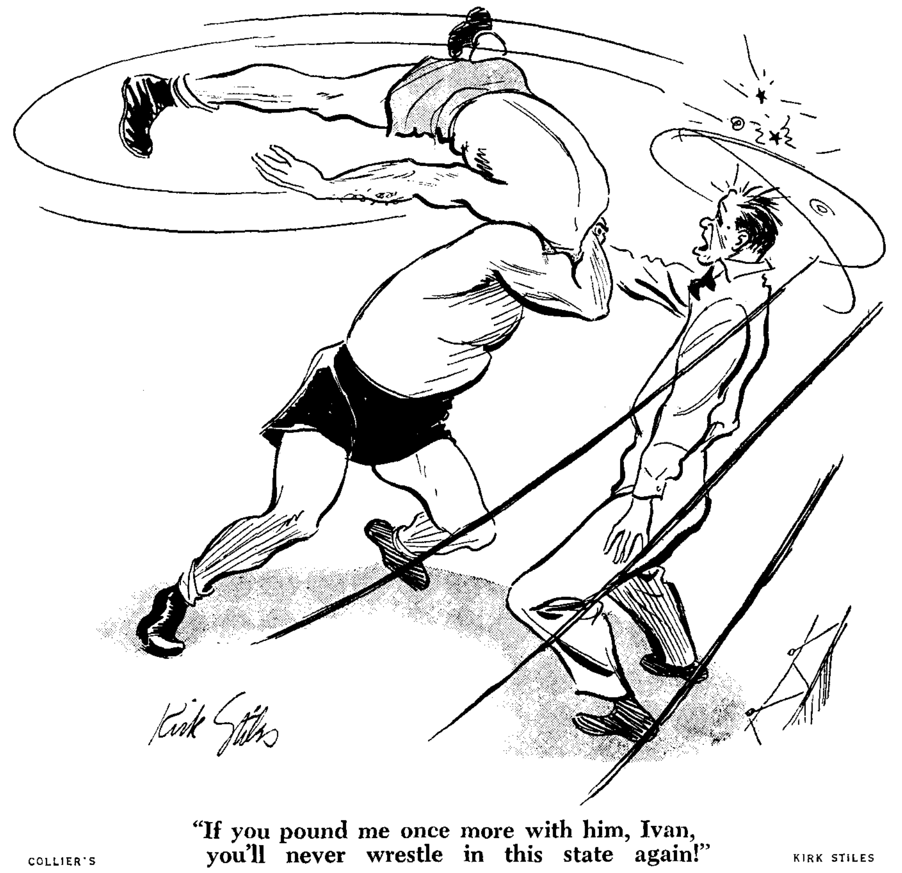
Lexy began to cry. "Oh, Rocky, how can you? When I love you so much? When we're so happy together?" She threw her arms about him, laid her cheek against his.

HE HELD her close for a moment, then released her. "Lexy, for four years I've been taking from your people. There was my summer job in your father's place. Seventy-five a week; I wasn't worth that; I knew it, but it made things so easy. There was that loan I know now your father fixed up. I've been a parasite, a hunk of bittersweet all twined around the Sanders family. And you, Lexy, you've been champagne and éclairs to me, but I'm dying of anemia. I need a big piece of beef; I need my arm shot full of vitamin-plus. That's why I want to help in this war. It's not because of you, Lexy; it's bigger than you or me or any of us. I've got to get back my self-respect."

Lexy dimly understood what he meant. "You don't love me any more?" she asked incredulously.

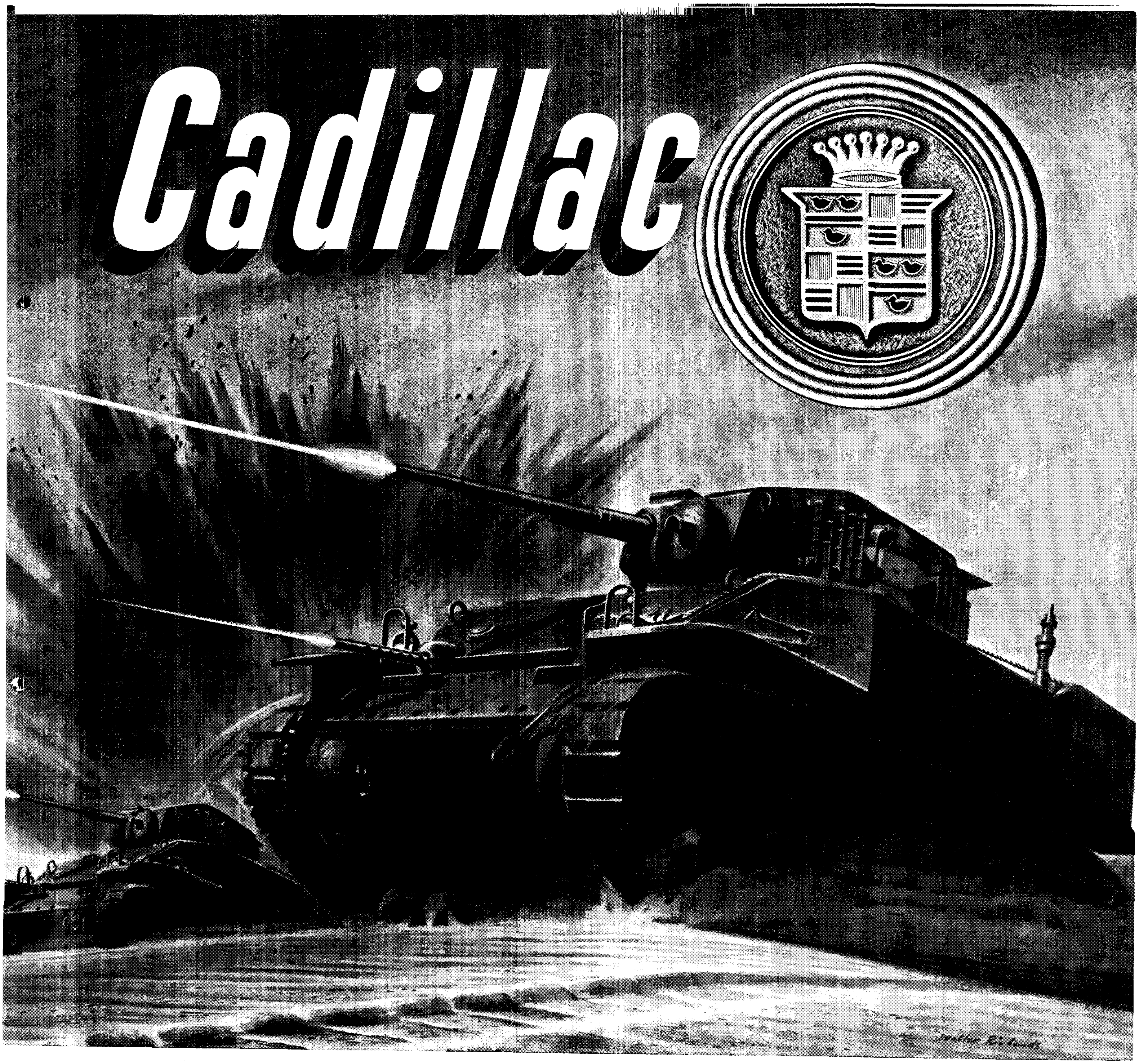
"Yes, but not enough. Not enough for you. Not enough for me. You're moonlight, but we've got to walk in the sun too. I'm not a romantic guy; I'm not a great lover. Can't you see that's what you want? Not a fellow who wears the wrong clothes, who doesn't know half the time what to say to your friends."

"I can't understand it," said Lexy mis-



"If you pound me once more with him, Ivan, you'll never wrestle in this state again!"

COLLIER'S KIRK STILES



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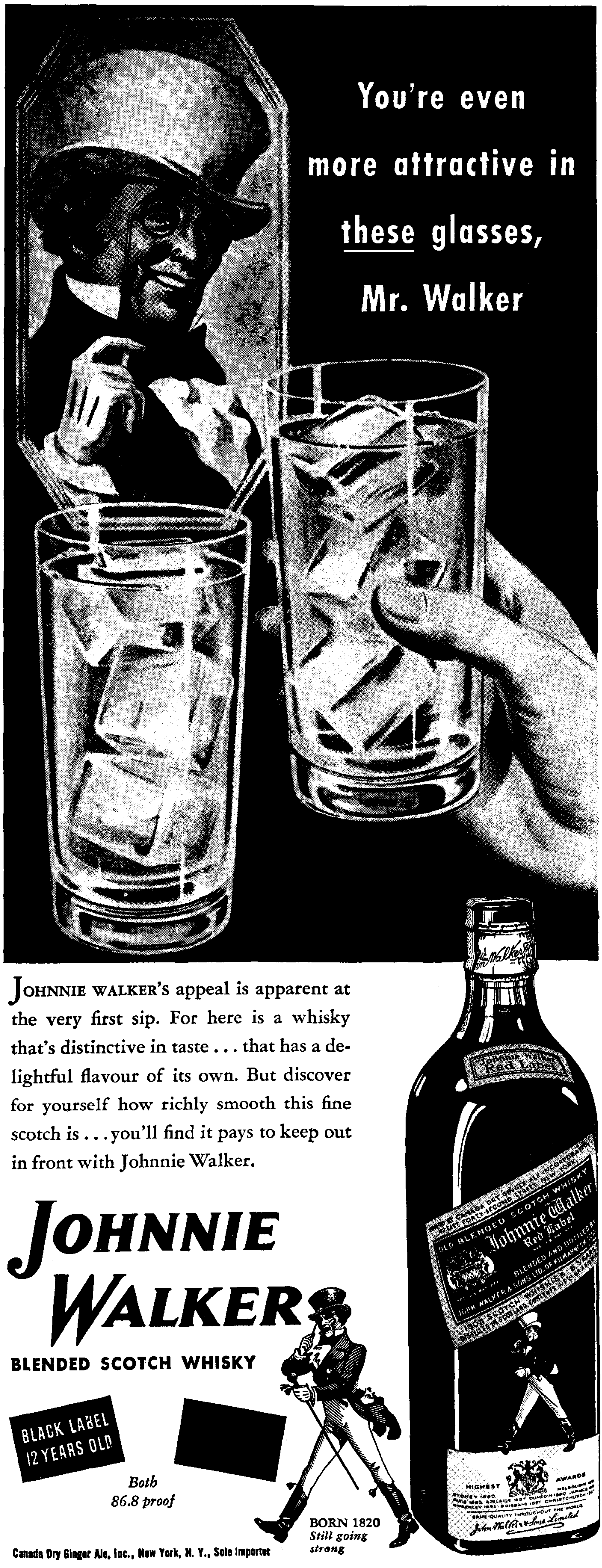
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erably. "Everything's mixed up. I always thought men wanted beautiful women, glamor."

"Not on a seven-day schedule," said Rocky and kissed her goodby very gently. "It's been a beautiful four years, baby. It's just my tough luck I've got a weak stomach and can't take rich food too long."

The next week he was gone and the new sailboat lay docked at the Sanders pier in the Foxcatcher River.

1943:

"That little Mangonna boy is becoming a problem, Miss Sanders," Miss Hoy was saying to Lexy.

Lexy pushed back a strand of hair, determinedly pinned it down. She had just finished getting twelve youngsters to take a nap and she was a little the worse for wear. "What's the matter, won't he eat again?"

"No, it's not that. He's been throwing things down the toilet. Johnny Delay's rubbers, Tommy Hickey's cap. It overflowed all over the downstairs boys' room " Miss Hoy, you suspected, was getting just a suspicion of enjoyment out of relating these horrors.

"I'll try to get a plumber," Lexy said. For a fleeting moment she thought of the past, when there had been no worry about getting hold of a plumber, when there had been no day nursery for the children of defense workers, when Big Jim Sanders had been alive, and yes, she reluctantly dragged this thought from the hidden corners of her mind, when Rocky Frasier had been in her life. Rocky was still in England, she supposed, probably alive; you somehow heard of people when they were killed. Or he might be in Africa or Australia.

"Stop it," Lexy finally said aloud. "Get down in the kitchen and see about the molasses cookies you put in the oven." What kind of cook was she anyway, running off leaving cookies in the oven? The past was dead. What was that line of poetry she had read when she was going to Rosemary Hall?—"Let the dead past bury its dead."

Down in the kitchen Lexy took out the cookies. Crisp molasses men looking like gremlins who popped up at you from every ad. Another pan and then the sugar cookies; they would be heart-shaped.

Little Tommy Hickey came out to the kitchen. "I'll have to go home without my cap," he announced importantly.

Lexy never encouraged talebearing. "Well, it's warm out," she said.

"Can I have a cooky, Miss Sanders?"

"May," Lexy corrected and then despite discipline gave him a plump molasses man, the one that had cooked on the side of the pan and looked as if he had had a paralytic stroke.

"Good," said Tommy, crumbling it in his mouth.

LEXY felt a tug of compassion pull at her. Doggone it, but these little snips were sweet, even refusing to eat their mashed carrots and throwing one another's rubbers down toilets. "They'd be on the streets if it weren't for me," she reflected with a sudden burst of self-pride. And they would.

Their parents were, of course, lured by the high wages the new owners of PEM were paying. PEM had branched out even more since Jim Sanders' death. And besides the PEM plant there was a new Army depot.

Three of Tommy's pals descended to the kitchen. Lexy was a poor disciplinarian. "You know you shouldn't be here," she said weakly. Then she was passing out more cookies. The group had become noisy; everyone wanted to stand on the chair beside Lexy while she cut the sugar-cooky hearts. "I ought to be burned up at you kids bothering me so," Lexy said, rolling out the cooky dough.

"But you're not," said the pipe clogger Philly Mangonna. That was right. She wasn't. After all these years, to find your niche taking care of forty rambunctious poor white kids. How the mighty have fallen!

The batch of cookies was ready for the oven. On tiptoe she reached up. There was a step behind her. "Who's that, Tommy?" she asked. Cooking was still so new to her that she dared not move her eyes.

"A man with a little bag," the four yelled in unison.

The plumber. Miss Hoy in her efficient way had gotten hold of him so quickly. "The toilet in the boys' room on the first floor overflowed," she said briskly. "One of the kids threw a lot of junk down it."

"Not junk. My hat," contradicted Tommy Hickey enraged.

The plumber didn't say anything. Lexy closed the oven door, turned. "Rocky," she suddenly faltered. "Why, Rocky!"

He walked closer and she noticed he had a little limp. He was pale and there was a long scar on the side of his cheek. The scar emphasized the broken nose, dark shadows under his eyes.

"Oh, Rocky," but she dared not put her arms about him. Once he had said he did not love her enough. "Whatever are you doing here?"

"Furlough," he said. "Get patched up a little. I've been transferred to our own Army."

"You were wounded?" She nodded toward his leg.

"A little banged up," he said. She could tell he did not want to talk about it.

"Would you like some molasses cookies and milk?" she asked.

ROCKY nodded, sat down at the kitchen table. The four boys set up a wailing for more cookies.

"Why can't you wait until three for them like the others?" Lexy asked. They looked pathetic and hung their heads. "I can eat at three too," said Tommy Hickey. "I never get filled up."

Lexy gave them each a couple. "Now go on and don't bother me any more."

They scampered away. "The kids kind of like you," Rocky observed.

"Um. I'm a contrast to Miss Hoy. She keeps them right under her thumb."

"I was sorry, I was awfully sorry about your father's death, Lexy."

Lexy closed her eyes and said quickly, "His suicide, Rocky. He—he shot himself. He was in some kind of mess with the government."

Rocky cleared his throat, but said nothing. The only sound in the kitchen was the tiny purr of the gas oven. At last Rocky asked, "Did your Prince Charming come along, Lexy?"

"No," she said. She got up, took the sugar cookies from the oven. There were tears far back. Not so far back. One was trickling down her nose. "It's awfully hot here. I've got to go upstairs with some cookies and milk for the kids' afternoon lunch. Their mothers or fathers pick some of them up about twenty after four." Another tear rolled down. She brushed it away hurriedly, leaving a smudge.

"Lexy," said Rocky in an uncertain, questioning voice. He took the cooky sheet from her hands. "Baby," he said, "little moonlight baby left stranded without even a moonbeam."

The gas oven continued to burn brightly because Lexy had forgotten to turn it off. Miss Hoy came down the stairs. "Tommy Hickey is terribly sick to his stomach," she announced. "He got hold of a lot of fresh cookies some place."

Miss Hoy looked into the kitchen and then, emitting a ladylike "Oh," scurried up the stairs. For Rocky had kissed Lexy and they were back in front of the little Methodist church on that first golden morning.

THE END

# A Frenchwoman, Too

Continued from page 11

his eyes were, and how very tired. One trouser leg was ripped open and a blood-stained bandage was wrapped around his knee. The fear, that had been less fear than astonishment, went out of her.

"There is no one in the house," she said, "and as you see, we have no neighbors."

His eyes came back to her face. "I was with the British raiders night before last," he explained hurriedly, in a hoarse cautiously lowered voice. "But I myself am an American. I got left behind when the boats—"

"Yes, I—I know."

Troubled perhaps by something in her voice, he exclaimed anxiously, "But you are French, aren't you?"

"I am French."

"I knew it. I looked at you a long time and I was sure. God, if I'd climbed a Nazi wall! I—"

"You're cold," she broke in nervously; "you're shaking with cold. You must come in and get warm. You'll be quite safe—for a little while."

"For a little while?" he repeated, alert again and rather formidable.

"I can't answer for anybody but myself."

His blue eyes searched hers, as if asking the questions that were life or death to him. He seemed satisfied and grinned. "All right, let's go." And when she opened the door into the low-raftered room, painted red by firelight, he uttered an exclamation of surprise and pleasure. Then he was kneeling by the fire, hands stretched out until they almost touched the flames. But he could not control the violent shaking of his body.

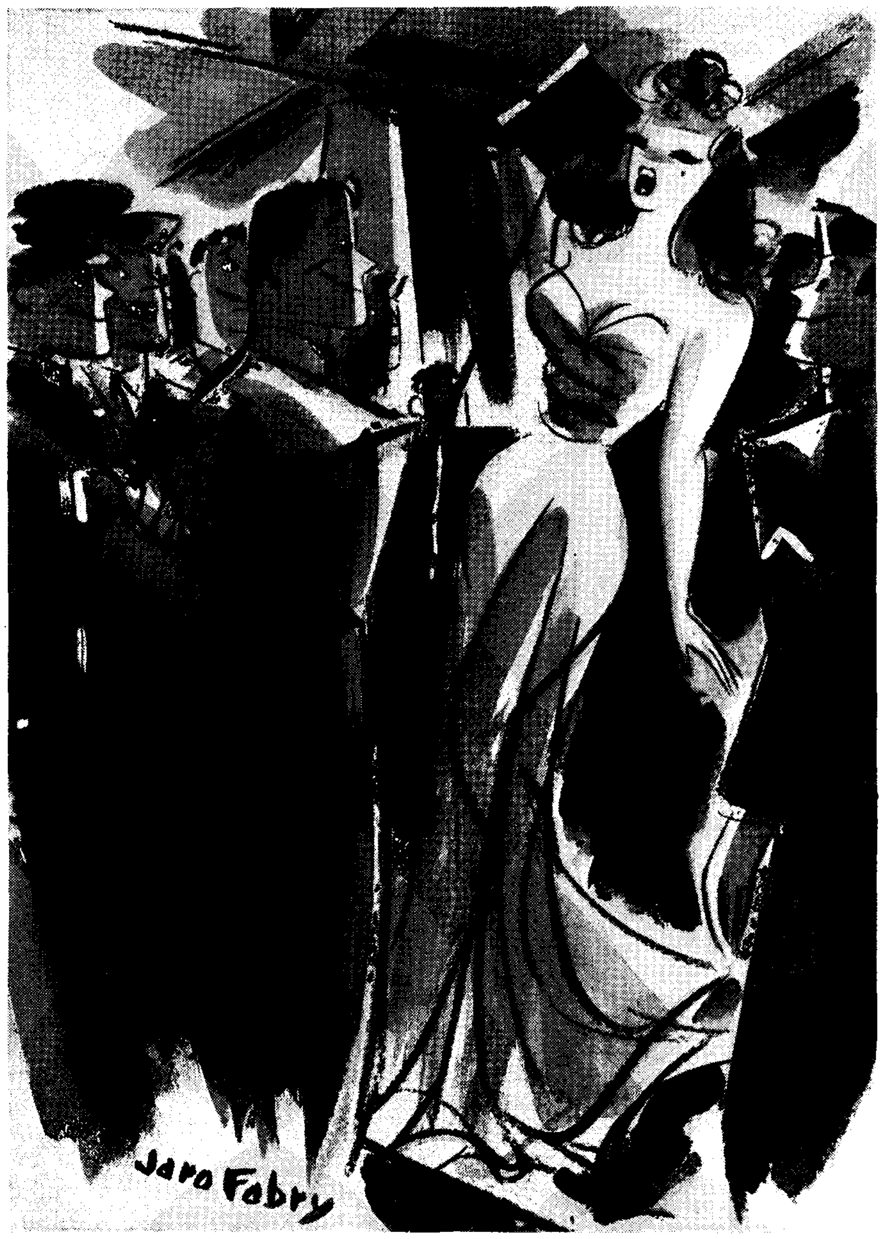
She went to the sideboard, and as she was getting out the brandy and a glass, he began to talk hurriedly, as if under some compulsion to make himself heard after a long silence, after having been terribly alone.

"You see, the first night and all day yesterday, I lay on a ledge in the side of a ditch, with ice water for a blanket. The overhang hid me. However, the maneuver was not exactly constructive"—his short laugh had an edge of hysteria—"I was, as we say in America, getting nowhere fast. What I'd do after I got out, I didn't know, but I had to do something. And it was dodging Nazis that brought me over your garden wall. Or did I just die and go to heaven?"

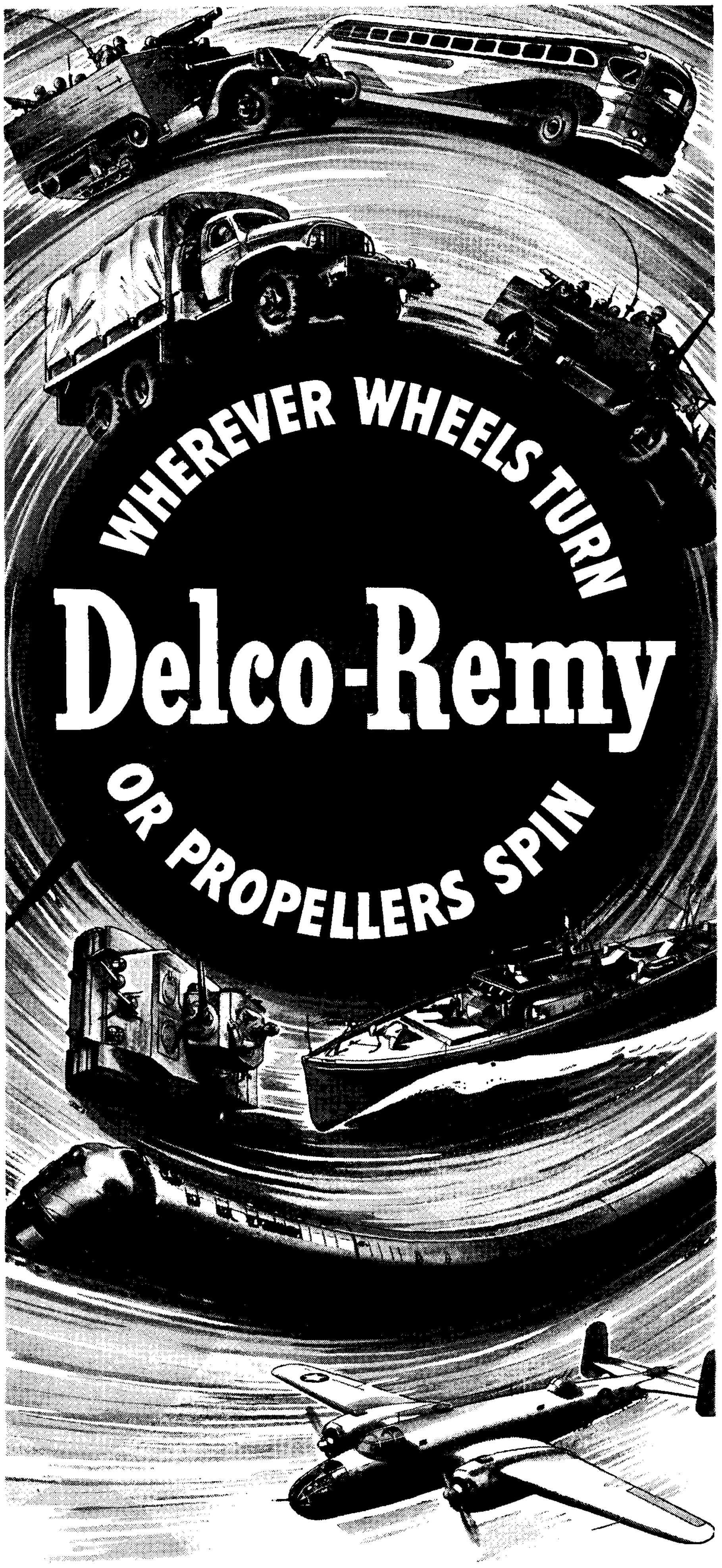
THE brandy she was pouring overflowed the glass and made a small lake on the floor of the cabinet. When he saw the tumblerful he grinned again.

"All that—after no food for three days? Lady, I'll get loud and unmanageable. I'll hear the birdies sing." But when he straightened up to take it, his knees buckled under him and he caught her arm to save himself from falling. "Dizzy," he murmured, "the old head—"

She helped him to the sofa and he lay back, his eyes closed, his face drained of color. She saw too, that a stain of fresh blood was spreading on the bandage about



COLLIER'S "Nobody wants me; nobody cares—" JARO FABRY



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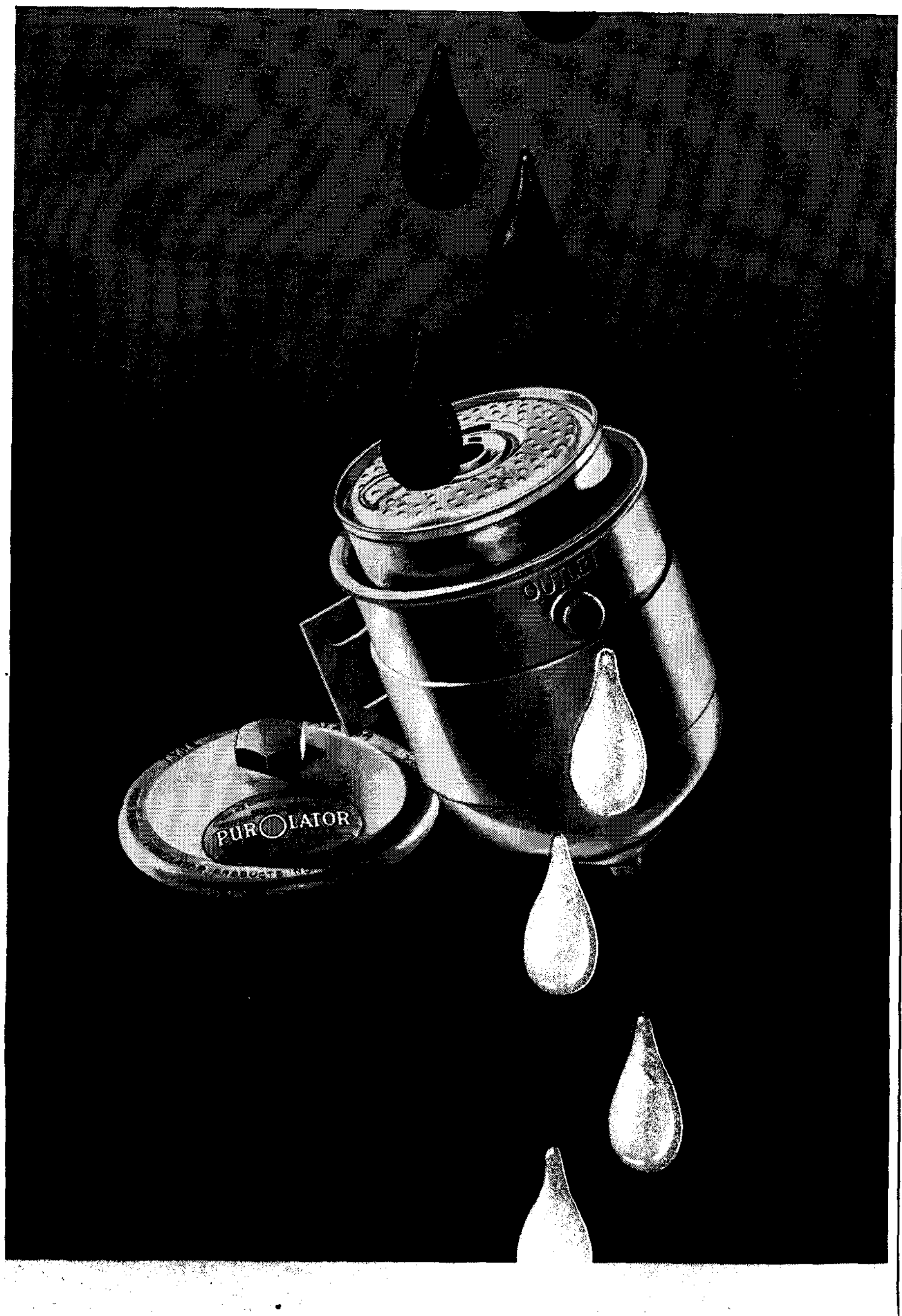

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his knee. Panic rose in her. What could she do with him? There was no one, no human being to whom she could turn for help. The loud, slow ticktock of the clock kept telling her, too, that time was passing. And Eric—she did not expect him till evening, but he often changed his plans. He might come at any moment.

She knelt beside the sofa and lifted his head, holding it in the curve of her arm. "Drink this," she said, putting the glass of brandy to his lips. "Drink it—you must!"

After a little his eyes opened and for a long moment he looked up into her face. They were a boy's eyes, ardent and true, and she felt a rush of tears to her own.

"I can't believe it, any of it," he whispered after a moment. "I can't believe I'm here, or that anybody can be as—as beautiful as you are. I couldn't believe it when I saw you standing there with your face lifted up and the wind blowing back your hair. You were like all the women a man makes dreams about and carves and paints and puts on prows of his ships, so he can follow her over the world—"

HIS words were like words breathed out of a fever, and yet they seemed to belong naturally in this special world in which he and she were so strangely and tenderly alone. His head was heavy on her arm, and the weight of it there, his dependence, in his mortal danger, upon her, filled her with a kind of love, an anguished happiness in which pain was not to be separated from joy.

When presently she spoke, it in no way broke the spell, although it was only to say urgent, commonplace things: that he must drink the brandy and then try to eat. Angèle had left bread and meat and a jug of hot milk for her luncheon, and Céleste brought these to him. She washed his face and hands, and after he had eaten, she said anxiously, "You are stronger now, aren't you?"

The ghost of his grin came back. "Yes, except that any minute now I'm going to wake up and find myself in that ditch again—or in those thornbushes of yours. They—"

But the loud shrilling of the telephone cut off his words. It was less a sound than a presence, a danger in the room. It brought her to her feet but she could not move to answer it.

"Hadn't you better take it?" he asked after a moment. "It's only the telephone, you know."

"Yes, only the telephone." Struggling to control her voice, she took down the receiver. It was Paris calling, and then Eric spoke to her in German.

"Céleste, is that you?"

"Yes, of course, Eric," she answered in French.

"I'm back in Paris. I came down by the night train from Lille. I'll be home pretty soon and I'll not be alone. Kunz will be with me."

Kunz! Cold terror chilled her. It was obvious, too, that Eric was impressed with the importance of the official he was entertaining.

"It's on that business of the raider who escaped," Eric said. "Kunz may have to spend several days, and he will, of course, stop with us."

"What time will you get here?" she asked, but anxiety again cut off her breath and he could not hear her.

"What's the matter with you, anyhow? You sound queer."

"No, no, it's the connection. I asked you what time you would arrive?"

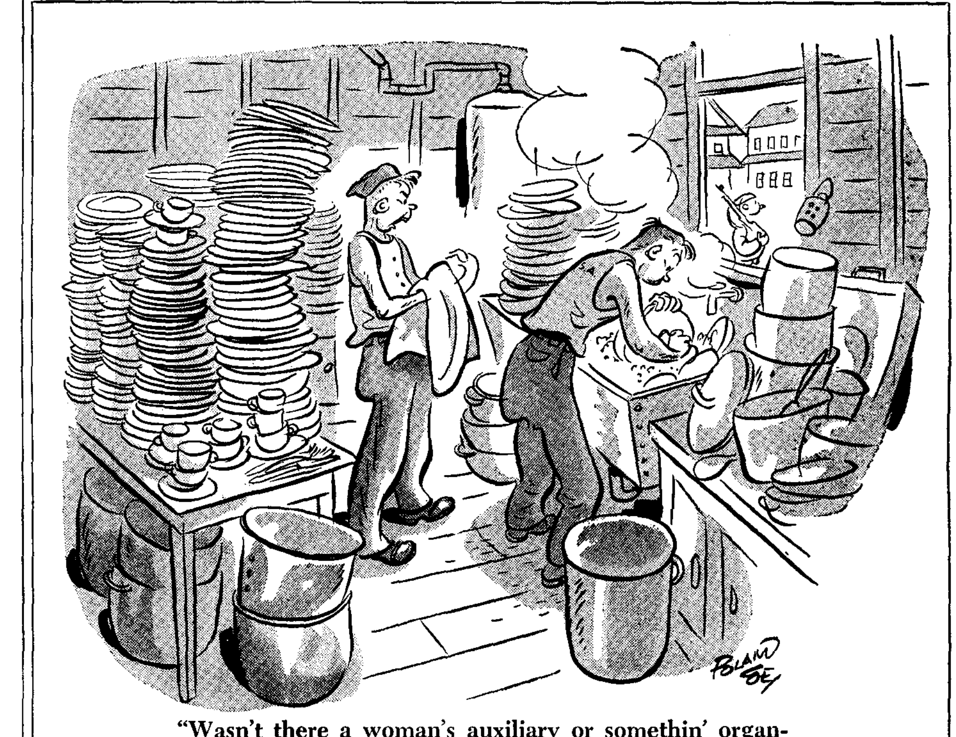
"I can't tell exactly. If it clears we'll fly. If not we'll come by car. Tell Angèle not to worry about dinner because I'm bringing some things I managed to get hold of—lobsters and so on. And we'll have champagne."

She put back the receiver. By plane it was not more than twenty minutes. But of course they couldn't fly—or could they? The wind, she thought, had gone down a little, and the sleet was no longer spitting against the windowpanes. She went back to the sofa. He was sitting up and she saw that the blood had oozed from under the bandage and was trickling down his leg.

"I will wash your wound," she said, "and put on a clean bandage. But there is something you must know. German officers will be in this house today" His eyes waited, but she made no explanation. She could not say to him, "And one of these Germans is my husband." She could not have made her lips say the words. "I don't know when they'll get here, but it might be very soon."

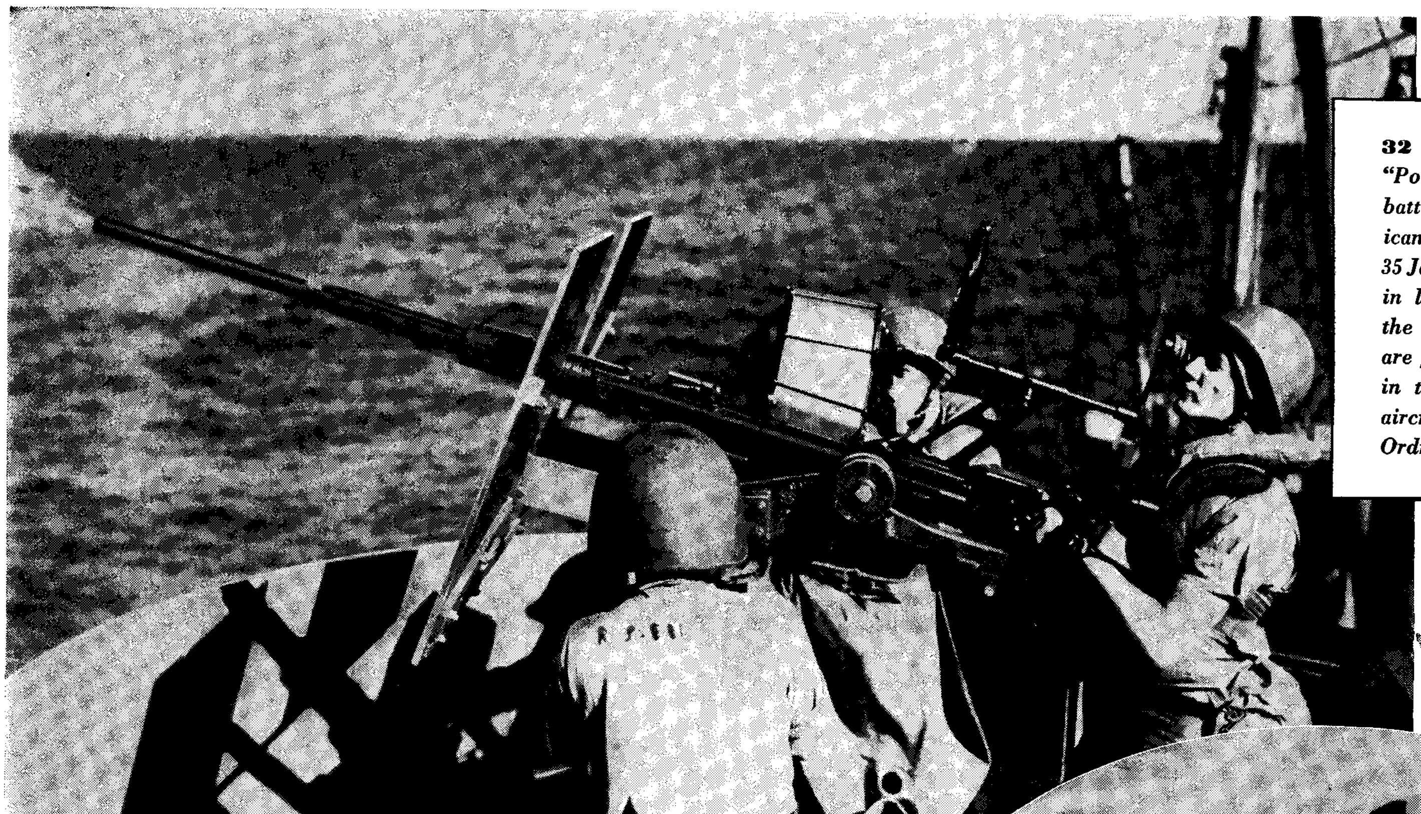
HE STILL waited, and when she added nothing, he said, "There is a town somewhere—it's called Annecy-le-Roi. They hide us there till a boat comes or a fisherman can take us away. If you could tell me how to get there—"

But she did not know the roads. Annecy was about ten miles west along the coast, but there was a tongue of land between. The roads were no longer marked, and if you took the wrong one, you had to make the whole tour of the peninsula. Besides, when she took off the bandage she saw



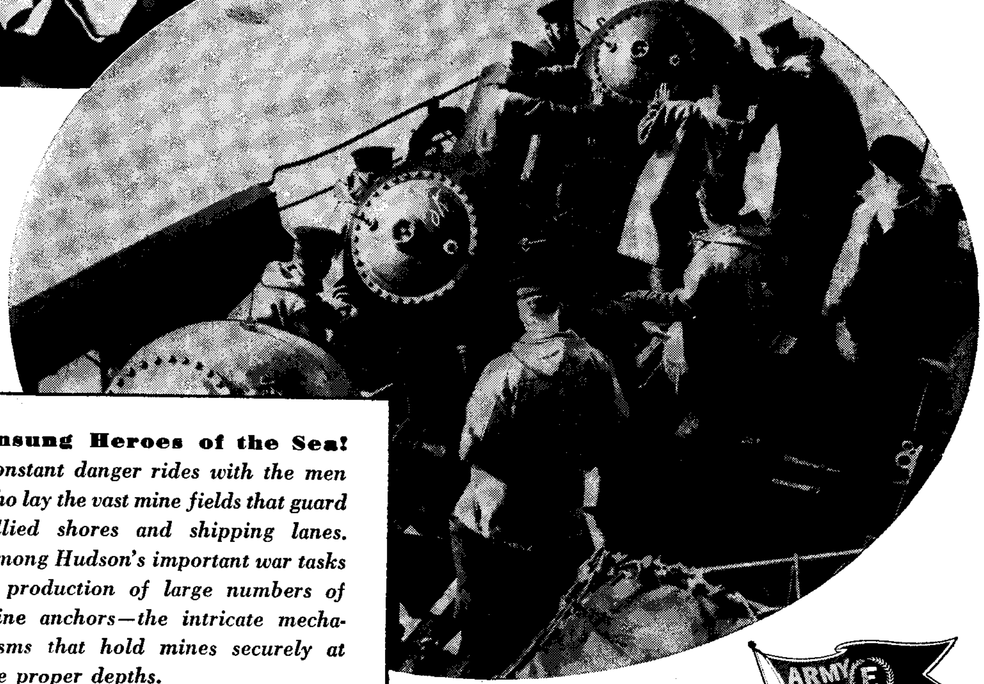
COLLIER'S "Wasn't there a woman's auxiliary or somethin' organized for the purpose of releasin' us guys for active duty?" ROLAND COE

# GIVING 'EM *THE WORKS!*

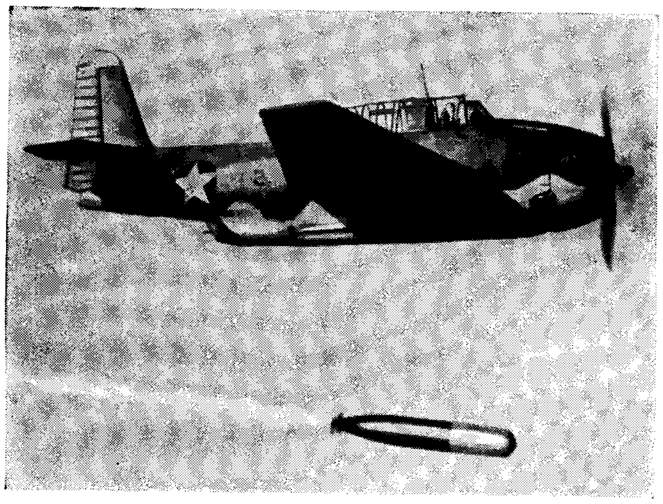


**32 Jap Planes in 30 Minutes!** *"Pouring it in" from the decks of a battleship in the South Pacific, American gunners recently bagged 32 out of 35 Jap dive bombers and torpedo planes in less than half an hour. We salute the boys behind the guns. And we are proud of the fact that the batteries in this action included 20-m.m. anti-aircraft guns built in the U. S. Naval Ordnance Plant operated by Hudson.*

**Buy U. S. War Savings Stamps and Bonds**



**Unsung Heroes of the Sea!** *Constant danger rides with the men who lay the vast mine fields that guard Allied shores and shipping lanes. Among Hudson's important war tasks is production of large numbers of mine anchors—the intricate mechanisms that hold mines securely at the proper depths.*



**Death to Axis Ships!** *A Navy torpedo bomber drops its lethal cargo. Hudson is mass-producing wings for Curtiss-Wright Hell Divers, and fuselage sections for Army bombers.*

*Hudson Aviation Division awarded Army-Navy "E" for high achievement in the production of war matériel.*

**Carrying War to the Enemy!** *These magnificent men, and tens of thousands like them, will spearhead the American attack when great offensives start to roll. We are working night and day to build husky Hudson Invader motors to help power these vital landing operations.*

MEN will win the victory when it comes. Cool, determined fighting men—superbly equipped and trained to a razor edge.

The least we can do, here at home, is to see that every weapon, every bit of *matériel* they get, is the best that can be built—and is delivered to the fighting fronts in ever-growing quantity.

All Hudson plants are working round the clock, seven days a week, to get their share of that job done.

To you who depend on motor transportation in your daily work, Hudson has this to say: Thanks to long-range planning, Hudson distributors and dealers are making good their pledge to keep vitally needed automobiles rolling.

Go to them for service that will prolong the life of your present car—or for the purchase of a new or used car.

HUDSON
**MOTOR CAR COMPANY**
DETROIT, MICHIGAN
*33 Years of Engineering Leadership*

OUR PLANTS ARE DEDICATED TO WAR PRODUCTION . . . OUR DEALERS TO MAINTAINING WAR TRANSPORTATION!

that he would not be able to walk even a small part of that distance.

He knew it, too. "There must be some house near here," he suggested, "someone who lives not too far away?"

"If you mean the underground, I can tell you nothing—I don't know any of the names. Tomorrow I will inquire the way to Annecy and as soon as you are strong enough, you can go. Meantime, I—I will hide you here."

"And risk your life to do it."

Oddly, she had not thought of herself in this situation until now. After a moment she said, "We are in it together." And that word "together" brought faith and strength again. Alone no more, but bound by ties of life and death to this man who had put his trust in her. "Oh," she cried softly, "you do not understand, you cannot know what it means to me to do this."

HIS eyes were on her face and he seemed to see her and to see something else, beyond her. "France—" he began almost dreamily, as if this were the hour or the place for such talk. "I was a kid here. All my life was lived here till I was old enough for college. And when we went to America, there was a part of me that never left France. Then, after the—the invasion, I went to England and joined up. They trained me for this kind of thing because they like to have fellows who talk French."

There is no time, she thought, no time at all for all this. But she knew, too, that he had to speak, whatever it was, for the meaning it had for him.

"In summer we had a house in the Seine valley, in Normandy. There was a young girl who lived near us—de Monlacour, their name was. I only saw her a few times, at garden parties and things like that; and once, when she came with her mother to our house to call. I loved her. I worshiped her. I loved her so terribly that I couldn't speak when she was there. But I never saw her after the day she was in our house. I heard later, someone told me, that she had become a nun."

Sleet was no longer thick on the windowpanes, and Céleste could see the garden and the sky above it, faintly luminous, as if the sun would soon pierce the clouds.

She rose. There was an unfinished loft at the top of the house where he would have to hide. There was no other place. He would need blankets, food, and she would have to be very careful. Nothing must appear to have been disturbed. Angèle had the kind of eyes that saw all the small, surface things—every object, every small detail of a room. And there was not only Angèle. There was Kunz. . . .

The table was set with what they had of elegance—the fine lace and linen, the silver candelabra, the crystal wineglasses. She was wearing evening dress, her hair held high with a gold and tortoise-shell comb. Eric liked ceremony. Especially he wanted to impress Kunz, who, though far more powerful politically, was of inferior birth and social position.

"You will notice, my dear Kunz, that this is not pâté, it is the whole liver." Eric's monocle was in his eye, his strong-boned florid face was bent over the jar of Strasbourg goose liver he held. Thoughtfully he sniffed the odor of the truffles. "We came on a nice little cache here at the chateau of the so-called Duc d'Isly—a Napoleonic title, of course." He, the twelfth Baron von Werneke, could not accept without comment, such an upstart aristocracy. "We found it necessary to—take measures—against this Bonaparte duke. He's had plenty of time since, to regret his unco-operative attitude."

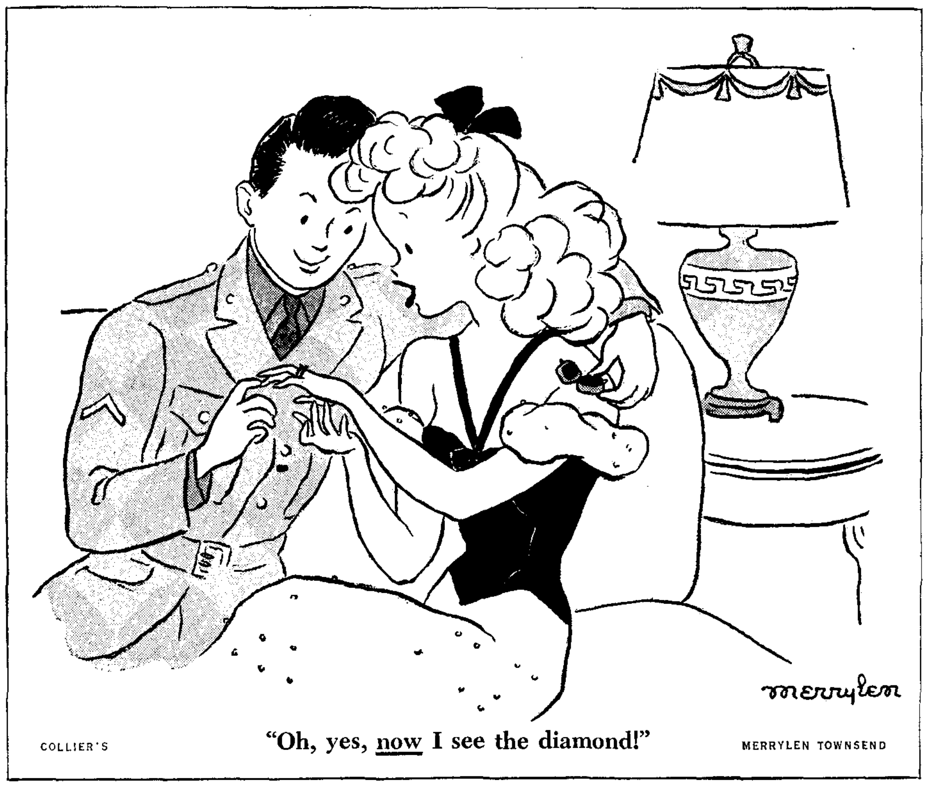
And he is still handsome, she thought—her eyes, not to look at Kunz, fastened on Eric's face: Straight features, brows fair as corn silk, a shading of down like fine gold wires on his high cheekbones, and eyes become as vacant as the mind behind them. A man who no longer cared for anything, believed in anything outside the range of his five senses; who, not originally cruel, acquiesced in brutality; who, not at first dishonest, had become a thief and the tool of liars. An aristocrat, who, to the marrow of his bones, feared this tavernkeeper's son who sat between them.

"They're good at this kind of thing, the French," he was saying. "In fact, it's about all they are good for. Cooks and dressmakers to the Third Reich, eh, Kunz—after this war?"

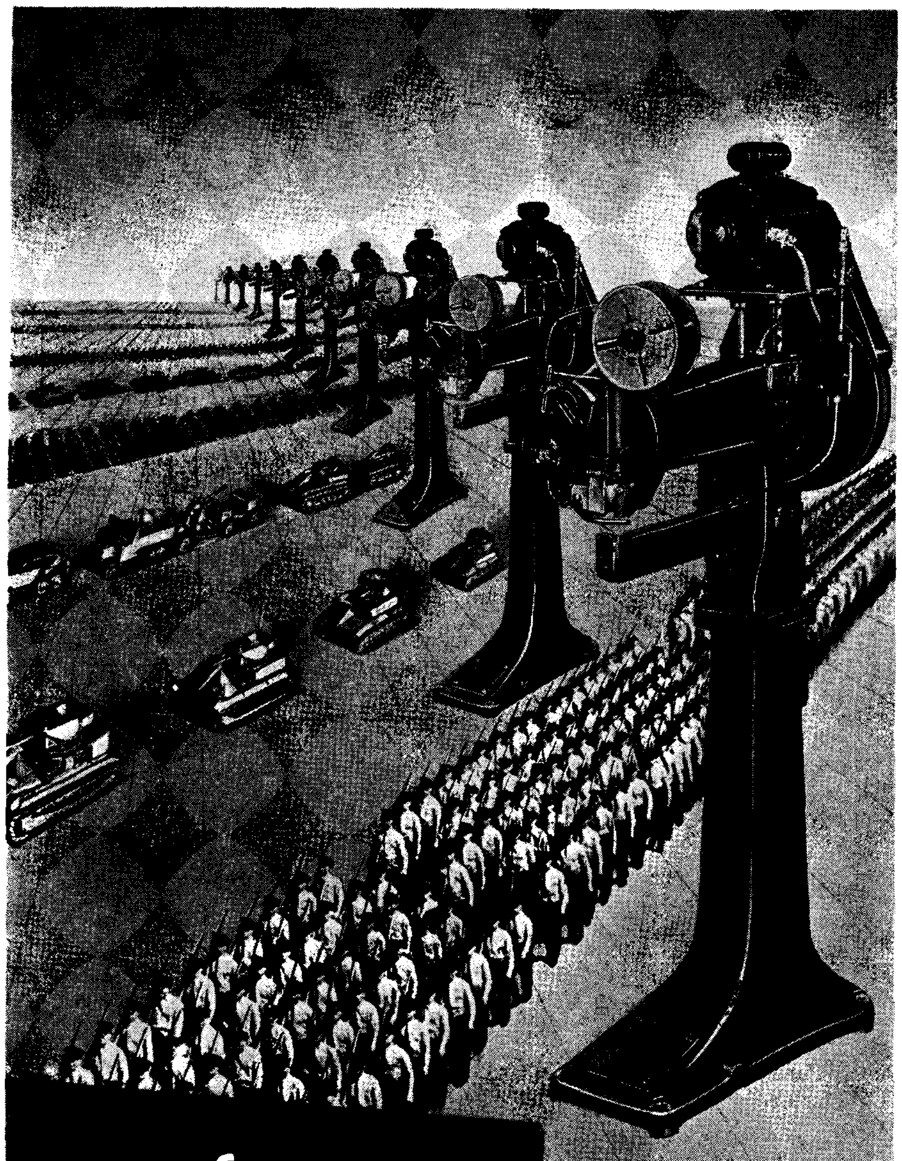
"And where do I belong in that category?" She had not meant to say this; it came, perversely, out of the fever in her brain.

ERIC turned to her in surprise. "You, my dear, are a German now—a very charming little German. Though I may say"—his eyes appraised her—"a trifle too thin and pale just at present." Annoyance, too, had begun to grow in him. "And what is the meaning of remarks like that? I don't like them, even"—he added, glancing uneasily at Kunz—"as a joke."

Ah—Kunz. She must be careful. Not for a moment must she forget Kunz. His round, boneless face, a full moon of flesh stamped with implacability as a coin is stamped with its device, was turned toward her. And back of his thick spectacles the



COLLIER'S "Oh, yes, *now* I see the diamond!" MERRYLEN TOWNSEND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IT CAN AND DOES . . . speeding up production with a capacity of 300 stitches a minute, even through metals . . . often more than twice as fast as other methods of fastening.

This metal-stitching machine is just one of the scores of Bostitch fastening tools drafted for the war to speed production . . . of ammunition belts . . . of plastic scabbards . . . of parts for planes and tanks . . . of camouflage nets . . . for linking portable landing fields and emergency roadways. Bostitch is used in dozens of applications newly created for war purposes . . . in thousands of established civilian products now enlisted in war services.

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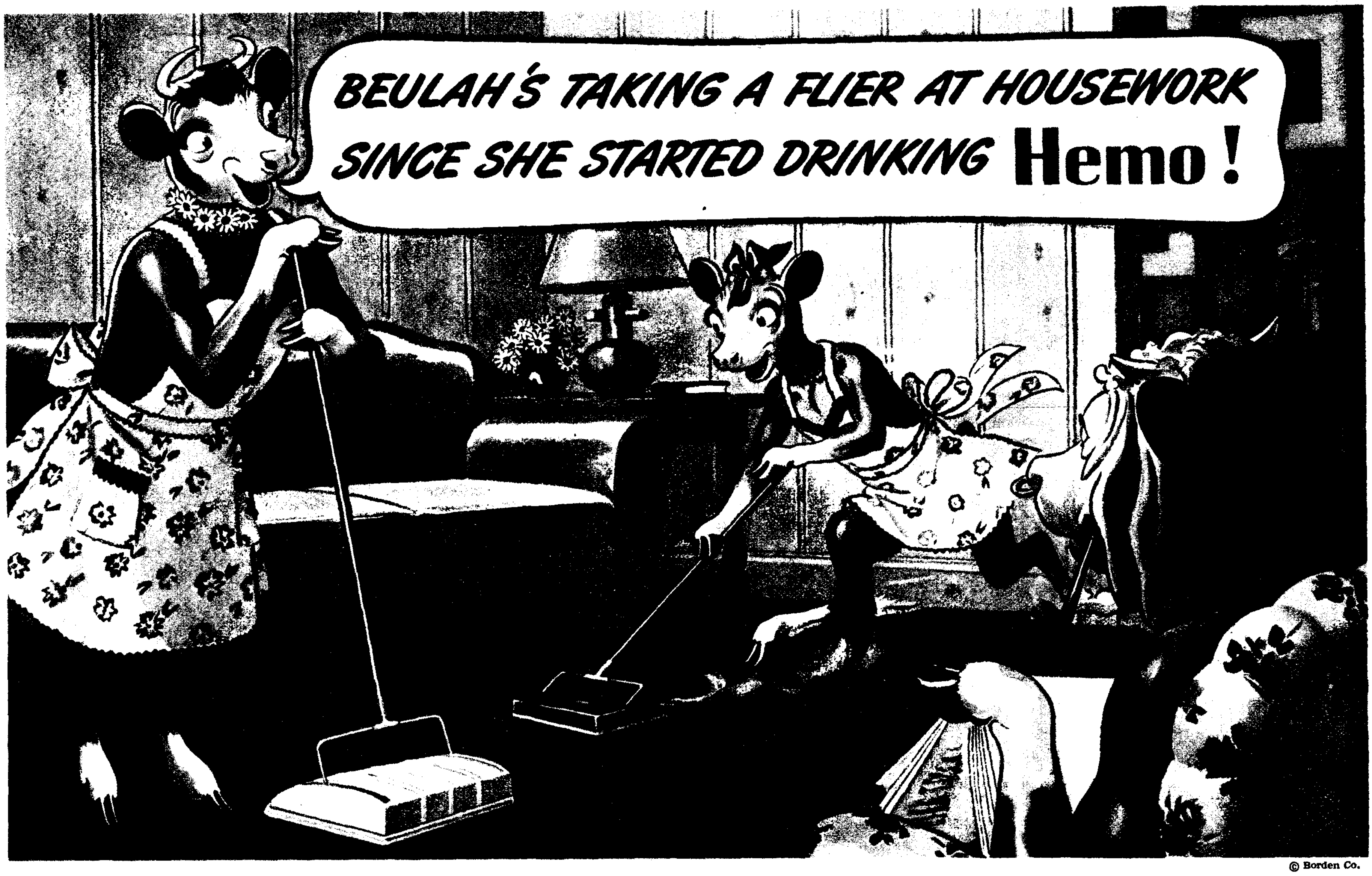
ALL TYPES OF MACHINES FOR APPLYING STAPLES


BEULAH'S TAKING A FLIER AT HOUSEWORK SINCE SHE STARTED DRINKING Hemo!

© Borden Co.

# Perk up with Hemo—the new way to drink your Vitamins and like 'em!

**America is going for HEMO**—in a big way! It's the swellest-tasting way *imaginable* to get extra needed vitamins . . . And most of us need extra ones!—government nutrition authorities say 3 out of 4 Americans may not get enough vitamins with their meals.

**So start a healthy habit!** Add HEMO to your daily diet. JUST ONE GLASS OF HEMO (mixed with milk) gives you half your daily needs of Vitamins A, $B_1$, $B_2$ (G), D and Iron, Calcium, and Phosphorus . . . PLUS a significant quantity of Niacin! (We purposely omitted Vitamin C—you get it in fruit and tomato juices.)

**No wonder so many busy men and women drink HEMO!** It's so refreshing, so energizing! . . . a grand drink for these exacting times!

**HEMO's a favorite drink with children, too!** It tastes like the most luscious malted—*even better!* Grand with meals—for snacks.

**HEMO for one serving** costs only 2½¢! A pound jar—24 drinks—costs 59¢ at your grocers' or druggists'. . . *And, say!* You can have Hemo made up in any flavor you prefer at fountains!

**JUST ONE GLASS OF HEMO GIVES YOU:**

The Vitamin A in 3 boiled eggs!

PLUS

The Vitamin $B_1$ in 4 slices of whole wheat bread!

PLUS

The Vitamin $B_2$ (G) in 4 servings of spinach!

PLUS

The Vitamin D in 3 servings of beef liver!

PLUS

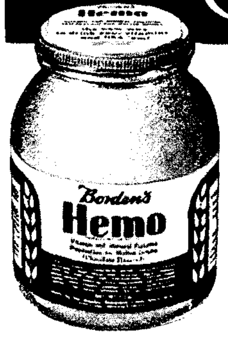
The Iron in ½ pound of beef!

PLUS

The Calcium & Phosphorus in 2 servings of cauliflower and 1 serving of cooked green beans combined!

PLUS

Significant quantity of Niacin.



# Borden's Hemo

*IF IT'S BORDEN'S, IT'S GOT TO BE GOOD!*

ARE YOUR SHOES Safe?

Sharp pieces of metal on factory floors can disable vital war workers . . . unless the soles of their shoes are strong and protective.

Wet streets can cause colds for children, mothers, office workers, and war workers . . . unless shoe soles are sturdy and water resistant.

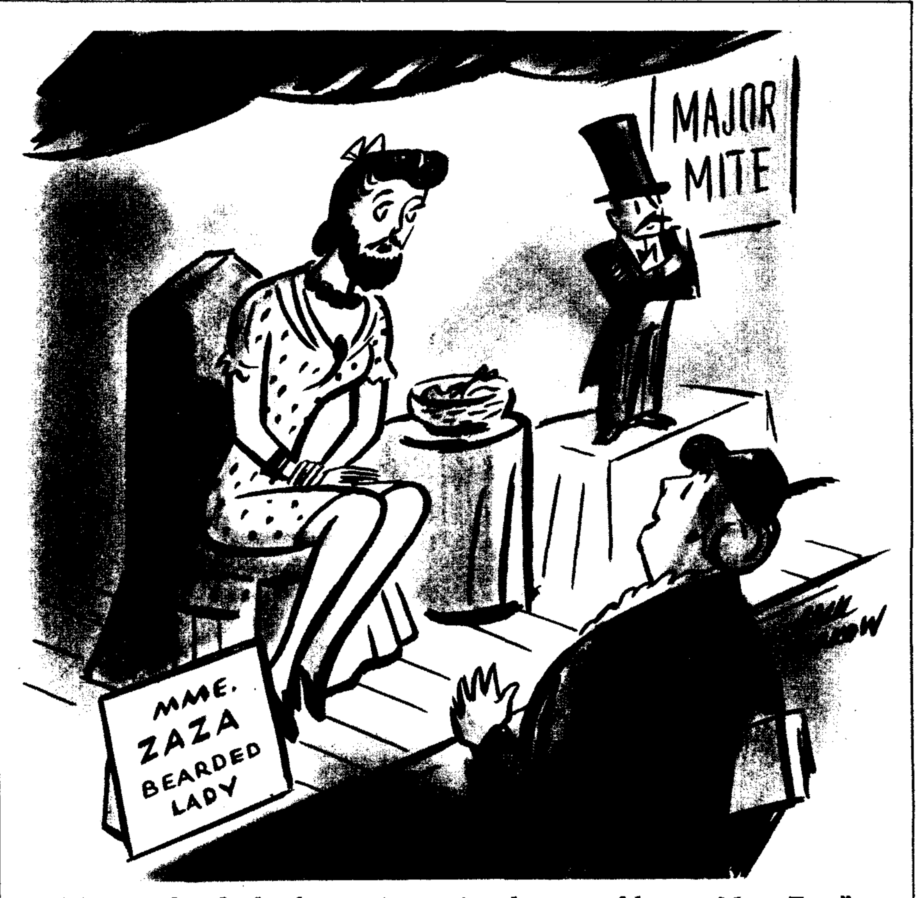
It is important to Victory that *you* and *your family* stay well. O'Sullivan's Rubber Heels and Soles are dedicated to the important war-time service of keeping America healthy and at work.

ASK FOR O'Sullivan's RUBBER HEELS and SOLES

"Tough and Springy"

SAVE SHOES Repair 'em & Wear 'em

BUY WAR BONDS



**"I've seen hundreds of your pictures in subways and busses, Mme. Zaza"**

COLLIER'S JACK MARKOW

small, expressionless eyes glittered like pin points of steel.

"Perhaps our unexpected arrival has been a trouble to Frau von Werneke?" he asked, in his soft voice.

"Oh, not at all. Quite the contrary." Did she look troubled? Had his bloodhound instinct caught the accent of her fear?

In the mirror across the room, she saw what was like the ghost of a woman; saw the whiteness of her throat, the subdued sparkle of the diamond-set comb Eric had bought for such surprisingly few reichsmarks in Paris, and she hated it for that reason. She saw, too, the listening look on her face, that she kept trying to smooth out, putting in its place a fixed and anxious smile.

Eric had begun to talk about the raid. "It is unfortunate, of course, that I should have been summoned to Lille just at the time it happened." The goose liver had made the round of the table, and he was scooping out the last spoonful. "But as to this Englishman"—he peered into the jar and, discovering a truffle, speared it with his fork—"he is not important."

"No—he is not important, aside from what military information we shall get from him," Kunz said. "It's the people who have helped him I'm after. It's the underground—which, I am sorry to remind you, Werneke, has grown, rather than otherwise, along this part of the coast."

THE color came up under Eric's fair skin. "If that is true—and you will excuse my saying that there is no proof of it—then it is certainly not our fault. We have had bad luck." How quickly the fine gentleman could lapse into the employee worried about his job! "We've had the misfortune always to get hold of the wrong people. They really did not have the information we—attempted to get from them."

Attempted—had Eric hesitated, flinched away ever so slightly from all that the word implied? Was there some shadow of the Eric who had once been, and who could still feel shame?

"When you lay hands on one who has," Kunz hinted, "I trust you will have better success."

Angèle came into the room, and he turned, slightly, to look at her. Her back was too straight, her head held too high. Kunz would not like that. After she went out, he nodded toward the kitchen.

"That woman you employ, what about her?"

"Oh, she's all right. Why, she's even some relation to the old skinflint we made acting mayor of the town. Besides, she hates the English. I know; I've talked to her. No chance of her being on their side."

"Are you quite sure?"

"Please—my dear fellow!" Eric was bored with the subject and, because he'd been drinking, he showed it—most unwisely. Kunz would not forget. If they did not catch the fugitive, he'd think it was because Eric had been careless. He'd demote him—they would be ordered back to Germany!

"Angèle is a French peasant," Eric explained. "Therefore, she has exactly two ideas in her thick skull—money and the turnip patch, manure and the old sock. Her people have a farm around here somewhere and that's all she lives for. She'd sell her grandmother for a thousand francs, to say nothing of a hundred thousand."

Céleste's head ached. The yellow tongues of candle flame blinded her. They multiplied before her eyes, they were like the small gardens of light you saw blooming, so ardent, so liquid bright, in the dark cathedrals, in the little chapels of the saints. That girl he loved so much—had she really become a nun? Or was it a boy's pure ardor, that must create for her the fantasy of forever unsullied chastity? Once more she felt the tender weight of his head on her arm; saw his blue eyes lifted to hers, and the long look that bound them together in a pact that was outside words or reason.

Eric opened another bottle of champagne, helped himself to another lobster. He called to Angèle to bring in the mayonnaise but she did not reply. Grumbling, he went into the kitchen, and when he came back with the sauce, he exclaimed, "Really, Céleste, one servant is simply not enough—especially when she takes it into her head to go upstairs in the middle of a meal."

UPSTAIRS! What could Angèle be doing upstairs? Had she for any reason become suspicious? No, no, it must be something that needed to be done in Kunz's room—there hadn't been time to get it quite in order. Nevertheless, Céleste strained to hear any sound that might come from above.

"Céleste!" They were both looking at her, and it was as if Eric had spoken to her before.

Then Kunz said, "I fear Madame is not quite herself tonight."

He had used the French term "Madame." Why? And his face, it was all flesh, it was like a muscle, like a physical organ. He was like things you see in asylums. She emptied her champagne glass and let Eric refill it. She forced herself to talk. There was, of course, some quite simple reason why Angèle had gone upstairs and indeed before long, Céleste heard her deliberate step on the stairs, saw her move calmly about the table.

Sometimes the telephone rang. Kunz had ordered another search of the town, quarter by quarter, house by house. Suspects, too, were being questioned, and from headquarters, they kept sending in reports.

Artichokes that had been flown, Eric said, from she knew not where, were served, and she had to see their fingers, endlessly peeling off, dipping the leaves—there was always butter for the bosses—their forks deftly scraping, cutting up the hearts. Then, at long last, the dessert came, and the coffee. After that, she could leave them. She could be alone. And yet, nothing would be changed. He would still be there, in precarious hiding under this roof.

While Eric was eating his pudding, he began to talk about brandy. She heard, without paying attention, until suddenly there came to her the feeling that there was something she ought to remember, something that mattered very much. It was the d'Isly brandy he was talking about—that he was happy to offer it to Kunz because it was the real thing.

"They talk about Napoleon brandy," he was saying, "and most of it is sheer fake. But at the Chateau d'Isly, we found all the old wine books. We have the dates, the amounts laid down by the shoemaker general, or whatever he was, that Bonaparte made first duke of Isly."

And then she knew—then she remembered. . . .

"And I'm sure," he added, rising, "that when you've tasted it—"

"Eric—there isn't any more," she cried almost involuntarily, "it got spilled. I—" But the words died on her lips. There was more, several bottles of it, and it was all upstairs—*in the attic.* Everything had been taken to the attic when the wine cellar was flooded in the fall.

THE blood had come up, angrily, under his skin. "Do you mean to tell me—spilled? That priceless, irreplaceable—" He controlled himself with an effort. "Never mind. I will fetch another bottle."

"No, Eric." Her voice was shrill, her smile like a knife edge along her lips. "Don't *you* go—how absurd!" She put out her hand and seized his, as if by sheer physical force to hold him back—knowing, too, that there was only one thing to do, knowing that she would have to send Angèle. Desperately now, she raised her voice and called to her. It would be useless for her to offer to go herself. Impossible! She would have to take this chance—there was nothing else left for her to do.

"Yes, Madame?" The woman stood in the doorway.

"Angèle"—she looked into the glass-gray eyes that said nothing, that had mastered the art of looking at her as if she were not there—"will you please"—she paused, waiting for her breath to come back to her—"go to the attic and bring down a bottle of the d'Isly brandy?"

"And try not to smash it on the way down," Eric put in disobligingly.

The woman looked at him levelly and, coming to the table, lifted one of the lighted candles from the sconce. "With your permission, Madame and Messieurs."

And now Céleste's mouth was no longer smiling. It was, she thought, twisted a little sideways, and she could not pull it straight. There was a burning in the pit of her stomach and a feeling of icy cold in all her limbs. She was burning up and she was going to have a chill. I will shake so my teeth will rattle, and the glasses and silver will rattle, and the scream that is in my throat will burst out. I'll hear myself scream and I won't be able to stop.

Brandy—it wasn't brandy Angèle had gone for—it was a hundred thousand francs. Plenty to spend on manure, or to stuff into the old sock or to buy a pat on the back from the Nazi-French uncle, the Boche mayor of the town.

*France—I was a kid here. . . .* And the love he had felt—was it for France or for the girl, or were both merely the sum of a boy's first rapture?—waking up to life and to beauty. Again she saw his eyes that were still a boy's eyes, ardent and steadfast, and he would not—oh, God, he would not break easily!

SHE turned toward the two men with a hate so terrible that it blinded her. It set them and all the room so far from her that she could see nothing; she was deafened, too, by the beat, the pounding in her ears. There was no measuring the time that passed, long as a whole life, as an eternity. . . .

Then—and at first it wasn't real or credible—she saw Angèle. Saw her rough red face, her stiff back, the bottle she held in her hand. And there were no shouts, no accusations. Kunz's face was turned not toward her, but to Angèle, who walked into the room strong and upright, like one whose feet possessed the soil on which they trod.

"So you didn't drop it," he said. "Well, that's something, anyhow."

Céleste was awake now, out of the dreadful dream. The blood ran warm again, and fast and free in her veins. Angèle—she knew Angèle at last, all that she had not known about her; knew that now there would be a way to save him. Joy so overwhelmed her that it seemed to her she was sitting before them, flooded with light.

"Also, if you will be good enough to bring the corkscrew—"

Céleste wanted to laugh out loud. "Yes, Angèle, my beloved, my dearest friend, the corkscrew for the Herr Kapitän. . . ."

IT DIDN'T matter now how many times the cups were refilled with the excellent black-market coffee or how long they lingered over the d'Isly brandy. The end came at last, and they bustled off importantly for a midnight conference with officials who had come from as far away as Le Havre for a midnight conference with Kunz.

She rushed into the kitchen. Angèle was not there. Dishes that would ordinarily have been washed stood on sink and tables. Then, soundlessly, the outside door opened, and the woman came in. Her knitted shawl was over her head, her thick coat wet with the rain that had begun to fall.

For an instant they looked at each other, and it was Angèle who spoke: "Yes, Madame, I have taken him to my uncle."

To the Boche mayor! The shock of hearing it left Céleste without power to speak.

"Madame has perhaps been told he is on the side of the Nazis. That is only what *they* think. It is more convenient that way." Then the shadow of a smile came to her grim face. "While Madame and the Messieurs were eating lobsters, I got the young man out of the attic, into my room. And after I had fetched the brandy, I took him across the fields to my uncle's house. When his knee is better they will try to get him to Annecy-le-Roi."

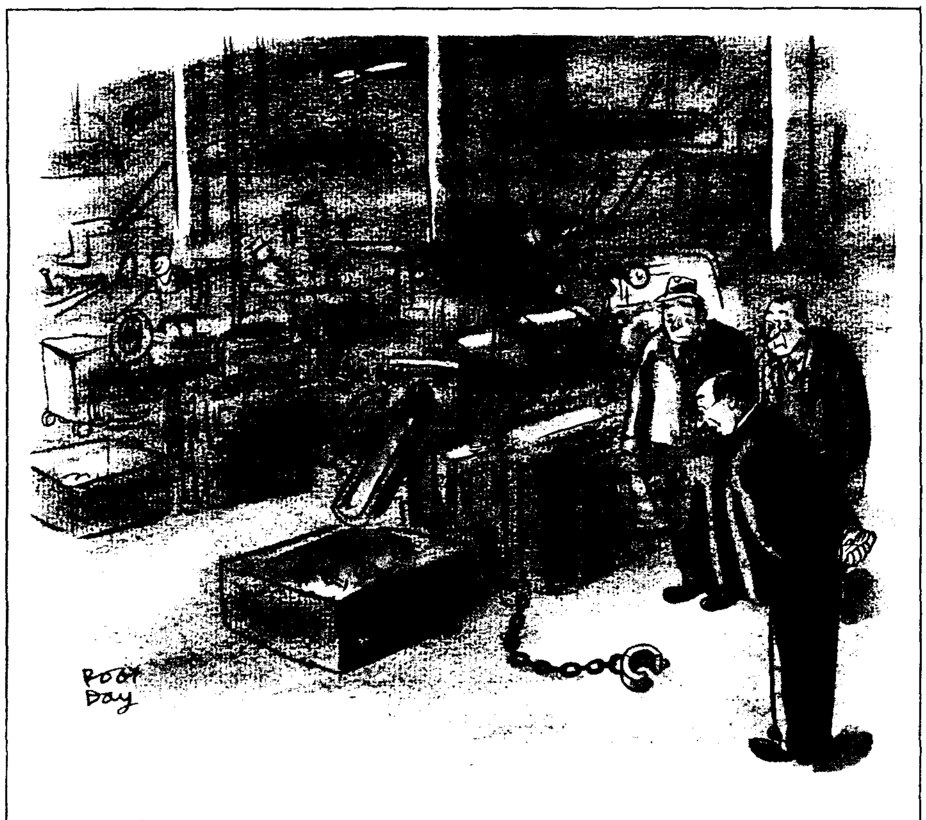
She took the shawl from her head. "It's lucky, too," she added complacently, "that some people are smarter than Madame. I hadn't been in the house a minute, before I knew something was up." She hesitated and turned away. "And when I found him, I was—proud of Madame."

A tight line drew achingly around Céleste's throat. A Frenchwoman, too, friendless no more among her own people.

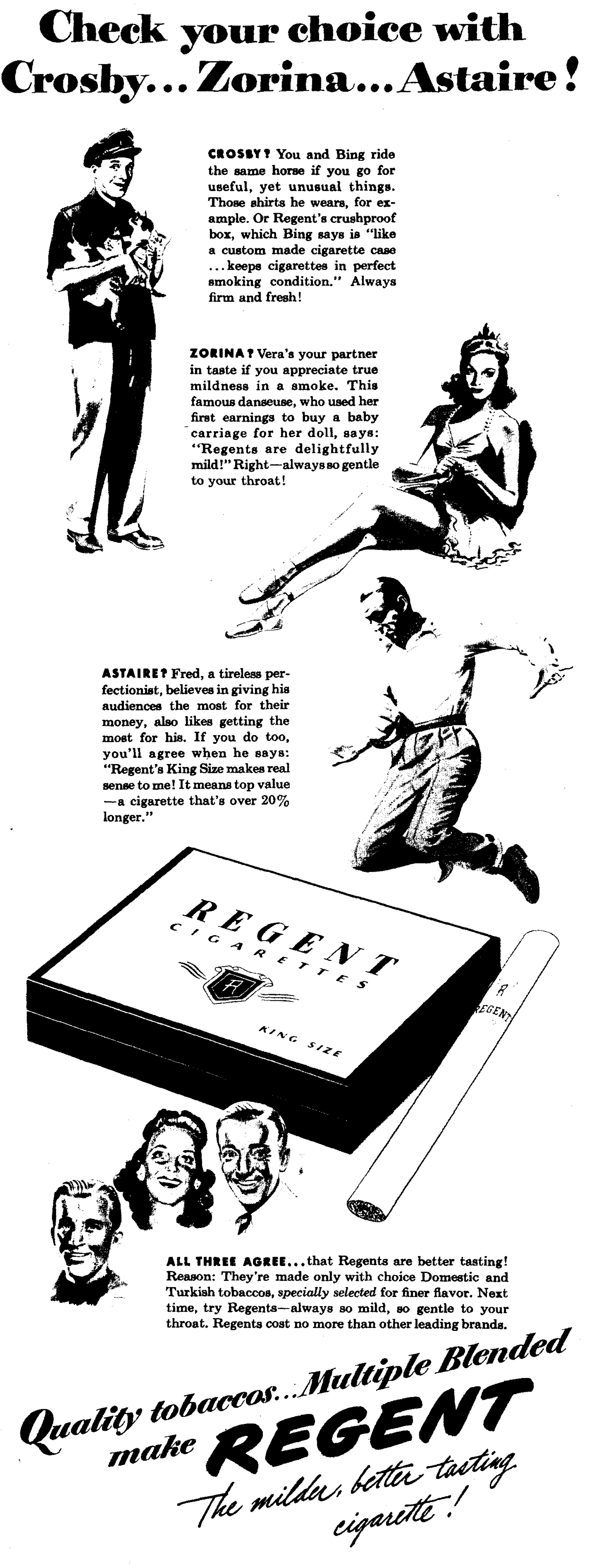
Matter-of-factly, Angèle was shaking the rain out of her shawl, and when she had hung it up, she put something into Céleste's hand. It was a scrap of paper, with a London address.

"He said he'd speak to them in Annecy-le-Roi about Madame, and if ever the time came when she was ready to go, then —I was to help."

THE END



COLLIER'S "I know we've asked for employee suggestions to curb absenteeism, but isn't O'Toole's solution a little extreme?" ROBT. DAY



Check your choice with Crosby... Zorina... Astaire!

**CROSBY?** You and Bing ride the same horse if you go for useful, yet unusual things. Those shirts he wears, for example. Or Regent's crushproof box, which Bing says is "like a custom made cigarette case ...keeps cigarettes in perfect smoking condition." Always firm and fresh!

**ZORINA?** Vera's your partner in taste if you appreciate true mildness in a smoke. This famous danseuse, who used her first earnings to buy a baby carriage for her doll, says: "Regents are delightfully mild!" Right—always so gentle to your throat!

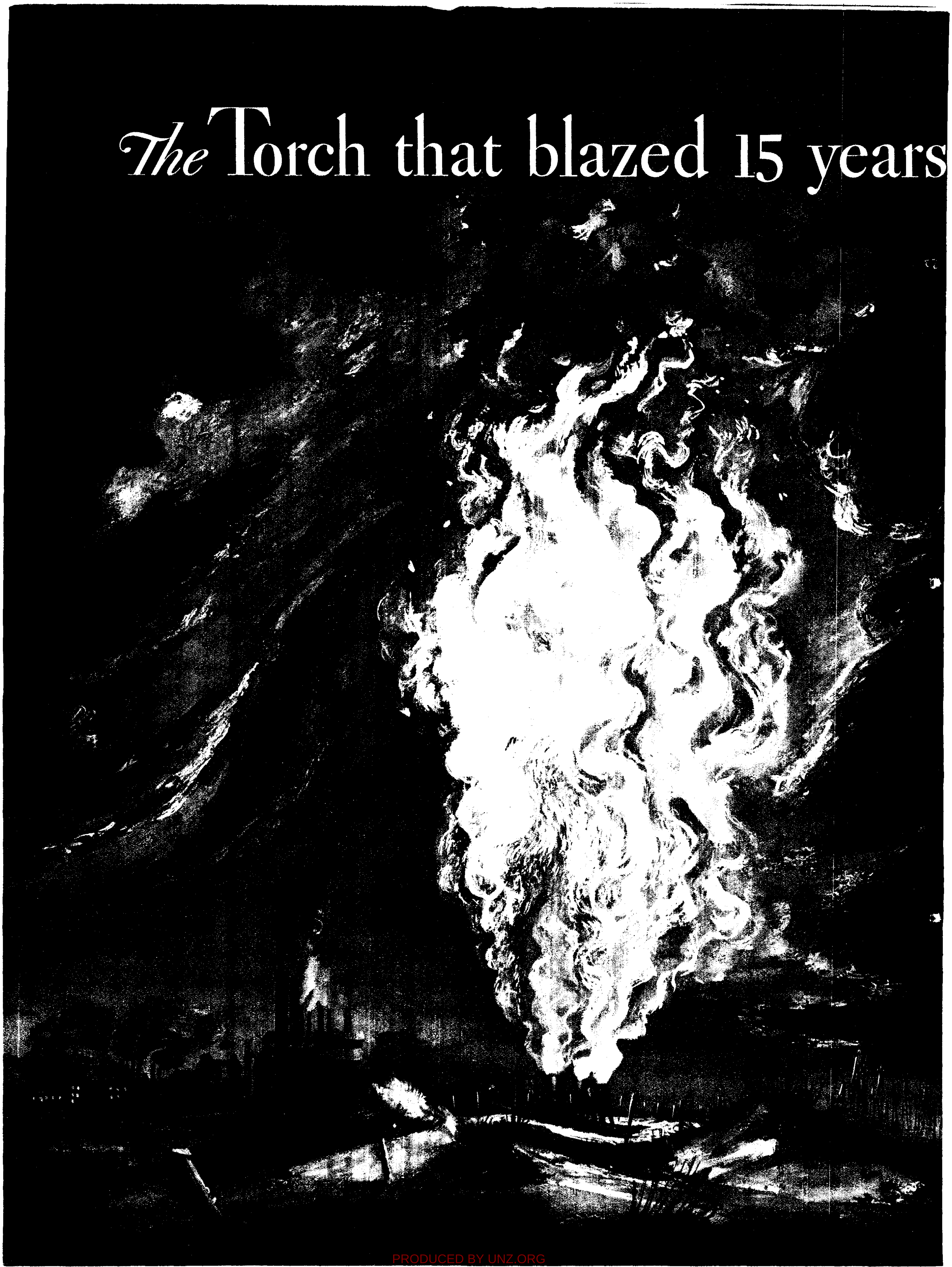
**ASTAIRE?** Fred, a tireless perfectionist, believes in giving his audiences the most for their money, also likes getting the most for his. If you do too, you'll agree when he says: "Regent's King Size makes real sense to me! It means top value —a cigarette that's over 20% longer."

**ALL THREE AGREE...** that Regents are better tasting! Reason: They're made only with choice Domestic and Turkish tobaccos, *specially selected* for finer flavor. Next time, try Regents—always so mild, so gentle to your throat. Regents cost no more than other leading brands.

Quality tobaccos... Multiple Blended make REGENT

The milder, better tasting cigarette!

# *The* Torch that blazed 15 years



# *. . . is* ***OUT***

***A torch is often a symbol. When "the torch goes out," it usually means a defeat for liberty, or progress, or enlightenment . . .***

**The torches which blazed for years near the oil refineries *did* symbolize progress. They were lighted when it was found that by "cracking" petroleum with heat and pressure, the yield of gasoline could be multiplied. And the world needed more gasoline.**

**Cracking released "waste gases." As much as could be used went to fire the furnaces. The surplus—where there was any—was piped to the torches, which at times lighted the countryside for miles . . . A symbol of progress—and waste. And scientists weren't happy about it.**

At about the time these torches were burning brightest, the "University of Petroleum," Shell's research laboratories, was established on a wider, firmer foundation.

From scores of the great universities and research foundations, scientists of note came together here—with new buildings, acres of gleaming laboratory equipment.

Among other things, the Torches of Progress got their attention—the "waste gases" firing furnaces and going up in beautiful flares . . .

*In these gases they found the molecules—unseen building-blocks—needed to make a new and better physical world.*

* * *

In such times as these, we may question the reality of this better world . . .

But in America we do have rich, shimmering fabrics of cellulose acetate—with qualities beyond those which ever came from a silkworm. They are made possible by "waste" petroleum gas.

We have handsome, durable, wool-like fabrics—with "waste" petroleum molecules essential to their making.

We have plastics for which we have already discovered a thousand uses—from vanity cases to axe handles—with advantages, over older materials, for every product. Building-blocks from "waste" gases enter their making.

We have low-cost artificial leather . . . low-cost lacquers, and anti-freeze compounds . . . safety glass and plywood . . . ink that dries instantly on the printed page, and permits the printing of millions of copies of a magazine, and its circulation, within hours. You'll find "waste" petroleum molecules lurking in the background of all of them.

We have superior antiseptics, anaesthetics, and sedatives—those gases again.

And exploration of the possible combinations of these unseen building-blocks has only begun. No man, today, can see the limits of this exploration.

* * *

*Right now we have one purpose, and only one—VICTORY in this war.*

Those "waste" gases are in there fighting for us. Their derivatives—first produced commercially by Shell—are chiefly responsible for bringing ordinary gasoline up to our 100-octane aviation standards.

Butadiene—the basis of our rapidly expanding synthetic rubber supply—and Toluene, the big "T" of TNT for our bombs and big guns—both come from petroleum. Methods developed by Shell Research are a major factor in the abundance of our supply.

* * *

The torch is out—or has been reduced to an occasional flicker, a "safety valve." The building-blocks are being used to build. If some of them are building forces of destruction now, it is destruction that will save our freedom to think, to hope, to *live*—in a better world to come.

This time, when "the torch went out," it meant a VICTORY for Liberty, and Progress, and Enlightenment.

## SHELL RESEARCH—

*Sword of Today*
*Plowshare of Tomorrow*

SHELL

How can *my* Coal Bin Help America at War?

You are one of millions of Americans who are fortunate enough to enjoy the wartime warmth and comfort of coal heat. But did it ever occur to you that coal is power—power for America's war production might? And upon its delivery to industry, *as needed*, depends the flow of war weapons and materials to our fighting men and their Allies. That puts your coal bin squarely into the picture of America at War. And here's how you can help!

**ORDER YOUR NEXT WINTER'S COAL NOW—BE PATIENT ABOUT DELIVERIES**

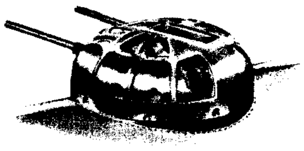
Miners, shippers and dealers in coal face the gigantic task of getting your coal bin filled by next winter, without interfering with the movement of coal to war production industries. So it is essential that you cooperate by ordering your next winter's supply of coal *NOW*, thereby enabling your dealer to get his yard shipments in without interfering with our war effort. By so doing he can make deliveries to your home in accordance with Government transportation regulations and shortages in equipment, labor, gasoline and tires. Therefore, for your family's welfare, and for Victory, cooperate by ordering your next winter's coal needs, *now.*

**COMBUSTIONEER OWNERS**

We are still maintaining our service and a stock of parts for any necessary repairs.

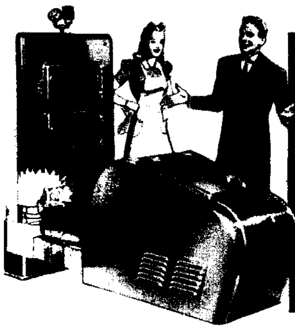
If you own a Combustioneer Automatic Coal Stoker—take care of it! Be sure to have your dealer inspect and service it *this summer* so that you may enjoy, *next winter*, the *full* benefits of Combustioneer's economy, efficiency and carefree automatic coal firing.

**COMBUSTIONEER IS AT WORK FOR VICTORY**



Until Victory—Combustioneer's manufacturing facilities are dedicated to the precision production of gun turrets, propeller hubs and other products for American warplanes.

*Combustioneer*—*A PRODUCT OF*
THE STEEL PRODUCTS ENGINEERING COMPANY
*Designers, Engineers and Manufacturers of Precision Products Equipment*
SPRINGFIELD, OHIO



Combustioneer
AUTOMATIC COAL STOKER
FOR HOMES, APARTMENTS AND FACTORIES

Keep Making It Hot for the Axis—Buy and Keep War Bonds and Stamps

## Snap Judgment

Continued from page 17

what he said. He also said that since we're all married now it would be nice to get together."

"Yeah," said Herbie. "Then maybe you can wrestle Mrs. Schweiger." He sulked. It was humiliating to have his wife remember such details. Especially the salmon-salad sandwich in the sand. Why, it was unendurable.

"So they're going to call on us," said Gracie. The telephone rang. "That could be them now. Go answer it, dear."

Herbie went to the phone. It wasn't the Schweiger family. It was the captain, calling from a hospital. "Delehanty?" he screamed, and Herbie said that this was Delehanty, the detective, first-grade, speaking, present, at your service, Chief.

"Well, come down to the station house," the captain said, "so we can use the vacuum cleaner on your head. You know that Nazi you locked up today? The guy you turned over to the F.B.I.?"

"A nice clean job," said Herbie, though he didn't like the tone of the captain's voice. "There anything wrong?"

"No, nothin' wrong, except the guy's a member of the F.B.I. himself and was shootin' off his mouth in that saloon for strictly strategic purposes. I'll be at the station house in ten minutes. You be there."

Herbie put up the phone and walked outside. He walked slowly and dejectedly. Gracie asked, "Trouble?"

"The same old trouble," Herbie said. He put a finger to his head. He placed a hat upon that dubious article. "Ah, me," he said, "it would be better if I had drowned at Coney Island. . . ."

When his rage was spent, when there was little more to sweat about and swear about, the captain put his better nature on. His better nature was a garment that the captain wore to churches and to funerals, and now at the interment of a brave man's reputation. "Herbie," said the captain, "I'm afraid we'll have to take you off this sabotage work. You're a nice guy and you mean well, but you are not exactly slick, and working with the federal boys—well, you know how it is."

"I got me heart in the work, Captain."

"Also your feet. Look, Herbie—no hard feelings, but the inspector thinks it would be for the best if you took that week's vacation you have coming to you. Took it now."

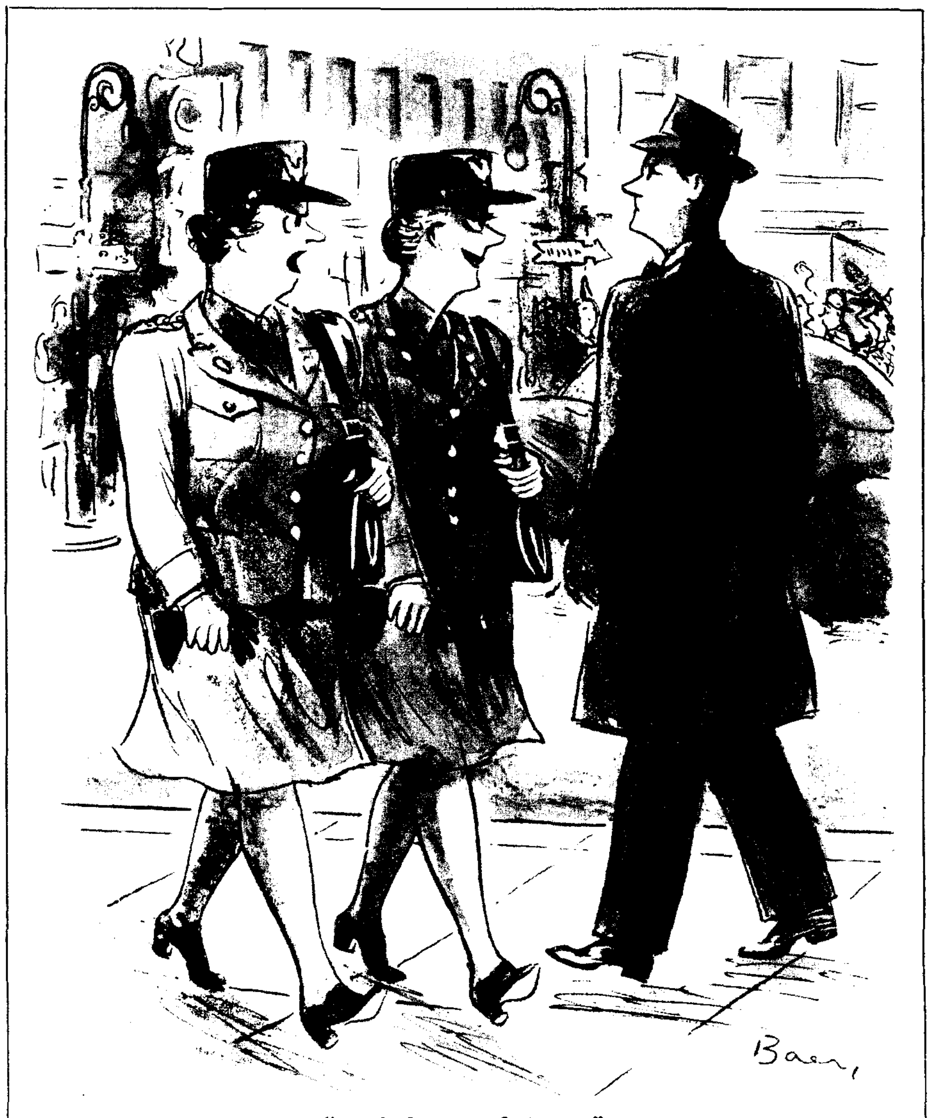
"This nation is at war."

"That's the idea. Your patriotism gets in your eyes. You know—you get excited, then you can't tell J. Edgar Hoover from Admiral Yamamoto. You take a little rest, then go back to trackin' gypsies. But the Nazis? Not for you."

"WHY don't the G-men," Gracie asked, "if they're so smart, let you know they're putting on an act?"

"Let's not talk about it," Herbie said, though he was warmed by Gracie's loyalty.

It was Monday, in the week of his enforced vacation. Herbie dialed the radio for news. He spread his war maps on the floor and studied them. He checked his copy of *Ships and Aircraft* against reported naval losses. He played with little Herbert, making believe he was an Army tank. He helped to simmer pork fat for his needy country's aid. He developed pictures in his darkroom, making prints from negatives and even prints from prints, which is a greater trick to do. He came across a photograph that Mr. Schweiger had sent him many years before. "What do you think of that?" asked Herbie of him-



COLLIER'S "Don't be a cad, Major" HOWARD BAER self. "Just look at the bum. The size of him." Withal, it was the longest day.

The Schweigers called at 8 P. M. Mr. Schweiger's thumb seemed to evoke an air-raid signal from the simple bell. Herbie, giant though he was, felt like a package of dehydrated pork as he stood in the presence of this vast and old acquaintance. Years had only added to the man's dimensions and his seeming power.

"You look a little pasty," Mr. Schweiger said, then laughed as lightly as a ten-inch gun.

I'll kill 'im, Herbie told himself.

Mrs. Schweiger wasn't very big. She didn't have to be. She was, and comfortably within her own proportions, much the ugliest of all the women he had ever seen. She smiled as people sometimes do when they have barked their shins.

Mr. Schweiger talked about old times, and endlessly. "A man at all times," he said, "should keep himself in the best condition possible."

"Gus is awful strong," said Mrs. Schweiger, dully.

Mr. Schweiger walked to the two steps that led from the foyer to the living room. This was a high-class section of the Bronx. Grilled ironwork formed the partition between the foyer and the living room, except where it permitted entrance to the steps.

Mr. Schweiger grasped the ironwork at opposite sides of the steps and did a handstand that was straighter than the part in Herbie's hair. He held his pose until his heels had marked the ceiling, and a dollar twenty cents in change rolled from his pockets to the floor. Then he flipped himself to his feet and shook the building like a tambourine.

I can't stand it, Herbie thought; he's killin' me. "That's not a bad trick, Gus," he said aloud.

"Try it," Mr. Schweiger said.

"We had a big dinner," Gracie intervened. "We had an oxtail stew."

The talk then switched to food, but Mr. Schweiger, patriotic beyond the capabilities of Herbie, talked about The Victory Lunch Box he produced in seven bakeries, besides his distributing plant downtown—a lunch box any working man could purchase for a twenty-five-cent War Stamp, plus a dime. Well, you had to give him credit there, thought Herbie grudgingly.

Mr. Schweiger explained how his own brothers, members of the underground in Germany, were writing "1918" everywhere this winter past when who pops up but members of the Gestapo and both of them are flung into jail and scheduled to be shot. "But they escaped," said Mr. Schweiger.

Gracie sighed and Mrs. Schweiger smiled and even Herbie said that he was glad.

"How are you at lifting weights?" asked Mr. Schweiger then. "You used to think that you were pretty good."

"He gave it up," said Gracie. "He had the piano two feet off the floor one night, then something snapped."

MR. SCHWEIGER sat rocking lightly with harnessed energy. "Once in the good old days," said Mr. Schweiger, "when Germany was Germany, I held four men on my shoulders, like a five-story house, including me. Ach—that was in 1932, when I was visiting my brothers in Wilhelmshaven."

Herbie yawned. "I know. You sent us a pitcher."

Gracie said, "We have it in the album."

"Old times," said Mr. Schweiger, ruefully, "before the Nazis got control. Maybe you would show the picture to my wife. She don't believe me when I tell her I held four men—one-two-three-four-five flights in the air."

Herbie was about to protest, but he didn't. Gracie got the album. "Herbie is a nut on pictures," Gracie said. She tried to show them sixty-seven candid shots of little Herbert. But Mr. Schweiger was direct. He found the photograph that showed him, eleven years younger, in his swimming tights, with muscles overlapping like the waves that formed the North Sea background of the photograph. "The second and third stories are my brothers," Mr. Schweiger said. "The fourth and fifth stories are some cousins who are now in concentration camps. But it's a good trick, no?"

"Used to see it in vaudeville a lot," said Herbie, casually. "A regular routine, except sometimes the top guy would be a Shetland pony. Mostly a matter of balance." Herbie shrugged. But Herbie was looking closely at the photograph, and then, quite suddenly, he understood why Mr. Schweiger wanted it. The sweat was on him like a heavy rain. He fought for self-control.

"My brothers," Mr. Schweiger said, "are safe in London now." He smiled. "I had a letter just the other day. I wonder would it be too much for you to let me have the picture. Please? You know? It would be nice to send to them. The family apart eleven years. A sentimental thing."

"You can have it," Herbie said. "Guys are always sendin' me pitchers of how strong they are. I know a guy who lifted up a wet rhinoceros."

GRACIE looked at him. The Schweigers said, well, it was nice, but early to bed and early to rise. "The Victory Lunch Box," Mrs. Schweiger said. "The first thing in the morning."

They were gone and Gracie turned to him. "Herbie—do you think it was the right thing to do? To give him back that picture? Wasn't there something strange about it all?"

"There's plenty strange," said Herbie. "You don't know how much. I gave the picture back to him because I have another one. I made a print this afternoon. I'm not a dope. You ever hear of the Office of Strategic Services?"

Gracie said she never had.

"Just as important as berlin' fat. They got a place downtown, an' people what have relatives in Europe—like that cousin you got who married a Greek an' sent you that pitcher of the baby an' herself five years ago—well, people that have photographs from foreign countries are supposed to turn 'em in to the Office of Strategic Services so maybe they can get a glimmer from the glamor—you know, spot some place that's gonna be invaded.

"Well, this afternoon, because I don't like to spoil my files, I made a print of your cousin an' the baby. Then I come across this act of Schweiger's, so I make one of that, too."

"But, Herbie—do you actually suspect?"

"I'm listenin' to that muscled wind tonight an' thinkin' he's a phony, but I just can't put my finger on the thing. All that stuff about his brothers are so anxious to blow up Hitler, then wormin' around to get the photograph he sent me eleven years back to show me what a guy he was. Eleven years back it don't have a real significance. But maybe now he suddenly remembers sending it, after all these years."

"Herbie," Gracie said.

"I'll get the other print an' the magnifying glass." He came back quickly. "Here," he said. "Now look. The guy on top of Gus—who's that?"

"It's Mr. Schweiger's brother—so he said."

"It just comes to me tonight," said Herbie, "while we're lookin' at the thing. That's no more Schweiger's brother than it's Pierre Laval. That's a fat Nazi by the name of Frieburg we locked up last year for practicin' 'Strength Through Joy' in Central Park. It's just the pitcher isn't clear an' that a guy can change a lot in

"LOOK, SARGE. MY PEN QUIT ON ME—JUST LIKE THAT! MAYBE IF YOU TALKED TO IT . . ."

"LISTEN, SOLDIER. A PEN IS NO JEEP. YA GOTTA PROTECT IT. I TOLD YOU TO USE PARKER QUINK CONTAINING SOLV-X. IT SAVES THE RUBBER AND METAL PARTS."

# Pens that fail now may never be replaced or repaired!

FOUNTAIN PEN production curtailed by Government order . . . repair parts running low!

Those are two reasons why your pen needs now the wartime protection only Parker Quink can give.

Parker Quink is the only writing fluid containing *solv-x*. It eliminates most pen failures by removing the causes.

Fill your pen with brilliant, smooth, quick-drying Parker Quink today. The *solv-x* in it flushes away gum and sediment left by inferior inks.

It safeguards metal and rubber parts—prevents the corrosion and deterioration which come from highly acid inks.

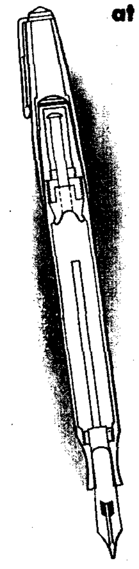
Quink is ideal for steel pens, too! The Parker Pen Co., Janesville, Wis.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

**FOR V• • •—MAIL "Micro-film Black"**
*New Parker Quink in "Micro-film Black" photographs perfectly. Quink comes in 8 permanent colors: Micro-film Black, Black, Blue-Black, Royal Blue, Green, Violet, Brown, Red. 2 washable colors: Black, Blue. 15¢, 25¢ and up.*

Copr. 1943, The Parker Pen Company

**New Parker Quink containing solv-x protects fountain pens at these 5 vital points:**



1. Protects rubber...lengthens the life of sac or diaphragm.
2. Dissolves sediment and gum left by other inks. Cleans as it writes.
3. Prevents clogging of feed.
4. Safeguards base metal parts . . . prevents corrosion.
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Quink
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Contains solv-x
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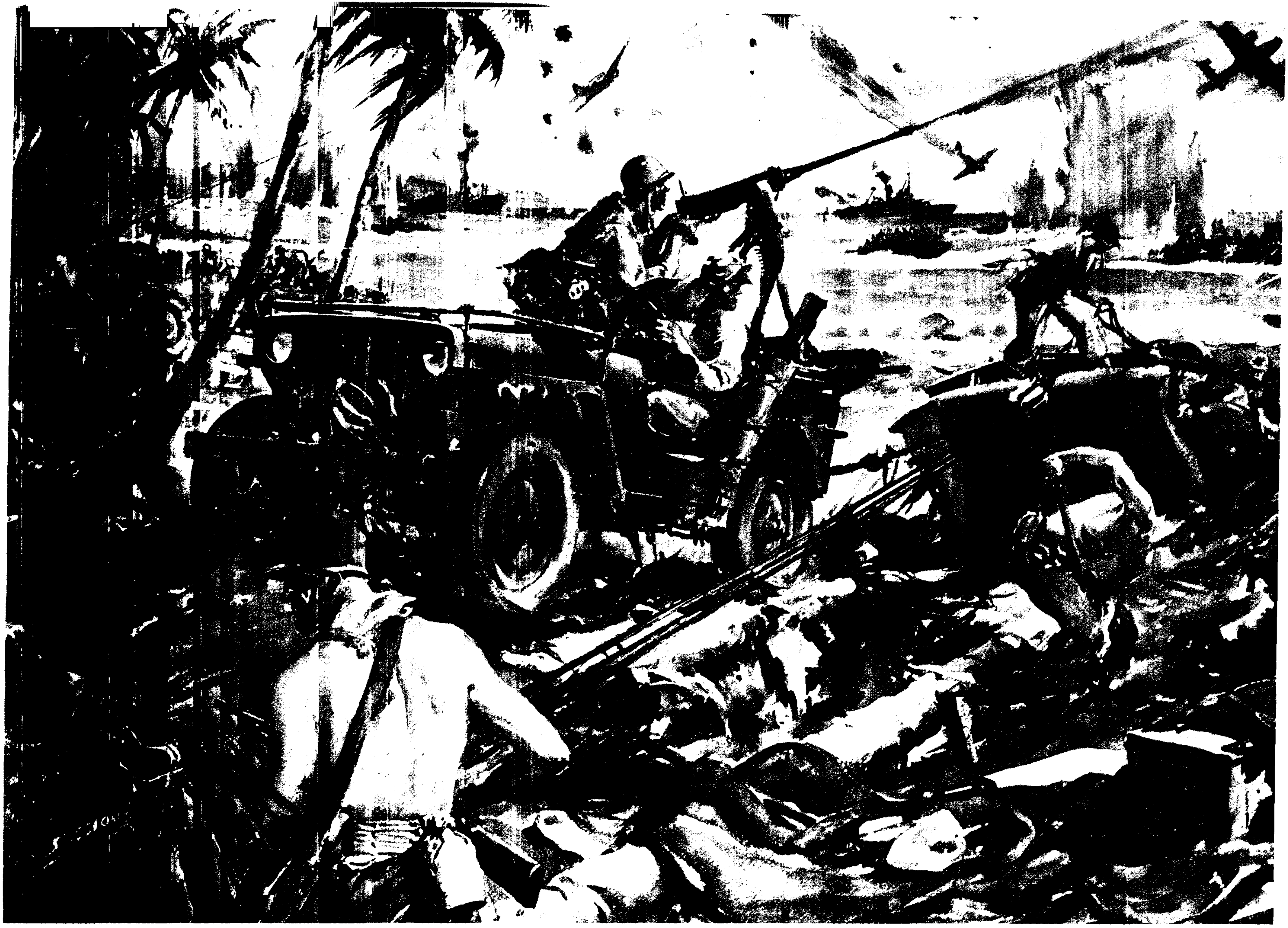
PARKER Quink

THE ONLY INK CONTAINING PEN-PROTECTING SOLV-X



# U. S. COAST GUARD GIVES JAPS THE OLD "ONE-TWO"

IN JEEPS FROM WILLYS-OVERLAND

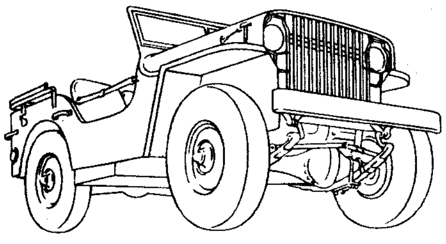
THE SUN
NEVER SETS
ON THE
FIGHTING JEEP

SURE, the Coast Guard guards our coast.... But did you know that our U. S. Coast Guardsmen are also charged with the job of getting supplies and equipment from ships to shore on every flaming coast where America forces a landing?

The illustration above was painted by James Sessions, from a returned U. S. Coast Guardsman's eye-witness account of an actual incident at Guadalcanal. It shows courageous Guardsmen, aided by dependable Jeeps from Willys-Overland, unloading a convoy at Guadalcanal, under terrific bombing and strafing by attacking Japs.

Blasting Jap "sons of . . . Heaven" from the air at the same time that they are hauling a bomb-punctured barge loaded with valuable equipment out of the sea, is just another assignment for hard-boiled U. S. Coast Guard fighters and tough Willys-built Jeeps.

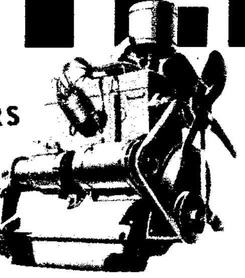
On every roaring battle front, and on every American-held shoreline in the world, Willys-built Jeeps are adding their amazing power, speed, agility and ruggedness to the great job our soldiers, sailors, marines and coast guardsmen are doing. They symbolize the determination and fighting spirit of America at war.

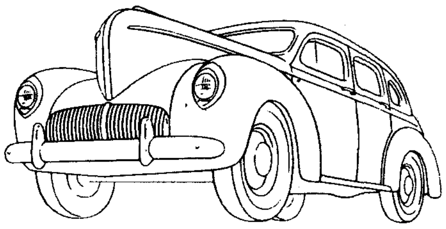


U. S. ARMY JEEP

**WILLYS**

MOTOR CARS — TRUCKS AND JEEPS





AMERICAR—the People's Car

*THE GO-DEVIL ENGINE*—power-heart of WILLYS CARS and all JEEPS eleven years' time that I don't catch it right away."

Gracie stared with fright. "You mean?"

"Now look through the glass," said Herbie. "Ahhhh! In the background. Them ain't Boy Scouts, baby, marchin' in the sand. That's the Hitler Youth, with wooden guns—'great oafs from little acorns grow.' You catch on now? The time that Schweiger sends this thing to me—eleven years ago—it has no international significance. He couldn't resist showin' off how strong he is, even then. Now he remembers an' he's worried. He don't want the pitcher should be recognized an' point a finger. So he comes around. The Victory Lunch Box, he says. Well, how do you like that?"

GRACIE didn't know just what she thought. Herbie went to the phone and called the captain at the station house. He wasn't there. So Herbie telephoned the captain's home. "I got a lead on a Nazi!" Herbie said.

"Probably a dachshund," the captain said. "Why don't you take 'im for a walk, Herbie? I'm busy. I've got enough to worry about. I don't want any more jams with the F.B.I."

"This is hot!" said Herbie.

"Then sprinkle it lightly with a hose and pour some sand on it. Here I'm sitting up all night beating out my brains. Another place blows up over east today. It could've killed a hundred men, and you come tellin' me you've got a lead. You're on vacation, Herbie. Stay on it!" The captain put the phone up. Herbie, crimson, listened to the final click, then to the silence of the instrument he held in his hand.

Herbie broke the barrel of his gun, inspected it, then placed it on his hip. "This is a people's war," he said. "You don't have to be a soldier or a cop."

Gracie said, "Herbie—please!" But then her pride grew to be equal to her fear, and all she added was, "Be careful, dear."

The subway let him out on 23d Street. Maybe there was nothing wrong with Mr. Schweiger, Herbie told himself. A Nazi picnic on a beach in 1932 could still have room for innocents. The Nazi sin was not at that time clear to many men. Or was it? Should it not always have been clear? Would there not be a stain indelible from mere association? Herbie walked east, and the early-morning wind blew over the river. He saw no cop patrolling on the street. Then he saw, halfway between the avenues, the small delivery trucks lined at the curb and, on the first truck he approached, the words: The Victory Distributing, Inc.—the trucks, of course, to whisk lunch boxes to the factories and plants and to the seven bakeries that helped distribute Mr. Schweiger's profitless largess to his adopted land.

The building was an old, converted stable, scrubbed to wondrous cleanliness. Just within the open doors a man sat at a desk and checked the goods that went to the delivery trucks. Herbie said, "I thought I'd pick my lunch up here. I'm on from four aye-em to noon."

The man looked at him. "Where do you work?"

Herbie named a machine-parts place on 28th Street, by the river. "I was passin' by; I thought I'd pick it up," he said. "That's thirty-five cents—right?"

"We'd rather take a dime and a stamp. Or two stamps."

Herbie said, "You got your man." He dug in his wallet among the stamps and brought forth two, a twenty-five-center and a ten-center. He walked outside, the cardboard box in hand, and while he walked, two trucks pulled out and shielded him, he knew, from the eyes of the man within the door. He strolled therefore into the alley that divided Victory Distributing from the warehouse next to it. Should anybody stop him?—Well, he had his badge, but it was darker than the night has any right to be where Herbie stood.

Some fifty feet beyond, there was a fire exit, from which light and sound escaped. He was nervous, feeling foolish, wondering what had made him turn into this alley. He moved closer to the splash of light. Not yet decided what to do, he put the lunch box down, edged closer to the light. But the voices had stopped and he had heard nothing intelligible. Reaching the exit and the source of light, he saw no one close by. He stepped casually within the structure and strolled around with a policeman's confidence. The man from whom he had purchased the lunch box could not possibly see him from the front of the establishment.

A man stacked boxes on a table. He looked at Herbie and showed no interest. He kept on stacking boxes. Herbie went beyond to where two women and two men had cakes and pies and sandwiches and other items for the general nourishment spread widely. They were busy there. One of the men saw Herbie, then slammed down the cover on a long steel box.

Herbie said, "Nice night," and noted that the faces staring at him had been paled by more than pastry flour.

"Who are you?"

"A friend of Gus'," Herbie said. He looked into the eyes of the man who had spoken. He was ashamed of the empty feeling in his legs and the sweat that formed on his hands.

A woman held a long piece of spongecake in her hands. Watching Herbie, she placed it down, eyes moving quickly left and right. Then she slowly rubbed her hands along her apron.

Herbie said, "Spongecake," and smiled. He reached for it. So did the woman with the frightened face. Herbie reached faster and acquired the cake. The woman and the witnesses recoiled. Herbie continued to smile, then bit into the cake. His teeth closed on a stubborn substance. He crumbled the cake in his big left hand and shook the crumbs from what appeared to be an ordinary fountain pen. His memory played a newsreel full of submarines and saboteurs and landing parties in the night, the Coast Guard, bloodhounds, Nazis, fountain pens and little vials of seeming innocence but high explosiveness that Nazi agents used in routine sabotage.

The plan—the distribution of these things in the disguise of lunch to workers—one loaded lunch among a thousand valid ones, set in the hands of agents shrewdly and strategically placed—was obvious to him. The light of victory shone for Herbie now.

A WOMAN approached the group. She bore a large amount of goodies in her arms. She screamed when she saw Herbie. She dropped the stuff that was in her arms, but none of it exploded.

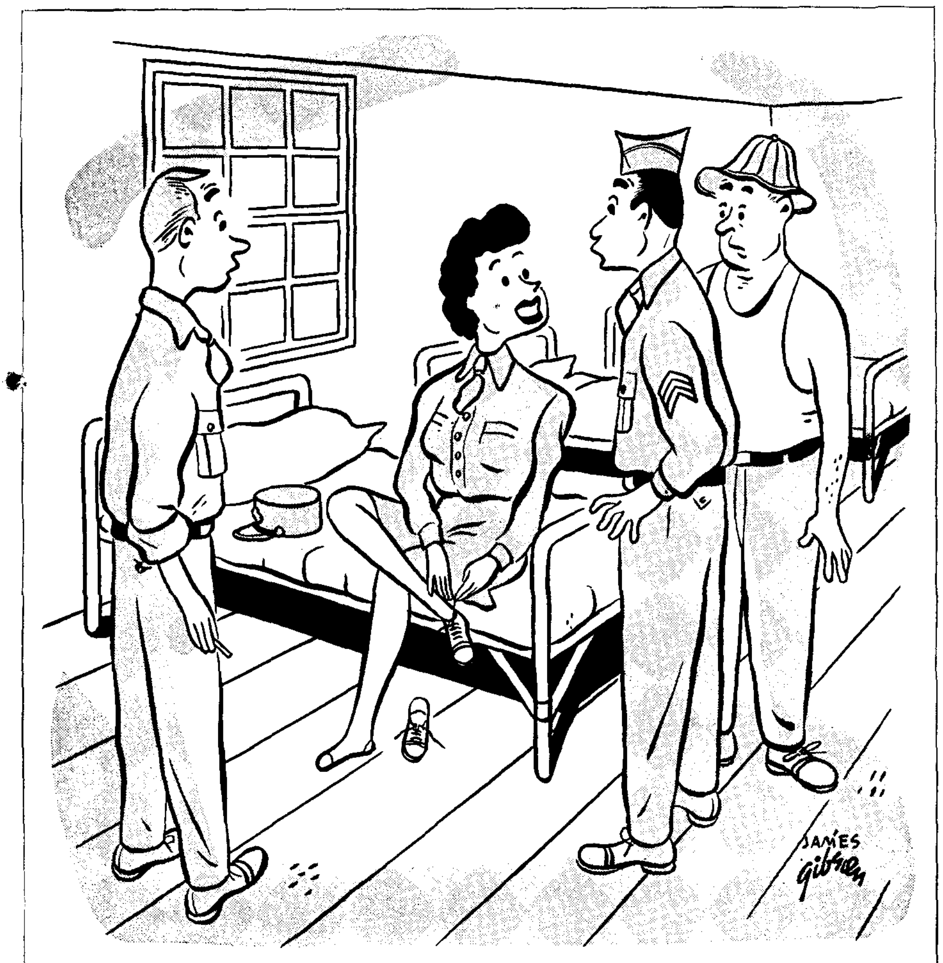
"Mrs. Schweiger," Herbie said, "you are supposed to be home in bed. You lied to us." He held his gun on them. He slipped the fountain pen into a pocket of his coat. He waved them away from the table with the gun. He took the long steel box under his free arm. He breathed a silent prayer that he should not trip over his big feet and be blown back to the Bronx where Gracie must be praying too.

He could hear as well as sense the approach of others drawn by Mrs. Schweiger's scream. He couldn't leave himself exposed, and yet he was exposed on several sides, could see the people in front of him, but not the ones who lurked, alert and undisclosed, in the recesses of a building he had never seen before. He had been a fool to undertake this job alone.

He pivoted about, a little panicky, with only himself and gun against the endless faces of hostility; the time: the middle of the night; the place: the east end of a deserted street.

Ahead of him, a huge steel door led to a room, within which Herbie saw a desk and telephone. He moved toward this. His gun held back the growing enemy. Some of them followed him with mincing steps, their pace no faster than his own retreat. As far as he could see, the room was empty. At its threshold, Herbie leaped within and slammed the great door shut against the massed advance. He slid the long arm of the bolt in place. He wiped his dripping head. He could hear the clamoring outside. He reached for the telephone. Then something snapped at him and ripped the gun from his other hand, tearing the flesh of two fingers.

"Sit down, Herbie," Mr. Schweiger said. He nodded toward an open closet that re-



"Everything will be straightened out soon. There was a small mistake in my transfer"

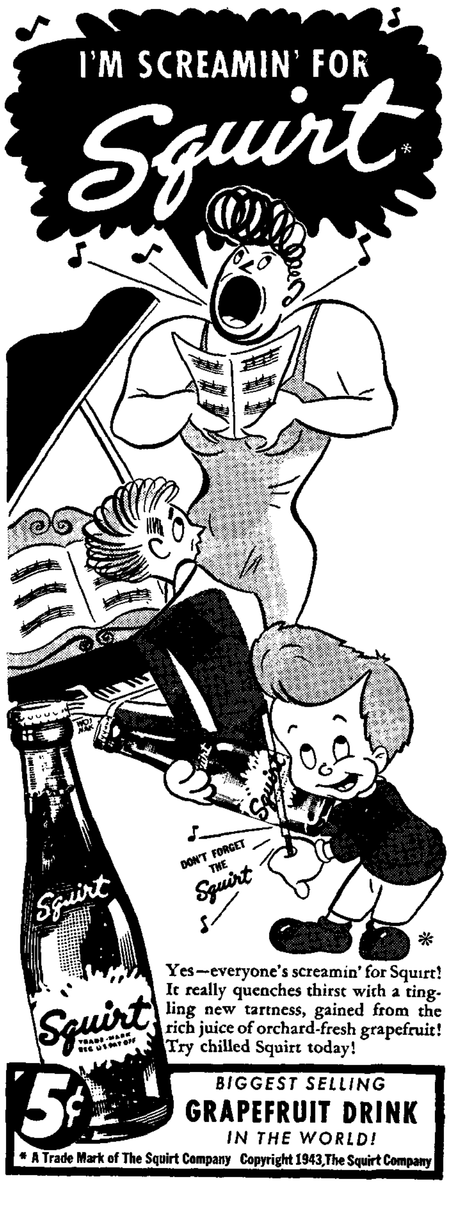
COLLIER'S JAMES GIBSON

HOLES IN WALLS

REPAIR THEM WITH RUTLAND PATCHING PLASTER

says Uncle Ned, the How-to-fix-it man

● Mending cracked walls with Rutland Patching Plaster is as easy as buttering a slice of bread. Just mix with water and apply with knife. Makes a smooth, firm patch as lasting as the wall itself. Rutland Fire Clay Company, Rutland, Vt.
RUTLAND PATCHING PLASTER


I'M SCREAMIN' FOR Squirt*

Yes—everyone's screamin' for Squirt! It really quenches thirst with a tingling new tartness, gained from the rich juice of orchard-fresh grapefruit! Try chilled Squirt today!

5¢ BIGGEST SELLING GRAPEFRUIT DRINK IN THE WORLD!

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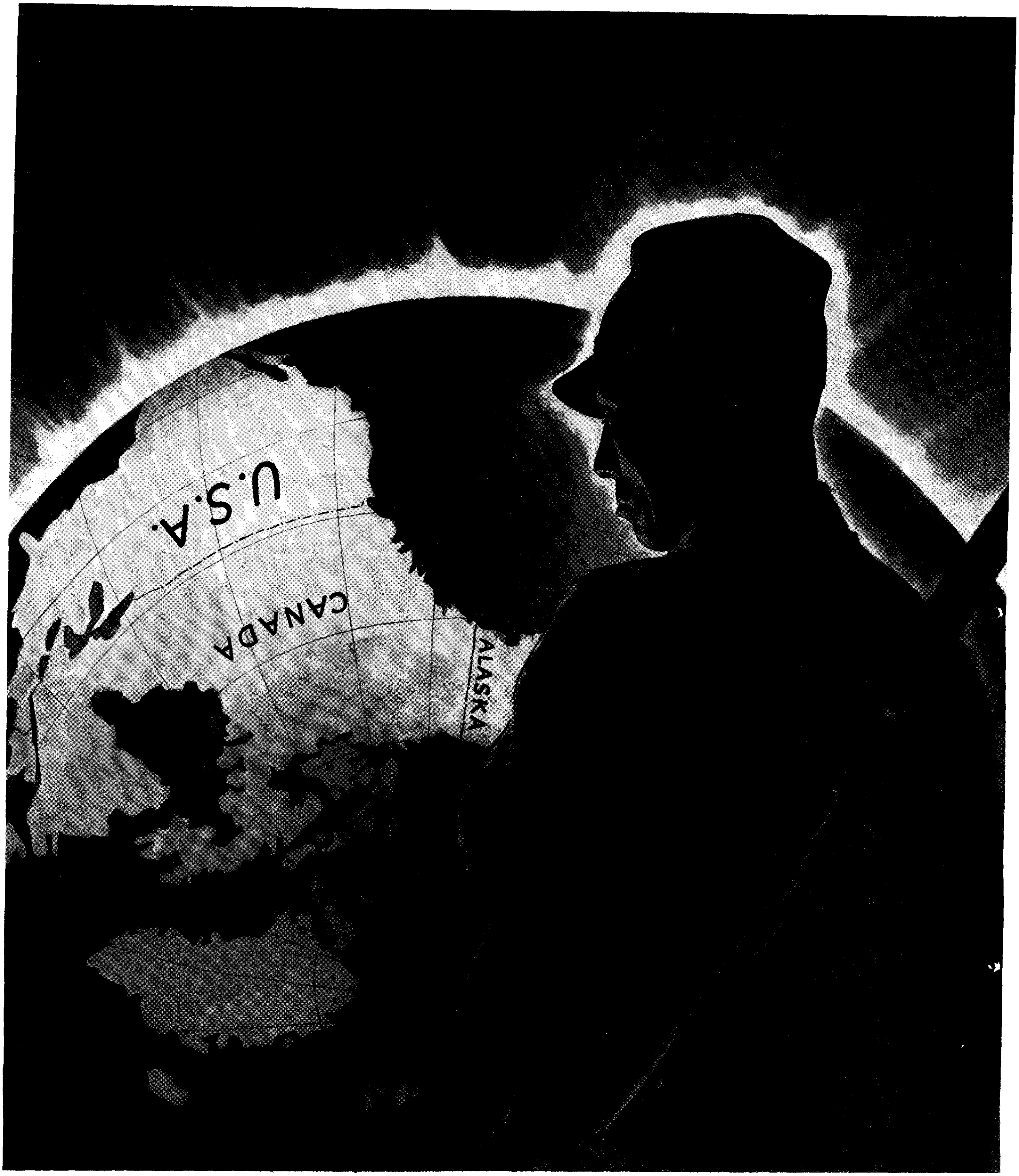

U.S.A.
CANADA
ALASKA

CONSOLIDATED VULTEE AIRCRAFT

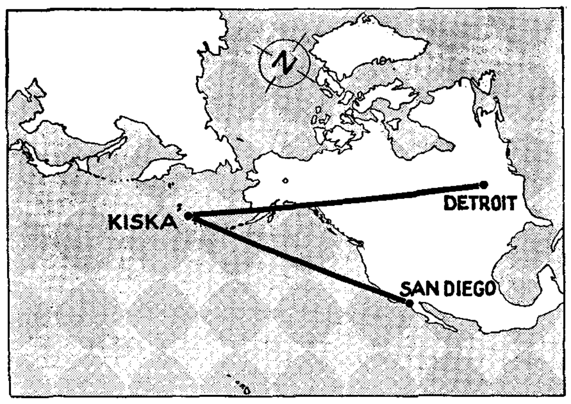
# A MAP OF THE U. S. YOU NEVER SAW IN YOUR GEOGRAPHY BOOK

PERHAPS, like many other Americans, you'd call this an upside-down map of the United States.

*But a Jap wouldn't. That's the way the U.S. really lies, viewed from Tokio.*

To be sure, North America never looked like this in the geography books we used to study in school. But those maps didn't show us the U.S. in its true relation to the other nations on the globe. That's why they were dangerous maps—for us.

We didn't realize how dangerous they really were until a global war was thrust upon us. Then, within the space of a few tragic weeks, we discovered that our idea of geography had misled us into thinking that Pearl Harbor was our first line of defense—that Guam was a far-off island not worth fortifying—that Kiska and Attu were remote Aleutian outposts on which it was silly to build air bases.

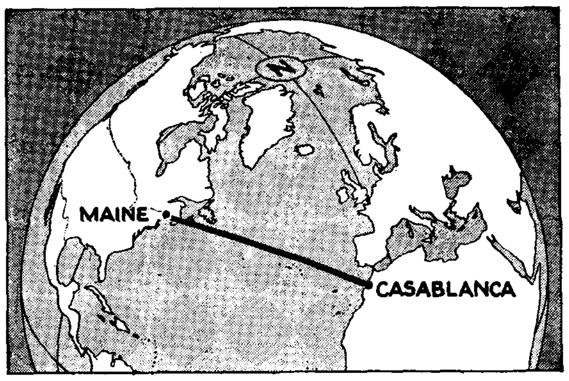


POLAR AZIMUTHAL EQUIDISTANT PROJECTION

**Jap bombers** *based in the Aleutians could attack industrial Detroit almost as easily as they could bomb San Diego's Naval base and aircraft factories.*

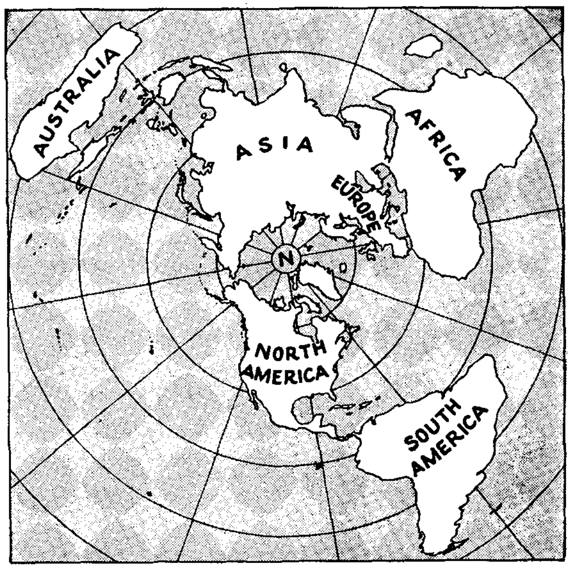
The Axis knew better. So do we—today. We know that to win a global war—and to live safely on the earth in today's Air Age—we must add to our knowledge of *rowboat* geography a clear understanding of global *aviation* geography, as well.

For the plane has suddenly changed the map of the world. It has knocked into a cocked hat all our old concepts of distance and world relationships. Today, for example, *no spot on earth is more than 60 hours' flying time from your local airport.*



ORTHOGRAPHIC PROJECTION

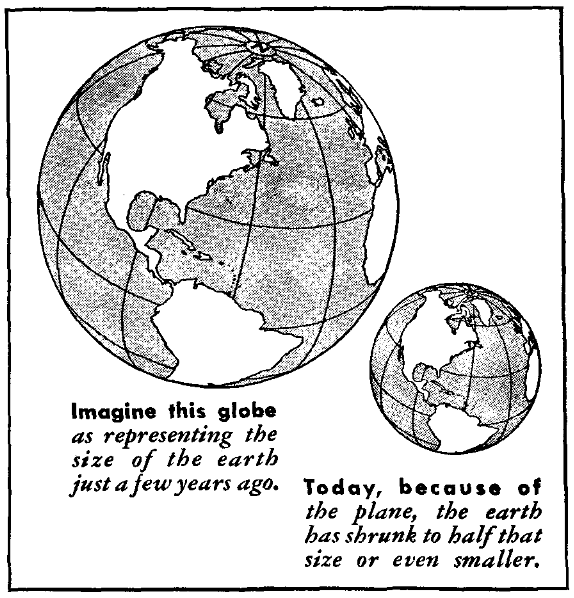
**When we looked at yesterday's geography** *books we didn't realize that Maine is closer than any other point in the U.S. to Africa. But it is.*



POLAR AZIMUTHAL EQUIDISTANT PROJECTION

**Because a global map,** *centered at the North Pole, best shows true relationships in today's Air Age world, such maps have now been introduced into almost all U.S. schools.*

In a world which the plane has made so small, no nation can ever again hope to lead a hermit's life. Because of the plane, natural barriers have been flattened out, protective oceans have become mere mill ponds, and thousand-mile distances must now be reckoned in terms of a few hours and minutes.



**Imagine this globe** *as representing the size of the earth just a few years ago.* **Today, because of** *the plane, the earth has shrunk to half that size or even smaller.*

In such a world, to win the war and survive as a nation, America *must* become supreme in the air. In such a world, to win the peace and make it a lasting peace, air supremacy, again, is a "must."

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### QUICK FACTS FOR AIR-MINDED READERS

All the bombs dropped on London during the 4 years of World War I could be carried over Germany in a single trip by one squadron of today's big Liberator bombers.

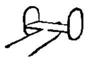
• • •

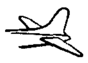
**Consolidated Vultee builds the 4-engine, long-range Liberator bomber, the huge Coronado, (33-ton, 4-engine Navy patrol bomber), the Catalina, (famous twin-motored Navy patrol bomber), and the Liberator Express, (4-engine transport version of the Liberator bomber).**

• • •

In addition to big bombers and transport planes, Consolidated Vultee also builds the VALIANT, (basic military training plane), the VENGEANCE, (dive bomber), the SENTINEL, (liaison observation plane known as the "Flying Jeep"), and the RELIANT, (navigational trainer).

• • •

How to tell the big ones: The Liberator 4-engine, long-range bomber has twin rudders like this: 

The Flying Fortress, which is also a 4-engine long-range bomber, has a single rudder like this: 

• • •

More people are employed today at the San Diego Consolidated Vultee plant than were employed in all San Diego before the war.

• • •

*The U. S. Navy has just placed a $30,000,000 order for additional Catalina amphibian long-range patrol bombers which, when completed, will release for combat and convoy duty many U. S. Navy destroyers and other surface craft now engaged in patrol work.*

• • •

**In the average six-room house there are 2000 feet of electrical wiring. In every Liberator bomber there are more than 5 miles of electrical wiring.**

• • •

*How big will tomorrow's planes be? Consolidated Vultee has designed and built full-size wooden models of a 400-passenger plane and a comparable-sized bomber. Production plans are being speeded.*

**LIBERATOR (4-engine bomber) — CORONADO, CATALINA, and P4Y (patrol bombers) — LIBERATOR EXPRESS (transport)**
**VALIANT (basic trainer) — VENGEANCE (dive bomber) — SENTINEL ("Flying Jeep") — RELIANT (navigational trainer)**

vealed a washstand. "I was just washing my hands," said Mr. Schweiger, "and listening to your clever talk and waiting for you to use the phone, of course."

Herbie swung a hard blow at the man, but Mr. Schweiger, giant though he was, was nimble, scornful of the blow that hit no more than atmosphere. Besides, he had two guns—his own and Herbie's gun, and it seemed so hopeless, wrong and sickening to Herbie that events should lead to this.

Mr. Schweiger said, "You recognized the picture when you gave it to me. Not before. I wasn't sure of your reaction. But then," and Mr. Schweiger smirked his evil wisdom—"then you were stupid enough to come here by yourself. I don't believe you will leave here by yourself."

Herbie didn't attempt to say that there were sixteen regiments of cavalry outside and that Mr. Schweiger might as well toss in the towel and swastika at once. The big man knew the truth—that Herbie was alone. So Herbie called him a dirty name and "Nazi" was the prefix to the name. Mr. Schweiger knocked him down for this with the butt of one of the guns.

"But you ain't got the only pitcher," Herbie said. It was, amid the grief, a happy thought. "I made another print of it an' it's not among me personal effects."

MR. SCHWEIGER'S face, at this remark, was something to observe. Which Herbie did. Then Herbie, squatted on the floor and bleeding somewhat underneath an eye, placed thumb to nose and waved the other fingers meaningly. Mr. Schweiger, wild with his frustration, kicked at Herbie's head. Herbie grabbed at Schweiger's foot, upended him, and heard the guns go clattering away from Schweiger's grasp.

Schweiger heaved like a mountain over dynamite, and Herbie traveled with the heave, yet clung with mad tenacity to the enemy's foot, oblivious to all but fate's fine charity of granting him another wrestling match with Mr. Schweiger. Herbie, for his honor, for his country, for his wife and child and for himself, mixed muscle with his courage and his soul to such a fine degree that he pulled half of Mr. Schweiger's hair out by the roots. Then willfully, Commando-style and proud of it, he bounced his skull off Schweiger's nose with force enough to knock himself quite cold. He roamed around, brains whirling in his head, until his vision cleared. But when it did clear, there was Schweiger, very still upon the floor.

Herbie called the 22d Street Precinct, regretful that he could not call his own, uptown, and tell the captain how a cop should handle Nazis. "The riot wagon," Herbie told the desk man who responded. "The works. An' call the mayor. He likes these things."

Herbie sat, with gun in hand, steel door between himself and possible assailants. Not too regretfully, he nudged his old friend Schweiger once to keep him cool, then examined the miniature bits of mischief in the long steel box of evidence. He could hear the employees of Victory Distributing, Inc., quick-lamming from the premises, though he did not believe they would get far. Then he sat back and waited for the cops.

They weren't long, and they brought Mrs. Schweiger with them, along with others they had managed to corral. Herbie opened the door and let them in. Then he went back and sat on Mr. Schweiger's chest, picked up a sandwich he had found in a Victory Lunch Box. "A salmon-salad sandwich," Herbie said.

"Today is Friday," said the lieutenant from the 22d Street Precinct. "So what? Herbie—you're a big guy again. You're the pride of the department. But why must you sit there on his chest? The guy's knocked out; he can't get up."

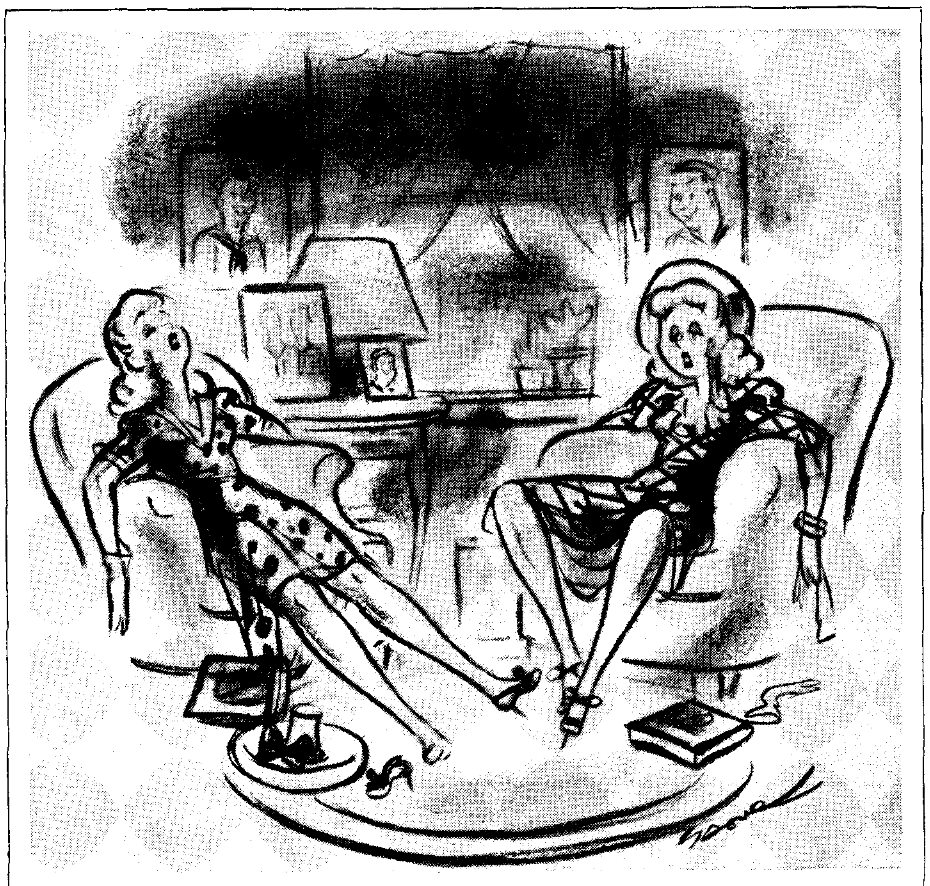
"I want someone to take my pitcher," Herbie said. "One of the newspaper boys."

Several of the boys with cameras appeared. Herbie said to them, "I want that you should spill a little sand around." They got a bucketful from near the fire exit, spilled it here and there. Then Herbie put the sandwich under Mr. Schweiger. "Just like Coney Island," Herbie said.

"Exactly," said the lieutenant, "except it's crazy. It's not dignified. That's no picture for the papers."

"Who said for the papers?" Herbie asked. His hands pinned Mr. Schweiger's nonresisting shoulders to the sand. He smiled at everyone. "It's just I want to show my wife I licked this guy. I want some proof. You understand?"

THE END


COLLIER'S "Thank goodness—the fleet's out!" LEONARD DOVE

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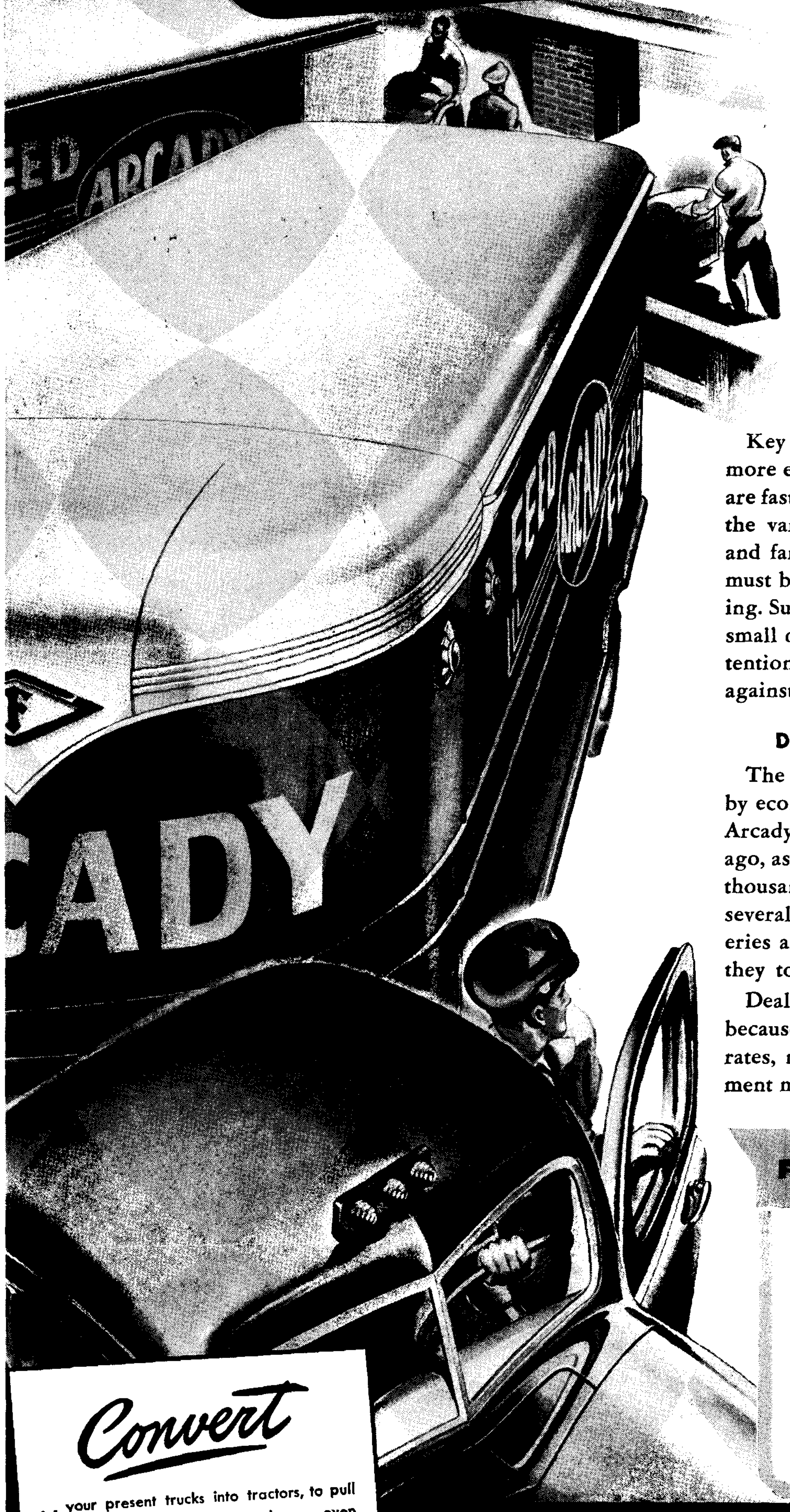

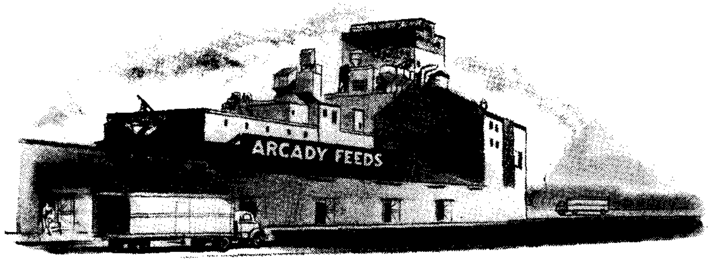

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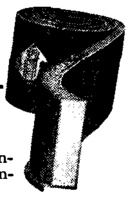

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# Children for Hire—Cheap

Continued from page 19

of minor children working now for pay in Iowa is about five times that of a year ago, and many of them are girls."

All over the United States, the story is the same. Cheap restaurants, bars, taverns and honky-tonks (some with informal houses of prostitution attached) are hiring boys and girls to serve meals, wash dishes, dance or eat with late customers; or even, as in the case of one Louisiana girl, to solicit soldier customers for a photographer by offering to pose seated on their laps. Much of the above happens in crowded defense areas. Here is a state report on this situation, made to the Children's Bureau:

"Problems of delinquency and vice have increased in the areas near military camps and construction centers. Much of the delinquency of young girls has resulted from the many opportunities for jobs in disreputable places."

Under proper conditions, children can be of real help. Some farm communities proved last year that even urban children can safely help get in crops—(1) if properly selected; (2) if told clearly what is ahead; (3) if supervised as to housing, health, food, morals, recreation, hours and conditions of work.

In one county in Virginia, for instance, last summer, the schools worked out a rotating-group plan with the farm committee and county agent, to provide enough boys for two weeks to harvest the crop. No boy worked more than 5 days, or was selected unless standing well in his studies. Each group went out under leadership; furthermore, each city boy was matched with an experienced farm boy to avoid accidents. The hours were short: from 9:30 to 5. The boys cut corn, filled silos, picked apples. The farmers were amazed at how much the children did.

This is very different from the usual casual announcement by a school principal that a certain number of boys and girls are wanted for emergency farm work; that those who wish to go are to meet at 5:30 A. M. on such and such a street. The casualties occur among these unsupervised workers. Proof that supervision pays is the fact that farmers who again are eager for child helpers are chiefly those who last year employed carefully selected, supervised groups such as those sponsored by youth organizations.

### A Child-Labor Black Market

The bright spots in the current child-labor situation are few. Everywhere the black market prevails. In the Connecticut defense-plant area, child-labor abuses attained appalling proportions last fall—but the State Labor Commissioner did something about it.

Virtually all state labor departments urgently need more inspectors, and the Connecticut labor department, headed by Commissioner Cornelius J. Danaher, needed them too. Yet it found a way to uncover conditions.

Miss Edna M. Purtell, the department's crack industrial investigator, suggested a plan which other states might well copy. "We knew the violations were mounting and had to be uncovered," she told the writer. "But we hadn't enough inspectors. So we drafted an informal, casual little questionnaire, asking school children if they were working, and if so, to give details.

"We picked the crowded defense cities of Hartford, Bridgeport, New Britain and New Haven, and asked the school superintendents to circulate our questionnaire in junior and senior high schools. The questionnaire was not to be taken home, but answered then and there by each child.

"The questionnaires were all given out on the same day," she went on. "It was done very casually. That way we got the real truth. Every child in those schools that day answered in his own handwriting. Here is the information, tabulated."

She pushed a paper over to me. The table breakdown showed that, out of 17,000 high-school boys and girls in those four cities, over 4,700 were employed (exclusive of domestic service and street trades); and of this number, over 1,000, more than one fifth, were under 16—illegally employed.

Of 4,689 high-school students of Bridgeport, New Haven and New Britain who were working after school, 2,726 worked 6 days a week; 627 worked till 10 P. M., and 306 worked till midnight and after.

### Sixty-Hour Week for Pin Boys

"We found children twelve, thirteen, fourteen and fifteen years old working up to sixty hours a week," Miss Purtell told the writer. "The bowling alleys were the greatest offenders of all, employing the youngest children the longest hours under the worst conditions. In a Hartford alley, we found a boy of twelve working sixty hours a week, seven days a week, quitting at 4 A. M. every morning. Some of the bowling alleys had back rooms filled with cots where local pin boys and some runaways could sleep and play crap games. Last year, one twelve-year-old boy, stupefied by drowsiness, lost two fingers of his left hand when a bowling ball struck him. In one alley, both girls and boys were found to be employed."

"What good has the survey accomplished?" the writer asked.

"Great good! First, it led us to the violators. Second, it has stirred public indignation to such a pitch that we have obtained a large number of convictions."

Connecticut's experiences seem to show that child labor is a problem Americans cannot look to Washington to solve; it's a problem for the community, in close co-operation with the War Manpower Commission, the Children's Bureau, and the labor department in each state, for parents, teachers, school boards, public-spirited citizens. The greatest present need is for a quick survey of genuine labor needs in the community and a listing of untapped sources of man- and womanpower to supply local needs, so that school children—except when recruited as a part of some carefully planned project—will remain in their schools.

In 13 states (California, Connecticut, Delaware, Indiana, Maine, Maryland, Massachusetts, Minnesota, New York, Ohio, Pennsylvania, Utah and Wisconsin), bills relaxing child-labor or school-attendance regulations for the duration have been introduced. A New York bill would permit children 12 years and over to be absent from school for 60 school days (i.e., 12 school weeks) to work in agriculture or "suitable" work in offices or plants.

A Massachusetts proposal would permit minors under 18 years to operate motor vehicles during the war. Also in Massachusetts is a bill to permit 15-year-old boys to work in amusement parks and at beach resorts until midnight. In five states, there are proposals to let down the laws, so that young boys can work at night in bowling alleys.

The pressure for relaxation of child-labor laws in these and other states will increase steadily.

Our boys and girls are the nation's most precious resource. Shall we permit them to be systematically exploited, to be weakened physically, mentally and morally?

On the answer will depend all that our Armed Forces are fighting to preserve.

THE END

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# Hitler's Spies Are Experts

Continued from page 12

general and his own work in particular, until he realized too late that he had gone too far to turn back. His new "friends" had him in their power.

Older men like Stoltz—and younger ones qualified by intellect or experience—are usually assigned to espionage; the younger and mechanically inclined, to sabotage. The terms are not interchangeable. The espionage agent discovers; the sabotage agent destroys. In gangster vernacular, one "cases the joint," and the other "cracks the crib." There are several schools for teaching each of these operations in Germany and in its subjugated countries. The espionage school on the outskirts of Hamburg, to which Stoltz was taken, and the sabotage school near Berlin are typical of the lot.

The espionage school is an unobtrusive four-story building adjoining a police station in a middle-class neighborhood. Every attempt is made to conceal the institution's importance. Even the office where Principal Sorau sits is small and bare. Students are boarded far from this center and brought to classes by automobile.

The sabotage school, being situated in a secluded country district where such precautions are not needed, more nearly resembles a modern college or small university. It has a large main building containing offices, study and recreation rooms, dining room and laboratory, and several smaller buildings, mostly remodeled dwellings in which the students sleep. Extensive grounds, including rifle range, proving field and playgrounds, are enclosed by a high stone wall. A near-by river furnishes facilities for bridge and canal operations.

### Ruthless Third Degree

The trainee, before entering either school, has been thoroughly grilled. He has been forced to tell the story of his life to different inquisitors—usually four or five—and has taken an oath of secrecy, the violation of which he knows will be punished with unbelievably severe penalties. But even after he has matriculated, he remains subject to all sorts of tests and traps. School officials break into his room in the middle of the night and accuse him of disloyalty to see how he reacts; stool pigeons try to snare him with sneers at Hitler and the Nazi regime; his landlady reports every detail of his private life; even on days off, he is followed and watched.

The next move is to rebuild and enlarge his self-esteem. He is told that he is fulfilling his duty to the land of his birth, that he is doing something bigger and better than ordinary men do. Pep talks drive home the theory that one saboteur who attains his objective is more valuable than a whole division of troops. Parallel with this building-up of the ego, there is a systematic effort to ridicule the mentality and resources of the people in the country where he is to operate. Americans, he is told, have no counterespionage system at all, are just a bunch of "dumb clucks." One instructor made a statement which, in these troubled days, I wish was true.

"Americans," he shouted to his class, "are just a bunch of G-men!"

The trainee's day is typically German in its faithfulness to routine—calisthenics before breakfast; classes throughout the forenoon in general chemistry; the theory of explosives, incendiary materials, detonators, primers, mechanical, chemical and electrical timing devices; lectures and blackboard demonstrations. After luncheon—for beginners: laboratory work, preparing incendiaries and explosives; for advanced students: field work using them. From 4:00 to 4:30, sports and relaxation—strictly supervised, of course—during which any one of the instructors (usually regular army officers of the bruiser type) may rush up, shouting, "Defend yourself!" On one such occasion, an American youngster countered with a right to the chin that downed the officer, who struggled to his feet with a grudging, "You can!"

Having mastered the theory and practice of making fuses, detonators, explosives, etc., the student turns to the grimly practical business of using them. By this time, the definite objective of the individual saboteur has been established. If he is to be sent to Panama, civil engineers, waterways inspectors, and specialists on canals take him in hand; the complicated mechanism of locks and sluices is demonstrated with actual installations on the near-by river; points where the most damage can be done are located and explained.

Finally, the student is required to experiment with actual charges of dynamite and other explosives until he has proved that he can carry out instructions, working alone. If he is to be sent to New York to destroy the Hell Gate railroad bridge or to San Francisco to blow up the beautiful bridge across the harbor, models of these great structures are built to scale and the sabotage student is required to experiment with charges (also reduced to scale) until he has learned just where and how much explosive to use.

These model bridges are not toys, but sizable, practical bridges, over water—and they go up with a bang.

The secret approach and the quick getaway are not neglected. The student has not qualified for postgraduate work until he can reach the required point on, say, a railroad track, attach his charge of dynamite to the rail, ignite the fuse and make his escape without attracting the attention of the guards on duty. Realistic getaways under fire are staged with bullets whizzing dangerously close as the saboteur flees to safety across tottering trestles and exploding canal locks.

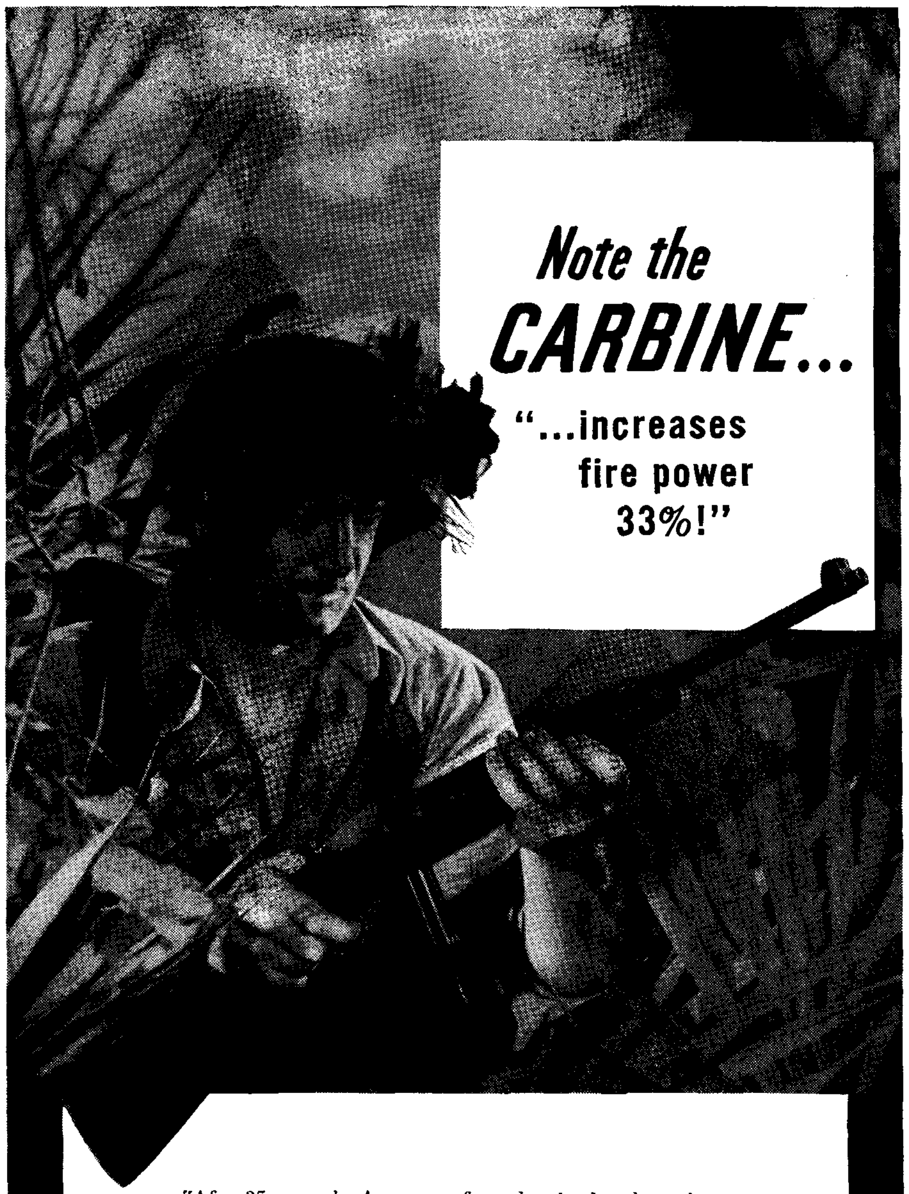
Advanced students are taken on tours of war industries and power plants to see installations similar to those they are expected to destroy. And before they can be graduated *summa cum laude,* they are sent on actual sabotage missions to near-by enemy countries to test, by the only sure method (the most difficult thing for the regimented Nazi mentality to achieve), the ability to act alone.

### Education in Espionage

While all this was happening to our young machinist friend at the sabotage school near Berlin, William Stoltz, was a student in the Hamburg espionage school.

Basic training at the school which Stoltz attended concerns itself chiefly with various forms of secret communications, not only their use but their manufacture. The graduate student must know where to obtain and how to mix ingredients used in secret-writing compounds and in the reagents needed to restore these writings to visibility; he must also know how to construct short-wave radio and telegraph sets from easily obtainable materials. Transportation of these facilities is usually impossible The spy therefore must be self-starting and self-contained.

For students who have been away from the United States for some time, refresher courses are provided, with lectures by returning Nazis who have recently been in the section of America in which the student is to work. These lectures are accompanied by detailed maps, aerial photographs and lists of Army and Navy establishments, war industries and other key points in the section. Reading of Ameri-



"After 35 years, the Army goes from the pistol to the carbine . . . The Winchester carbine is rated high, and is judged to increase the fire power of the infantry regiment by 33 per cent." *As reported by a prominent news magazine*

"All the men and officers in the infantry who have been armed with the pistol will carry the carbine instead . . . It fires a .30 calibre cartridge and is accurate up to any distance that soldiers usually fire at the enemy . . . We believe it to be a weapon of great merit . . ."
ROBERT P. PATTERSON, *Under Secretary of War*

*The same manufacturing ability that has made Underwood Elliott Fisher typewriters, adding and accounting machines famous throughout the world, is now being applied to the production of carbines.*

★ ★ ★

**TO OUR MILLIONS OF VALUED CUSTOMERS:** *TYPEWRITERS*—New and used typewriters are sold only to the U. S. Government for the armed services. You may rent used machines under Office of Price Administration regulations.

*ADDING AND ACCOUNTING MACHINES*—New machines are available under War Production Board regulations. We have been able to assist many of our customers with their accounting problems.

*RIBBONS, CARBON PAPER, ETC.*—We may sell ribbons, carbon paper and other supplies for all types of office machines without restriction.

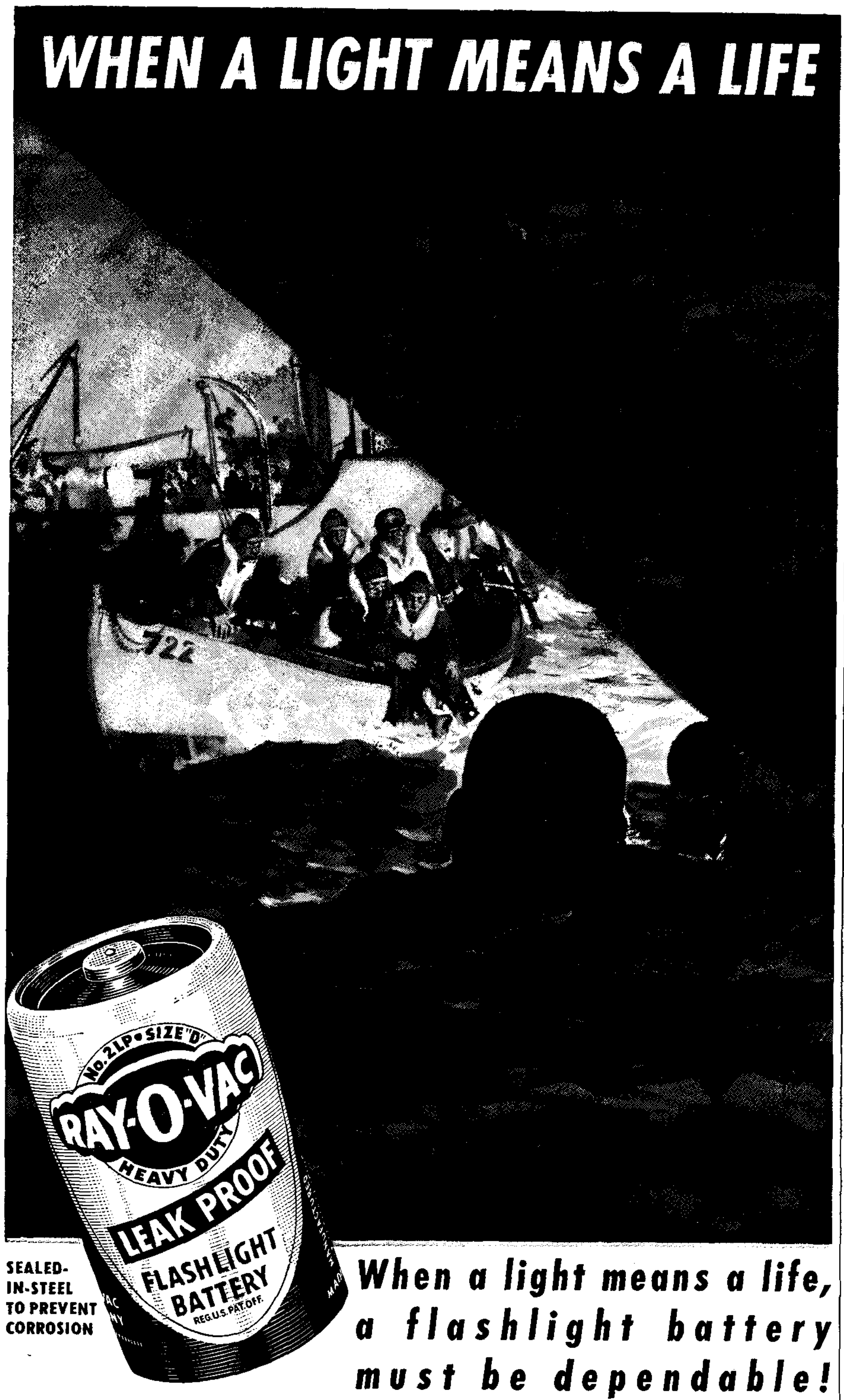
*MAINTENANCE*—Our maintenance service is in complete and efficient operation from coast to coast to help you keep your Underwood, Elliott Fisher and Sundstrand machines operating efficiently and we are permitted to manufacture the necessary parts.

**Carbines are now in mass production by**

**Underwood Elliott Fisher Company**

**Former and future makers of Typewriters, Adding and Accounting Machines**

*★Enlist Your Dollars Buy More War Bonds To Shorten The Duration*



WHEN A LIGHT MEANS A LIFE

SEALED-IN-STEEL TO PREVENT CORROSION

When a light means a life, a flashlight battery must be dependable!

The crew jumped almost as soon as the wounded plane hit the wave. In two short seconds their Mae West life belts were fully inflated.

It was dark. The pilot reached for the flashlight strung around his neck. He snapped the switch and a brilliant pointer of light cut the night. An answering signal shone for a moment.

In a short time they heard the destroyer, then the rescue boat, guided by the flashlight beam.

*Again a light had meant a life!*

Because his flashlight was loaded with Ray-O-Vac LEAKPROOF batteries, the flyer knew it would deliver dependable light—despite the freezing cold of high altitudes . . . despite the shock of landing . . . despite the salt water.

LEAKPROOF, the only flashlight batteries sealed in steel to prevent corrosion, *are now being made exclusively for the armed forces.* Certainly our fighters, before all others, deserve the world's finest flashlight batteries.

AFTER THE WAR YOU CAN AGAIN ASK FOR

RAY-O-VAC Leakproof FLASHLIGHT BATTERIES

RAY-O-VAC COMPANY
MADISON, WISCONSIN

can newspapers for as many years back as the student has been absent from the country is prescribed, and examinations on American current events during those years are conducted.

After this general training, the student is taken to Stuttgart, where files are kept of all important industries and industrialists in the United States. He is expected, of course, to know the managing personnel of the organizations for which he worked, but at Stuttgart he is able to brush up on changes in that personnel, and also to get a good working knowledge of the key men in all essential industries in his own section of the country. All of this information—in fact everything taught at the espionage or the sabotage school—must be learned by heart.

Final steps consist of providing the now thoroughly qualified spy with detailed instructions on the information he is to obtain and a "cover story" of sufficient plausibility to explain his presence and assure his safety.

The German espionage authorities seem most interested in the number of our convoy ships, the strength of our fleet, the courses of transoceanic shipping, buoy markings of channels, developments in navigation engines, new protective devices against submarines, performances of new planes and, of course, production figures on all kinds of war materials. One question on every espionage agent's carefully memorized agenda is: "Where are the worst bottlenecks?"

The "cover story" is naturally a variable quantity. The need of each agent is studied and met by a fabrication of falsehoods best calculated to protect him from molestation. Social Security and Selective Service cards, printed in Germany with ink and on paper identical with that used by our own government, perfect until submitted to tests in the F.B.I. Technical Laboratory, are given the spy who poses as a U. S. citizen. If he is to pose as a refugee, driven from his home in Germany or a subjugated country by Nazi persecution, he is equipped with a forged passport or other official papers that a bona fide refugee would carry. In either case, the identity claimed by the agent is a wholly manufactured one and entirely false in every detail.

Meticulous pains are taken to familiarize the spy with his new identity. Sometimes complete family histories are invented. A safer plan, and one that is followed whenever practicable, is to provide the agent with an actual family so securely under Nazi domination that the imposture is certain not to be discovered.

### A Fabricated Family History

The arrested agent Bahr, for example, was furnished the protective background of a non-Aryan family, every member of which had been "liquidated" by the Nazi pogroms. No detail of these fake family histories is neglected; if a relative is a philatelist, the agent must memorize and chat glibly about every important stamp in the collection. He is (or so his tutors believe) prepared for *all* emergencies.

Some of this recruiting and training is done by an ostensibly private organization called the Ausland Institute, which, however, works in close affiliation with the official Ausland organization, which is part of the Ministry of Foreign Affairs. It is known to have received large grants of public funds. During the prewar period and before our own entry, the institute, because of its nominally private character, was able to carry on activities abroad inconsistent with relations between nations supposedly at peace.

The Ausland Institute has many executives engaged in this recruiting and training work. So has the espionage service of the High Command. Many of the instructors are well known to the Federal Bureau of Investigation, including the three "doctors" whose acquaintance William Stoltz was forced to make in the first months of his stay in Germany.

Gassner, a ruddy-faced, sandy-haired, loose-lipped, fat young man of about thirty, is the come-on expert or contact man, who conceals his domineering nature behind the huge steins of beer and piled-up plates of heavy foods with which he regales himself.

Renken, known as Nikki Ritter during his residence in the United States, is likewise the blond, stocky type of German, but his forty-five years, many of which have been spent in the secret service, have rutted deep lines of cruelty in his hard, determined face. He is called in when it is necessary to "turn on the heat." Kurtz (or Sorau, as he was known to Lilly Stein) is one of the masterminds.

These men are still at work to wreck our war effort. Systematic recruiting of new members for their activities went on in this country for years during peacetime. One of the leaders in these activities in the United States was Walter Kappe, one-time editor of the Cincinnati *Freie Presse* and one of the founders of the Friends of New Germany, which later became the German-American Bund.

### Our Number One Nazi

While Fritz Kuhn, Wilhelm Kunze and others absorbed the spotlight, Kappe, a former instructor in the sabotage school near Berlin and a real higher-up in the Nazi espionage regime, was generally recognized in informed circles as Number One Nazi in the United States. That he did his work well is indicated by the fact that he became propaganda director of Radio Berlin, Station DJB, upon his return to Germany and was reportedly in control of all radio equipment for Nazi propaganda, sabotage and espionage.

I emphasize the activities of these men to bring home the fact that the way has been patiently and skillfully laid for a sabotage drive in this country with which, at any time, we may be forced to cope. We should not be lulled into complacency by the fact that improved methods of law enforcement and counterespionage perfected through these same years by American Intelligence agencies, and now zealously employed by the F.B.I. and loyally co-operating state and municipal police forces, have so far prevented any foreign-directed act of sabotage such as the Black Tom disaster of the last war.

The citizen's duty is plain. Upon him depends to a great measure the internal security of the country. Without his help the F.B.I. would be sorely handicapped. The President of the United States has called upon law-enforcement agencies to report matters pertaining to sabotage and espionage to the F.B.I. The citizen should do the same whenever he has information based upon facts which cause him to become suspicious of anyone who might aid the enemy by endangering defense industries, transportation facilities or communications.

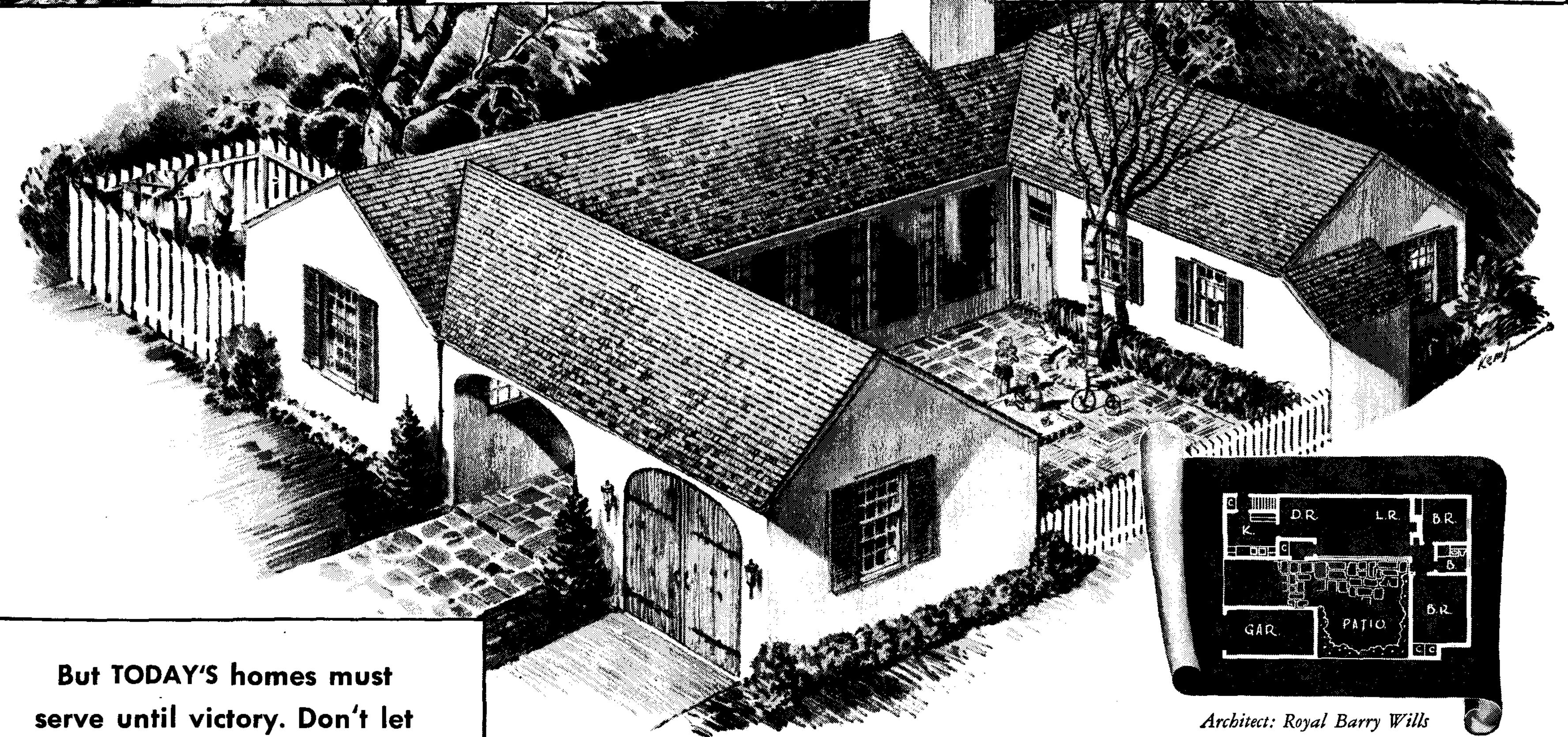
When the citizen does have suspicions like these, based on fact, he should at once notify the nearest office of the Federal Bureau of Investigation. If he is uncertain how to do this, his local telephone company can put him in touch with the F.B.I. In an emergency he can call his local police headquarters, which will relay the information to the Bureau.

Often the mere appearance of our special agents or law-enforcement officers on the scene is enough to ward off the proposed sabotage, for the last words whispered into the ears of the Nazi spy or saboteur as he leaves Germany—and I have this information from many sources—are these: "Don't get the F.B.I. down on you!"

THE END

# "We're going to live in a *Miracle Home!*

### Daddy says we'll own it tomorrow... with the War Bonds we're saving up today."



*Architect: Royal Barry Wills*

## But TODAY'S homes must serve until victory. Don't let yours "run down."

Uncle Sam wants you to keep your home in good repair, insulate it for vital fuel-saving and make waste space useful. To tell you exactly what you can and should do, The Celotex Corporation has prepared "A Wartime Guide to Better Homes." Get it FREE at your Celotex Dealer's or mail the coupon below.

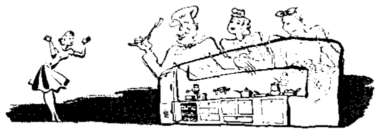
**Repair or Replace a Leaky Roof.** Uncle Sam says this is a part of necessary maintenance. Ask your Celotex Dealer about doing the job with Celotex Roofing or Celotex Triple-Sealed Shingles. Get the *extra* protection, beauty and long life they provide, *without* extra cost.

**Insulate NOW for Comfort and Fuel-Saving.** Save vital fuel, avoid winter discomfort, by *insulating* with permanent, fireproof Celotex Rock Wool Products. This conserves heat, makes fuel go 40% farther! And keeps your home cooler in summer, too. Ask your Celotex Dealer.

**Make Room for a War Worker.** Transform waste space into a beautiful, comfortable room with the help of Celotex Insulating Interior Finishes; or with Celo-Rock Wallboard, a handsome fireproof material which can be papered or painted. Consult your Celotex Dealer without obligation.

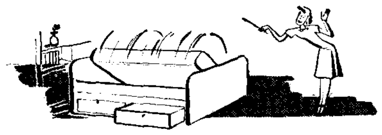
Sis and Junior, Mother and Dad—all will love the traditional charm and thrilling new livability so happily wed in this "Miracle Home" of Tomorrow. Created by one of America's leading architects, yet it will be priced for the *average* American family!

The youngsters will revel in the freedom-with-safety of its private garden patio. Mother will find new pleasure and working ease in a kitchen that combines a whole staff of servants in a single unit—refrigerated pantry, sink, dishwasher, stove and washing machine!



In streamlined, built-in beds, she will be able to turn the mattresses at the touch of a finger! And Dad will simply flip a switch to take an invigorating ultra-violet sun bath while he's shaving!

Purified air at constant temperature will provide year-'round healthfulness and comfort. Fuel-saving, weather-proof construction at very low cost will be made possible by such wonder products of Celotex wartime research as *Celo-Roof*—complete roofing and insulation in *one* material . . . and *Cemesto*—complete exterior and interior insulated wall in *one* fire-resistant unit!



So don't spend your dollars unwisely today. Buy more War Bonds—and earmark them for the down payment on your "Miracle Home" of Tomorrow. They will buy your family more comfortable, healthful, joyful living than dollars have *ever* bought before!

***Free!***—"Your Miracle Home of Tomorrow," a portfolio of pictures, plans and descriptions of post-war homes. Also special War Bond Container to safeguard your bonds. Get both at your Celotex Dealer's or mail the coupon.

**CELOTEX**
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

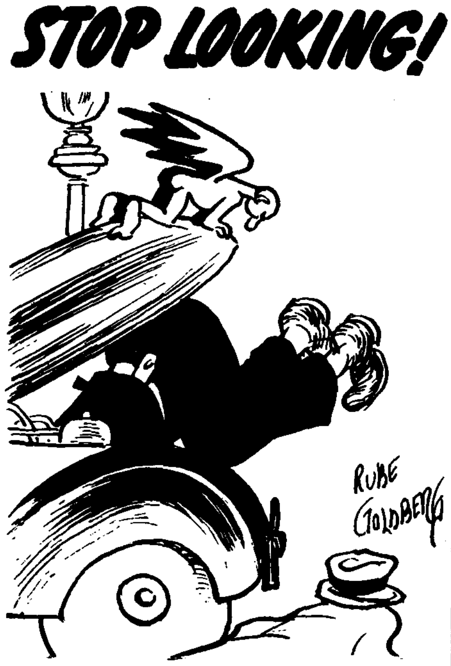
**ROOFING • INSULATING BOARD**
**ROCK WOOL • GYPSUM WALLBOARD • LATH**
**PLASTER • ACOUSTICAL PRODUCTS**

THE CELOTEX CORPORATION, Chicago, Ill. COL 4-24-43
Please send me FREE:
☐ "Your Miracle Home of Tomorrow"
☐ "A Wartime Guide to Better Homes" *(Repair and Remodel Booklet)*
☐ War Bond Container

*Name*..........

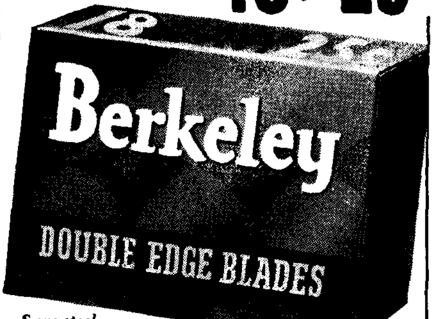
*Address*..........

*City*.......... *State*..........


STOP LOOKING!

**HERE'S THE ANSWER** for men who want better shaves at low cost. Only 25¢ now buys 18 of the keenest razor blades you ever used . . . Berkeley Blades! Switch today. Made of fine watch-spring steel; precision honed. Money-back guarantee!

NO BETTER BLADES AT ANY PRICE 18 for 25¢

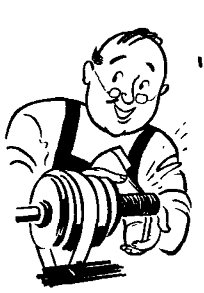


*Save steel.*
Make blades go farther. Pat dry with towel after every shave. Use lots of water with soap or shaving cream.
Consolidated Razor Blade Co., Inc., Jersey City, N. J.

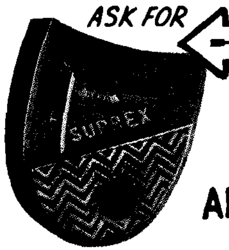
DON'T NEGLECT DRY CRACKED LIPS!

They may become dangerously sore. So apply Chap Stick for *quick* relief. Gently medicated, it soothes smarting, sun-sore lips—helps heal broken skin. Fleet's Chap Stick is used by U.S. Forces everywhere to prevent dry, cracked lips. 25c at all drug stores. Chap Stick Co., Lynchburg, Va.

JOHNNY SHOEMAKER SEZ..


"THESE DAYS IT PAYS TO MAKE THINGS LAST... ESPECIALLY SHOES"

ASK FOR HOOD



RUBBER HEELS AND SOLES

MADE OF RUBBER PROVIDED FOR ESSENTIAL CIVILIAN NEEDS

# Two-Way Trade—and Peace

Continued from page 20

substantial tariff concessions to British wool textiles. Which should have meant, according to the protectionist, the dismissal of workers from domestic woolen mills and great hardships on American woolen firms. But in the first ten months of 1938, employment in American woolen mills increased 26 per cent over the same period the year before.

What it all boils down to is this: If we have to see a couple of hundred men lose their jobs in order to give a couple of thousand men work, I think it's the patriotic and decent thing to do for the country's sake. I could sit here all night and cite figures proving that the trade agreements have caused innumerable shifts of just that sort. I don't know how convincing they'd be. Unfortunately, the opponents of freer world trade appeal to emotions, and it takes a mighty strong statistic to stand up against a good, rousing sob story.

However, the whole thing can really be summed up in terms of dollars and doughnuts. In 1933, our total exports amounted to $1,675,000,000. In 1937, the nearest to a normal year we had just before the war, they had jumped to $3,349,000,000. Our imports rose from $1,447,000,000 in 1933 to $3,083,000,000 in 1937. Despite this increase in business (every cent of which represents more work and more prosperity for the whole world) our exports still exceeded our imports. We still had a favorable balance of trade. We were still, in other words, on the big end of the horn.

In our agreement with Mexico, for instance, we agreed, among other things, to cut our tariffs in half on spirits of turpentine, lead, garlic, and certain types of men's and boys' footwear. In return, Mexico reduced its duty on United States wheat by 40 per cent, on cotton textiles by 25 per cent, on some electrical equipment by 38 per cent, and on lard by 22 per cent. Mexican imports of our lard alone ran up to a million dollars in 1940. Also, Mexico agreed not to hike her duties on our automobiles, trucks, breeding cattle and other items, a great convenience to our industries which plan production far ahead.

### Our Biggest Customer—Canada

Our trade with Canada outranks the trade between any two other countries in the world, and Canada is the only nation with which we have made a second trade agreement right on top of the first. In the first, we made concessions on a number of things, including aluminum, fox furs, maple sugar and nickel, which we needed or wanted.

Canada reduced her duties on grapefruit, oranges, dictating machines, tractors, automobiles and parts from this country. Our exports of automobiles and parts amounted to only $2,350,000 in 1935. The agreement became effective on January 1, 1936, and by 1937, these exports had jumped to $15,218,000. The second agreement brought about an increase in our exports to Canada of 142 per cent. Is that giving anything away?

One of the most thoroughly distorted aspects of the trade-agreements program is the "most-favored-nation" policy. It's been part of our tariff system for a long, long time. It simply means that any concession granted to one nation is automatically granted to every other nation which does not *discriminate against our commerce*. When we promised Brazil to lower our tariff on manganese, we also lowered it for every other country—providing those countries gave us all the breaks they gave other people.

High-tariff proponents have charged that, under the policy, we have given concessions to countries that never did anything for us, yet the record shows we have *benefited immeasurably by the policy*. We have used it to break down serious discriminations against our goods.

In the beginning of the program, Australia discriminated sharply against our manufactured products, so she was placed on our black list and received no benefit from the most-favored-nation policy. She became more and more worried as the United States entered into agreements with one country right after another. Wool was one of Australia's big concerns. She became quite apprehensive lest, in a trade agreement with the United Kingdom, Turkey, or some other country, we *might* agree to lower our duty on wool, and that she would be ineligible to share the benefits.

Australia, therefore, stopped her discrimination against our products, which amounted to more than ten million dollars annually, and she was removed from the black list. In a subsequent agreement with Argentina, the United States agreed to lower its duty on several grades of wool by 11 cents, a blessing which Australia then could share.

Our behavior under the reciprocal-trade program has been a long way from our arrogant and illogical conduct after the last war. Until the trade-agreements program was adopted, our tariff rates were flat and inflexible. They were set by Congress in the midst of logrolling and lobbying activities that sometimes reached scandalous proportions, and they always went up, never down.

Indeed, the United States led the mad race of nations toward economic isolation. Each successive boost of our trade barriers brought retaliatory restrictions by other nations.

The traditionally low-tariff Liberal Canadian Government—one of our two best customers—enacted a tariff bill increasing tariff rates affecting some $250,000,000 of our exports to Canada. Also, duties were made automatically reciprocal—which, in plain language, warned that if United States tariff rates were raised, Canada's duties would be raised accordingly. United States corn had been on Canada's free list. But when our 1930 tariff act raised the duty on corn to 25 cents a bushel, Canadian duty on our corn became 25 cents, too. Corn from other countries of the British Empire remained on Canada's free list, and that from the Union of South Africa freely entered the Canadian markets. It wasn't pleasant for our corn growers.

Mexico increased duties on lard, dried fruits, vegetable oils and on five hundred-odd textile products, among other things.

Even Great Britain, traditionally a free-trading nation and our other best customer, instituted not only a general system of tariff protection, but—what was more disastrous to us—established a system of empire preferences designed to give every empire member-country an advantage in empire trade, which it succeeded in doing. As an illustration, a duty of 10 per cent was placed upon all lard imported into the United Kingdom from any non-empire country. This hit us where it hurt; we normally export nearly half our lard.

### Basis for World Prosperity

So, the trade-agreements program represented more than an alteration in tariff method. It was a distinct change in United States policy and philosophy. Inherent in it was the recognition that world peace and prosperity must be based upon economic co-operation.

These principles of international co-operation are embodied in the Lend-Lease agreements. By these and by the Atlantic Charter, we have pledged to our allies and to the world "to promote mutually advantageous relations" and provisions "open to participation by all other countries of like mind, directed to the expansion . . . of production, employment and the exchange . . . of goods . . . and to the elimination of all forms of discriminatory treatment in international commerce, and to the reduction of tariffs and other trade barriers."

SGT. S. LANDI
COLLIER'S
SGT. S. LANDI

The world is looking to the congressional battle on trade agreements as an indication of how seriously or lightly the United States regards these promises and agreements.

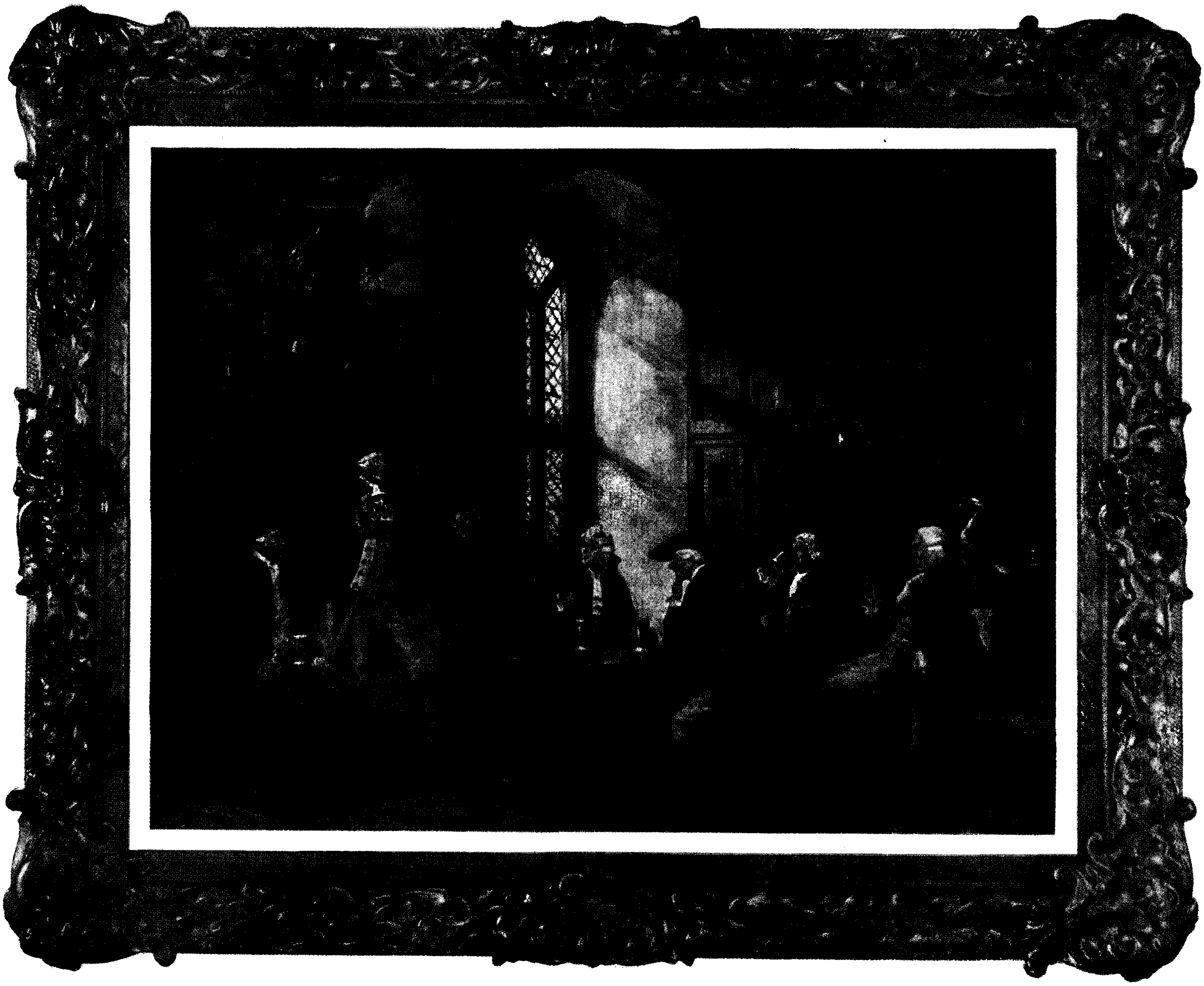
Repudiation of that principle at this critical time would undermine world confidence in the nobility of our war aims. It would notify the world that the United States was back on an isolationist tack. It would demonstrate that the United States did not have and apparently could not have a sustained foreign policy.

The end of the war will find the United States with the greatest producing capacity of any nation in world history. We shall need outlets for that production and we shall also need access to the world's resources more acutely than ever before, because of our increased domestic demands, and because of the rate at which war is consuming our resources now.

The United States cannot avoid the responsibility of exercising leadership in world reconstruction and rehabilitation. Rejection of this duty and privilege would mean that economic warfare would continue, thus rendering any military peace futile and only temporary. The history of the between-war period has proved that.

I do not claim that the trade-agreements program is a panacea for all ills, but I firmly believe its principles are the only way out of postwar misery.

THE END



# A Moment of Relaxation

In the stormy days when the republic was young, men knew the rigors of war and the problems of peace. So today, these difficulties serve to unite our nation and strengthen the aims of its people.

Moments of rest and relaxation are important in a busy land. At these times, one is always assured of the finest in refreshment with a friendly glass of MILLER HIGH LIFE.

MILLER BREWING COMPANY • MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN

UNITED BREWERS INDUSTRIAL FOUNDATION

HIGH LIFE
OLD
HIGH LIFE
BEER

**Enjoy Life with**

**Miller**

**HIGH LIFE BEER**

# MITCHELL BOMBERS FIND GOOD HUNTING IN NEW GUINEA

## Giving Japs no rest...they pound ships, ports, munitions dumps, planes, airfields

"B-25 Mitchell bombers attacked a Japanese convoy attempting to land troops on the north coast of New Guinea. Several destructive hits were scored on transports and escorting warships, five Zeros were shot down and the whole convoy fled . . .

"B-25's made the heaviest attack in weeks on Salamaua. The port was badly battered and ravaged by fires and explosions. A munitions dump was blown up . . .

"In two runs over the Jap airdrome at Lae, B-25 Mitchells destroyed five bombers and six fighters on the ground . . .

"B-25's located a Jap destroyer and two smaller vessels attempting to bring supplies to New Guinea and sank all three . . ."

You could fill a book with the list of Jap losses in New Guinea. Into this bottomless pit the enemy has poured men, ships, supplies and planes in a desperate effort to conquer the island. Instead they suffered their first major land defeat of the war in the South Pacific.

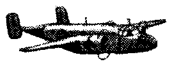
On this front, as on many others, "North American Sets the Pace." Powerful North American B-25 Mitchell bombers, more hated by the Japs than any other United Nations planes, have been active in the New Guinea theater for more than a year. At Gona, Buna, Lae, Salamaua and every other point where there were Japs to be killed, the B-25's found good hunting.

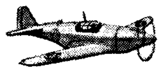
Today, with New Guinea safely in Allied hands and the threat to Australia smashed, B-25 Mitchells are out to blast the enemy from his other bases in the South Pacific. Back home in North American's plants the hunting goes on too. We're looking for, and finding, many improvements that keep us ahead of the Axis.

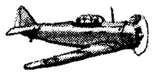
The Office of War Information says of the B-25: "No other airplane of its type in friendly or enemy air forces is known to equal it." The Japs in New Guinea found that was true. We mean to keep it that way.

**NORTH AMERICAN AVIATION, INC.**
Inglewood, California
Kansas City Dallas

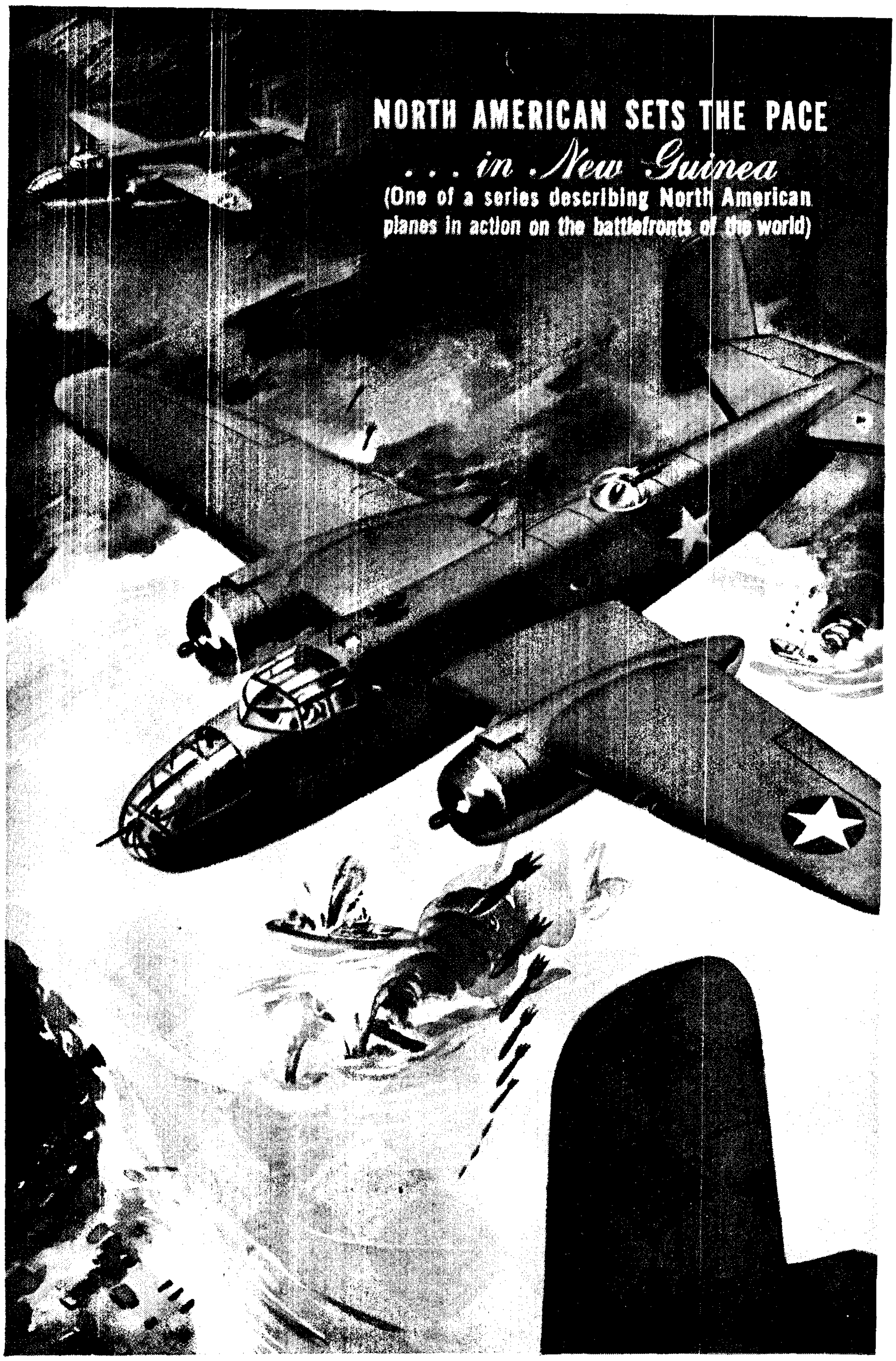
*Member, Aircraft War Production Council, Inc.*


B-25 MITCHELL

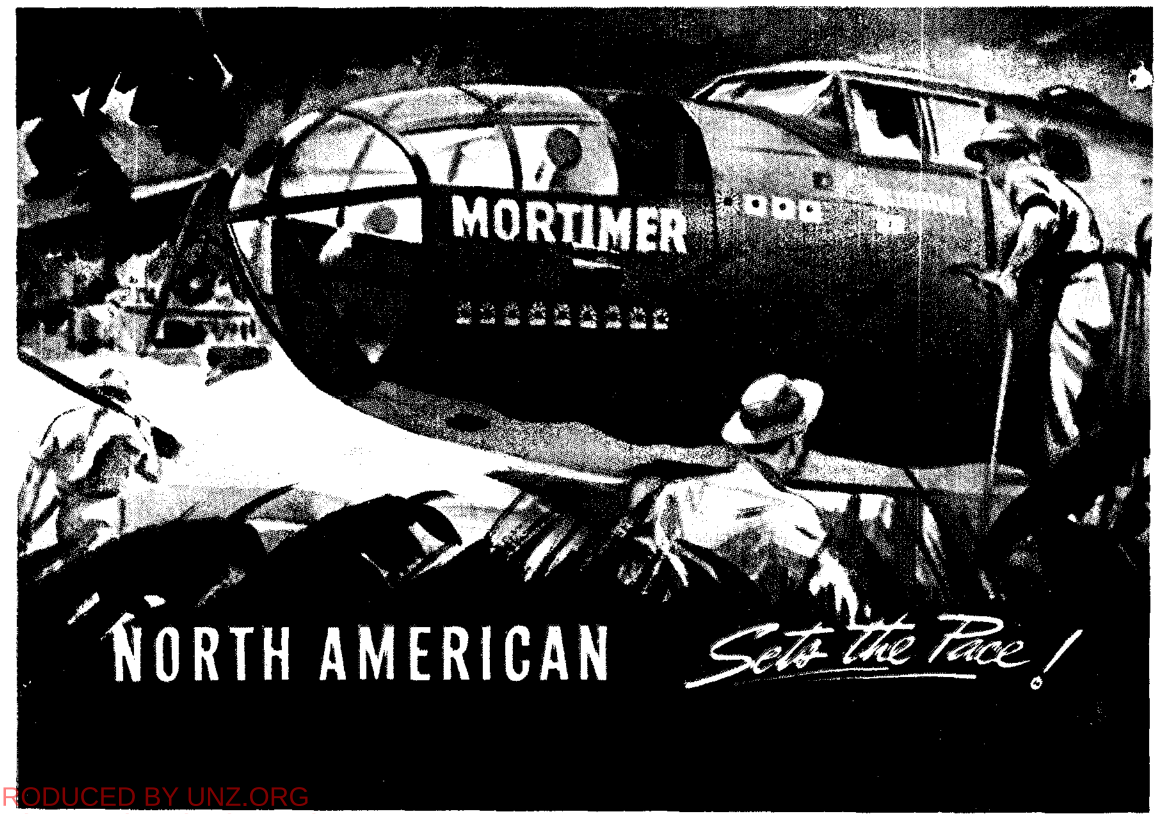

P-51 MUSTANG

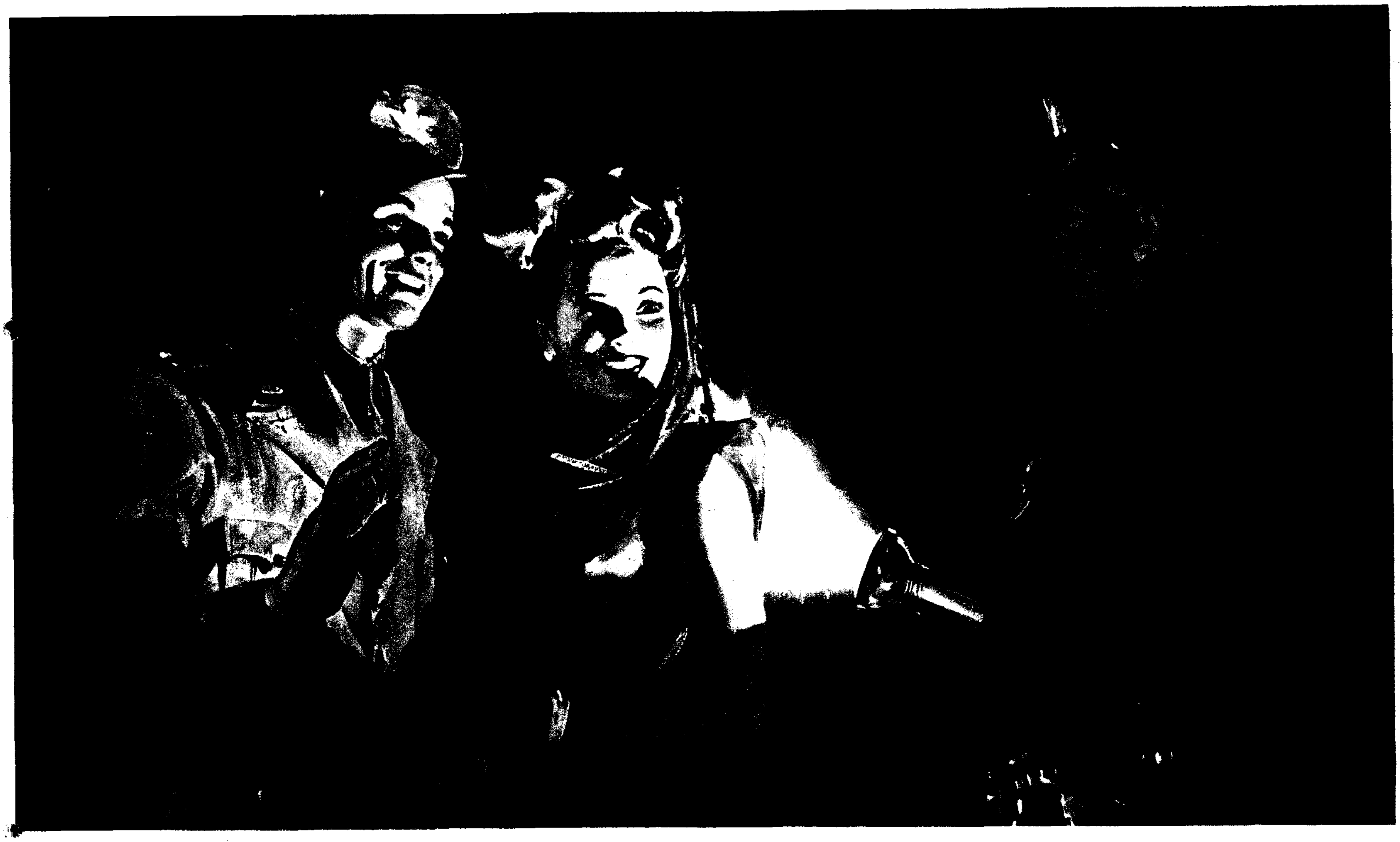

AT-6 TEXAN

**The Japs hate Mortimer** and with reason. This North American B-25 Mitchell bomber has its individual record painted on the fuselage: four flags, one for each Jap sunk, nine rising sun emblems, one for each Zero shot down, and 17 bombs, one for each raid in which the plane took part. Mortimer has room for more flags and emblems. He symbolizes that unconquerable superiority which infuriates the Japs.


NORTH AMERICAN SETS THE PACE
. . . in New Guinea
(One of a series describing North American planes in action on the battlefronts of the world)

**Deadly B-25 Bombers** attack a Jap beachhead. Like American planes everywhere, they are painted a camouflage color to match the natural setting in which they are based—in this case, the vivid green of the New Guinea jungle.


MORTIMER
NORTH AMERICAN Sets the Pace!



The beam of the policeman's flashlight touched the buttons on Kip's uniform and his insignia. "Okay, Lieutenant. You know what it's all about"

# THE GIRL LEFT BEHIND

## By Margaret Culkin Banning

ILLUSTRATED BY WENDELL KLING

*The Story Thus Far:*

IN NEW YORK CITY, Lieutenant Christopher ("Kip") Galloway, a bombardier serving with the American Air Forces, receives orders to go to England—by clipper. Major Jackson, the officer who delivers the orders, is well aware that the young lieutenant is very fond of women. When Kip informs him that he is on the verge of marrying, the major suggests that it would be better to wait until he gets back.

Kip's fiancée is Pamela ("Pam") Neill. She works—as personnel director for women and girls—in an airplane plant, where Kip's cousin, Alec Fraser, is one of the big men. After leaving Major Jackson, Kip telephones Alec and asks him to break the news to Pam. Alec doesn't relish the job, but Kip urges him, implores him, to talk to Pam.

A very important official—Jerome Hayes, co-ordinator of military airplane production—is present when Alec reluctantly tells Pam that Kip's orders may make some difference to her wedding plans. Hayes does not know what the situation is and, too far away to hear what the two are discussing, he comes over and "calls" Pam for taking time off from war work. Pam retorts that it is more important to her than her job—and that it is concerned with the war.

That night, Hayes and Alec go to the Venetian Club, a popular night spot, for a quiet business talk. They find Pam there. With her, at a table, are Kip, and some of his friends, including Jinx Buchanan, a glamor girl who, in love with Kip, had been a good sport when she lost him.

Hayes is greatly impressed by Pam's beauty. When Alec takes him to her table and introduces him, he offers to intercede in Kip's behalf—at least *try* to postpone Kip's departure, so that he can be married. But Kip (remembering his talk with Jackson) begs him to do nothing.

Along about midnight, a newsboy with papers passes through the room. According to the headlines, the British have bombed some German center. "Looks like they're using our bombers," Alec mutters, as he reads. Hayes, too, is thinking aloud. "At this rate," he says, "they'll need more and more of them. It's going to mean losses. Heavy losses."

Jinx Buchanan listens, shivering. Then she turns to Kip and kisses him squarely on the mouth. Pamela is astounded. "Let's go, Kip," she says evenly.

As the party reaches the street, the long shriek of an air-raid siren cuts through the night.

### II

THE menacing sound, known but still unfamiliar to Pam and Kip, seemed to reach down toward them and rise again.

"Could it be real?" Pam whispered.

"Hardly a chance," said Kip. "No, it's just a surprise blackout. Do you want to go back with the others?"

"No," she said vehemently, "no, please! I can't stand having all of them around any longer."

"I couldn't either. I was glad you walked out on the party. I want you to myself. Where shall we go?"

"Where can we go?"

They were walking as they spoke, rapidly, away from the awning that spread out from the entrance to the Venetian Club. The lights, none too many at this time of night, which spotted windows and doorways, had begun to disappear. Footsteps hurried, seeking destinations.

"Where are you folks going?" asked a policeman sharply. "You have to get off the street."

"We're all right, officer. Just going a bit farther."

The beam of the officer's flashlight touched the buttons on Kip's uniform and his insignia.

"Okay, Lieutenant. You know what it's all about."

Kip held Pam close beside him and she heard his chuckle at that rejoinder. Ideas were running through both of their minds and they were alike. They didn't want to stop in at a bar or go to a movie house. They wanted to watch this, together. This was luck, being by themselves in this deepening dark that made the city stranger and more exciting than they had ever seen it before.

"We could go over into the park," she suggested. "Maybe we can stay there until it's over. Sit on a bench and see what it's like."

"That's an idea. How far is it?" Kip asked.

"Only a short block from the next corner. We probably aren't supposed to go there—I don't know."

"Let's take a chance. I want to see how this looks from the ground."

"Yes, you'll be up there in the sky, above some strange city, and they'll all be scuttling to safety beneath. Only then it will be real, not practice."

"Darned real," said Kip.

A mounted policeman, looking immense in the darkness, rode by looking like a medieval knight.

"Everything's fantastic—it's suddenly not the same world," she whispered breathlessly.

"It still has you in it—you and me," he said. "It's our world," and hurried her along, close to the buildings. "We can cross here and go through that entrance."

Nobody stopped them. They seemed so directed. There were a few footsteps to be heard, the guarded beam of a flashlight sought the path.

"Here's a bench."

"Lucky I'm wearing black. Is someone over there, just across, Kip?"

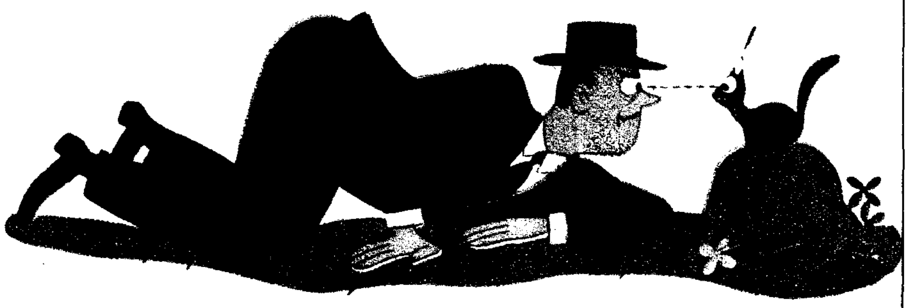
"It doesn't make any difference. Relax, darling. It's only a practice blackout, but even if it were a real raid it would be wonderful to be here with you like this."

"I don't think a bomb on the bench could make me run," she said, with a little sigh against his shoulder. It was the first time since the shock of the news this afternoon that she had felt close to him, that the rhythm of their love seemed to be right again.

A searchlight moved across the sky and they lifted their heads to watch it. The great band of light, trembling a little on its edges, followed the course of a plane that seemed to be trying to rush out of its path and vanish. Steadily the white brilliance blanketed it, made the plane a sharp, dark target. Pam thought, Kip will be like that, only it will be far worse. The beam withdrew. Everything was still and dark and there was a faint smell of growing things, of trees and grass.

*(Continued on page 72)*

# This Easter, I can look that chipmunk in the eye



LAST SUNDAY I took a walk in the woods. Or else I dreamed I did. You decide which.

Anyhow, before I'd gone very far, I ran into a chipmunk named Charley.

He was with a badger named Seymour and a redbird whose name I didn't catch.

With no warning at all, Charley lit into me. "You're a disgrace to all males," he said.

"Now, just a minute," I protested, getting a little hot under my haircut. "What's so terrible about me?"

"You look like a *female bird*," the redbird said. "No color. No dash. Don't you know that in the Spring a man ought to put on at least a *little* color? Why, just about every male in the woods has some *bright* shades. It makes the females like us better."

This had me stopped cold. Females *don't* notice me much (I'm 43 and still unmarried), so I asked Charley what he thought I ought to do.

"That's simple," he said. "Just get yourself some Arrow Ties for Easter."

"Yeah," the redbird and Seymour said in chorus. "Arrows are so good-looking they almost make *us* jealous!"

Next day, I got an Arrow Tie, and two females noticed me. Then I bought a half-dozen more . . . and this Easter I won't have to take any more sass from that chipmunk!

*Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc., Troy, N.Y.*

*As Outstanding as Arrow Shirts*

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# UNCLE SA [illegible]

By Amy Porter

[illegible] scientific reappraisal of height-weight [illegible] American women indicates food rationing [illegible]ly hurt a bit—maybe you're too fat anyway

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY UNDERWOOD AND UNDERWOOD

RATIONING can be the best thing that ever happened for the nation-wide improvement of women's health and figures. It can constitute a sane, safe and easy-to-take reducing program; and reduction, it appears, is what many American women need.

The importance of slenderness is emphasized in a new table of ideal weights for women recently announced by Doctor Louis I. Dublin, chief statistician of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company.

This new table is a slim thing compared to the older table of average weights, the one you've seen on penny weighing machines and in your doctor's office. That table showed that the average woman gained substantially as she grew older.

"The tendency to add pounds with years was—and still is—average," says Doctor Dublin, "but far from ideal. Ideally, the woman of fifty should weigh not a pound more, and preferably several pounds less, than she did at twenty-five."

Most women knew, in spite of statisticians, when they were growing too fat.

"They knew it every time they went to the dressmaker's," says Doctor Dublin. "Their instincts were wiser than our charts."

Doctors and statisticians long had felt that the older table was misleading, in that it appeared to bless average rather than ideal weights. Nor did it take into consideration variations in the sizes of women's frames.

In preparing the new table, Doctor Dublin and his staff studied weight in relation to health in the cases of nearly half a million insured women, and found that average poundage, as stated in the older table, really amounted to overweight, and that overweight women consistently ran greater health risks than their thinner sisters.

Here is the new, wiser table of ideal weights for women aged 25 or over:

| Height (With Shoes) | Weight in Pounds (As Ordinarily Dressed) | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| | Small Frame | Medium Frame | Large Frame |
| 5′ 0″ | 105-113 | 112-120 | 119-129 |
| 1 | 107-115 | 114-122 | 121-131 |
| 2 | 110-118 | 117-125 | 124-135 |
| 3 | 113-121 | 120-128 | 127-138 |
| 4 | 116-125 | 124-132 | 131-142 |
| 5 | 119-128 | 127-135 | 133-145 |
| 6 | 123-132 | 130-140 | 138-150 |
| 7 | 126-136 | 134-144 | 142-154 |
| 8 | 129-139 | 137-147 | 145-158 |
| 9 | 133-143 | 141-151 | 149-162 |
| 10 | 136-147 | 145-155 | 152-166 |
| 11 | 139-150 | 148-158 | 155-169 |
| 6′ 0 | 141-153 | 151-163 | 160-174 |

These heights and weights allow for shoes with two-inch heels, and indoor clothing, but also hold true without shoes or clothing.

This table lops some 20 pounds off the average weight allowance of 140 pounds for the woman who is 5 feet 4 inches tall, 37 years old, and of small frame.

"A woman may vary three or four pounds either way from the ideal," says Doctor Dublin. "But beyond four pounds, every pound of overweight is a liability."

Doctor Dublin isn't much impressed when a stout woman protests that her nother and all women in her family weighed that much or more.

Nor does he sympathize with the woman who says, "I was as slim as anything beore the baby was born."

Heredity has something to do with weight, childbirth provides a temporary libi, and there is always the possibility—he faint possibility—of glandular diffiulty. But, says Doctor Dublin, increasing weight largely reflects "the effect of peristing in the habit of consuming the same mount of food while age advances and physical activity decreases."

Or, to put it bluntly, if you're fat, the chances are it's because you eat like a pig

"The overweight woman," says Doctor Dublin, "is digging unnecessarily into the country's food supplies." For it takes more food to feed a fat woman than a thin one.

Food rationing has constituted a reducing diet in England, where qualified observers estimate that the populace has lost from 5 to 14 pounds per capita.

There's nothing to indicate that a restricted diet injured the health of Britishers. On the contrary, the Minister of Health in his latest report to the House of Commons said that after three and a half years of war, the health of the nation was in many respects better than in peacetime.

Denmark, after a belt-tightening process during the last war, reported a startling decline in the degenerative diseases involving the heart, the kidneys, the blood vessels.

"What happened in Denmark was as clean-cut an experiment as any in a laboratory," Doctor Dublin says, "and added to the already strong circumstantial evidence that overweight predisposes to ill-health."

Insurance statistics show that overweight persons suffer from more than their share of heart disease, arthritis, hardening of the arteries, cancer. A disproportionate number of overweights die of cerebral hemorrhage, apoplexy, cirrhosis of the liver, and even by accident and suicide.

### Don't Eat Too Much

Moreover, mortality increases with the degree of overweight. Definite obesity almost doubles mortality from all causes.

"Overweight women particularly are susceptible to diabetes and to gall-bladder disease," Doctor Dublin states. "They seem to be less resistant to infections and, for that reason, probably are poorer surgical risks. The hazards of maternity seem to be greater for stout women."

The greater accident rate for overweights probably is due to their lack of agility, while their slightly excess tendency to suicide probably is due to the ill-health their added weight has caused.

It is stark truth to say that the overweights dig their graves with their teeth.

The boon of good health and slenderness cannot be yours, however, as an automatic result of rationing. Under rationing, as in the days of plenty, good judgment is necessary for good results.

As things look now, it would be possible, under rationing, to eat a disproportionate amount of high-calorie foods—spaghetti, potatoes, bread, cereals. One must, of course, put the emphasis on fresh vegetables and fruits.

But, to make things easier for you, there's the beneficent shortage of the materials that go into rich sauces and desserts. There's the happy difficulty about finding enough butter for lavish sautéing, for the buttery drenching of all vegetables. There's the decrease in the tempting supply of cakes, candies, pastries, ice cream.

You would not, of course, undertake a drastic diet or use reducing drugs without the advice of a doctor.

Every diet, reducing or nonreducing, rationed or unrationed, should include every day: a pint of milk, an egg if possible, a green vegetable, a raw salad, a potato, a small serving of meat, fish or poultry, and a small pat of butter, or fortified margarine.

You should be able to get all that and more under rationing, for our restricted diet still is much more generous than a normal diet in Europe. We are blessed particularly in the availability of citrus fruits, now an almost unattainable luxury in England.

All you have to do is cling to common sense, mind the ration rules—and look forward to the happy day when you will hit the scales at your "ideal" weight. ★★★

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M-m-m . . .

Just *smell* that winey, plum-cake aroma. So tempting, you want to sink your teeth into it.

And—that's an idea! Yes . . . *chew* a pinch of REVELATION. That nut-like flavor reminds you of hickory-cured meat!

Now—stuff your pipe with REVELATION. Revel in its sweet coolness—so mild, so fragrant, free from bite! See how clean and even it draws.

Yes sir, you'll really *revel* in REVELATION . . . and only 15¢!

No "mixtures" of only 1 or 2 tobaccos can match Revelation's BITE-FREE FLAVOR!

**LEFT:** Ordinary mixture . . 1-cut tobacco mats down—keeps heat — causes soggy heel.

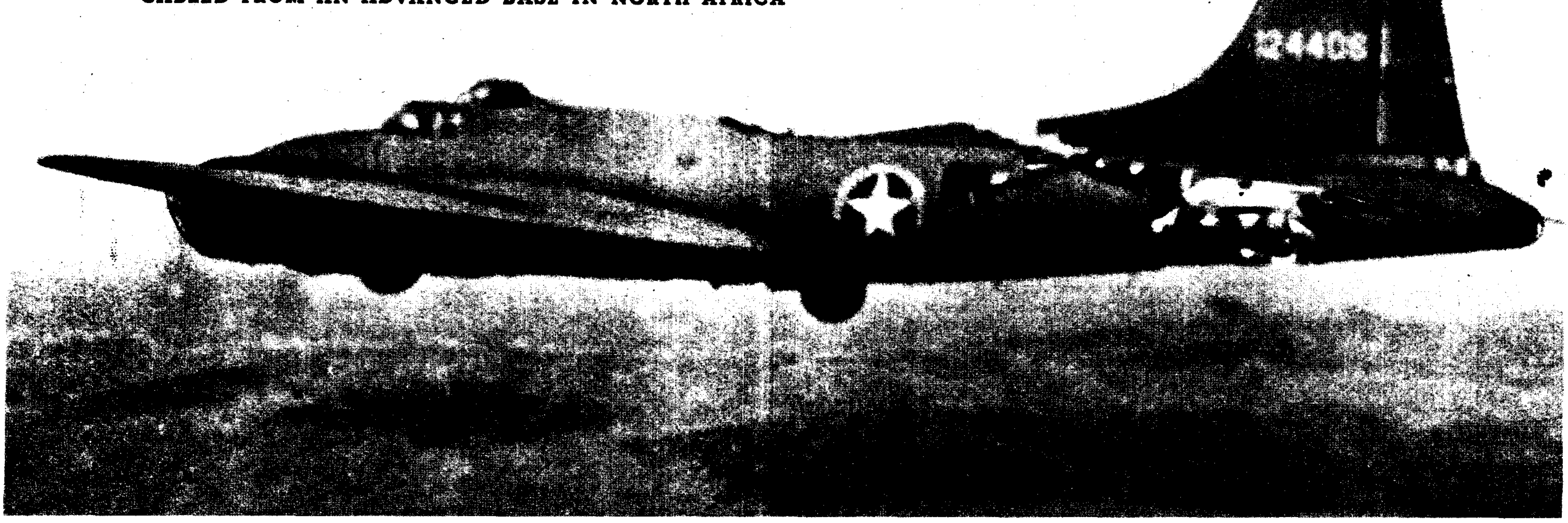
**RIGHT:** REVELATION. Five different cuts pack perfectly—pipe "breathes"—burns cool!

*A Product of PHILIP MORRIS*

# "NO BUSINESS, DOC"

## By John Lardner

CABLED FROM AN ADVANCED BASE IN NORTH AFRICA



The "All-American" collided with an attacking Messerschmitt, had an elevator torn away, its fuselage cut two thirds through, but Pilot Ken Bragg brought it back whole. The Messerschmitt was a dead pigeon

Sgt. Sam Sarpolus, tail gunner, found himself practically flying alone through space. The Boeing Flying Fortress broke in two a few minutes after landing

**The remarkable adventure of a Flying Fortress that traded its tail for a Messerschmitt and gave Lonesome Sam Sarpolus his nickname—to say nothing of a few bad moments**

THIS squadron of B-17s had been on seventy missions since August, when the first All-American raid against Europe struck Rouen. The boys had scattered their calling cards all over Occupied France, Holland and Belgium, and then, at the beginning of November, the battle winds blew them south and they commenced with equal impartiality to powder the fringes of the big lake that Mussolini once claimed as his own. Another day, another Axis base: Gadames, Cagliatisipoli, Gabès, Palermo, Sfax, Medenine, Kasserine, Sousse.

Ask a pilot or gunner where he was on January 3d or March 10th and he'd have to refer you to the box score in the Operations tent. It's been a long war already, in airmen's terms. The towns run together and so do the fires and the Messerschmitts and Focke-Wulfs and the upended hailstorms of flak and the dates.

The exception is February 1st. That was the day the Messerschmitt 109 almost chopped Lieutenant Bragg's ship in two and left Lonesome Sam Sarpolus swaying around in the tail like a squirrel on the limb of a falling tree.

The men of the squadron can tell you the date and the name of the target—Tunis. As with the blizzard of 1888, each witness has his own special memory of the plane as she came in. It still puzzles some of the boys that she did come in. You get the impression they would ask for a retake if Bragg and his crew would oblige. But Bragg and his crew say, "No dice." They are very firm on this point, especially Sarpolus.

Bragg's citation said, "It appeared to be an impossibility." Writers of citations and communiqués have low boiling points, as a rule. Much better proof that something out of the ordinary happened over North Africa on February 1st is the fact that every man in camp can still tell you the story with diagrams.

It's partly Bragg's story and partly Sarpolus', and Bragg happened to be in camp when we rolled up to a prairie-dog village of tents on a cold, bare plateau stockaded by mountains. Sarpolus was "out"—that is, the squadron was back over Tunis again with more of its friends than Rommel cared to contemplate. A slight finger wound had grounded Bragg for the day.

"You want some blow-by-blow?" asked the pilot, standing slim and medium-tall. "Well, let's see."

He set on the table a blackened toothbrush used for cleaning typewriters.

"That's us," he said. "Here's the Messerschmitt," he added, moving a box of paper clips into position. "We hit the Tunis docks from twenty thousand feet and were heading for home when these two enemy pursuits suddenly sort of decided to mousetrap us."

Bragg told the story of his plane sparely but with enjoyment. Then he tossed aside the toothbrush and box of clips and cocked an ear. "They're coming in now," he said, leading the way out of the tent. "Nice timing. You talk to these boys and maybe they'll tell it to you good and maybe they won't. You know how these kids are about talking."

Clouds were in front of the sun and it was cold, as the big bombers circled and came in. This is the red hour of the day at a bomber base—the hour the men on the ground have waited for, tense and quiet, since the mission took off. All at once, everyone loosens up and is talking freely and finding friends in the sky and getting mess kits ready. Our truck pulled alongside Sarpolus' plane just as the crew began piling out. Sergeant Sam Sarpolus, in the tail-gun compartment, was the last to detach himself.

"You're famous, Lonesome Sam," said Tech Sergeant Joe James, the top turret gunner. "A reporter, already."

Sarpolus smiled the width of his long, whiskered young face. His blue eyes were windbeaten. He tucked a thumb in his coverall and leaned against the wing of his temporary vehicle, resigned. He talked pretty good.

The All-American had bombed Tunis from 20,000 feet and then headed home on this day of February 1st. They called her All-American because her crew came from

# GETTING THEM ON THE WING
## with better guns . . . by better gunners

Enemy planes raiding shore installations . . . airfields . . . troops in the desert and the jungle . . . ships in convoy . . . find our gunners armed with better guns . . . possessed of keener eyes . . . stouter hearts.

By bursts of fire . . . that speak up from all quarters . . . and speak with accuracy . . . marauders are brought down . . . others winged . . . the attack beaten off . . . and precious cargoes . . . equipment . . . men themselves . . . are saved.

Putting machine guns into the hands of our troops . . . our sailors . . . our airmen . . . is our proud part in this war. It is our sole business. It consumes our total resources . . . energy . . . skill. It enlists the long experience of our gunsmiths . . . many of them veterans of this craft . . . makers of machine guns in the last war.

Until this war is won . . . so we shall work . . . the clock around. But when the bells of peace ring out again . . . we shall turn our exacting skill in machine production . . . the accuracy we achieve and maintain in holding to tolerances of 1/1000th of an inch . . . into making those things that give to life and living deeper meaning and richer rewards.

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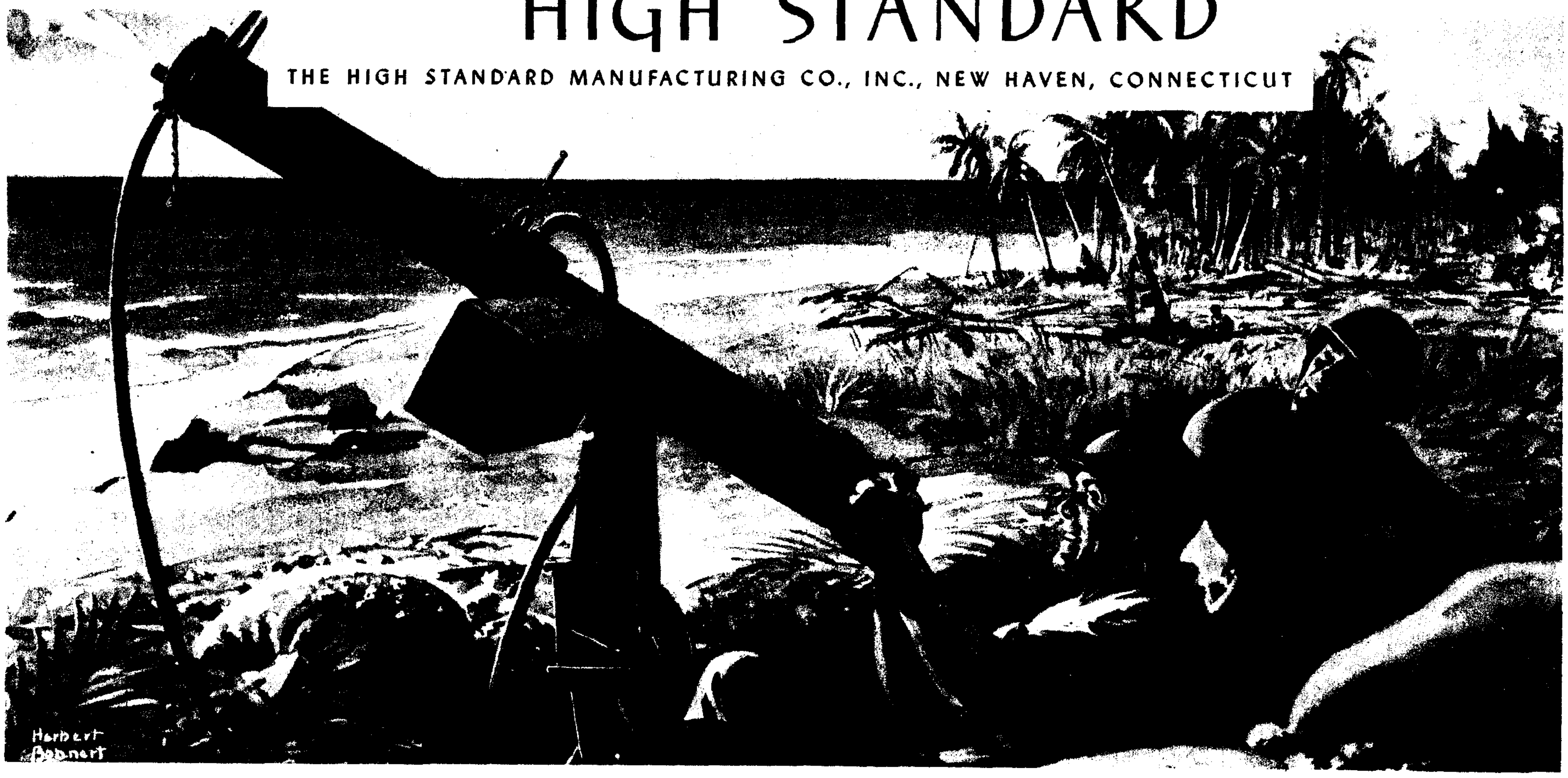
# HIGH STANDARD

THE HIGH STANDARD MANUFACTURING CO., INC., NEW HAVEN, CONNECTICUT



pretty much all over—Georgia, Maryland, Michigan, Pennsylvania, Missouri, both Carolinas. The echelon was seven minutes on its way back from the target when the Messerschmitts struck.

The Japs used to hit B-17s on the tail until we put guns there. Then they didn't hit much of anywhere. Germans today often strike by the nose, doing a belly roll as they fire, in order to drop beneath the oncoming Fortress. The pilot who tackled the All-American never finished his roll. He may have been dead, because Bombardier Second Lieutenant Harry C. Neussle let him have it with the nose gun and Sergeant Mike Zuk with his waist gun. At any rate he was half upside down as his plane glanced blindly off the port side of the big ship and fell in pieces. Right away Tail-Gunner Sam Sarpolus was practically alone in the world.

The technical report sheet later spoke as follows: The Fortress' left horizontal stabilizer and left elevator were completely torn away; the vertical fin and rudder damaged; fuselage cut approximately through two thirds of its thickness; various control cables severed; the electrical and oxygen systems damaged.

What it amounts to is that there was a piece of Messerschmitt wing in front of Sam Sarpolus and, by all apparent evidence, nothing else.

### Out on a Limb

As far as Sarpolus could tell, he was flying through African skies alone in the tail end of what had been, if his memory did not deceive him, a B-17. It was like riding a kite, and Samuel did not like it. At least, that was his conclusion later on. For the time being, he had no likes or dislikes whatever—he just swayed and neglected to think or feel.

The crew in the front end at first considered themselves without a tail and without Sarpolus.

Sergeant James remembers that someone said, "The tail's gone," and he remembers reflecting that this absence must involve his friend Sam Sarpolus from St. Clair, Michigan, as well.

Pretty soon someone else was yelling, "It ain't gone, but you could drive a jeep through that hole." Whoever it was, he kept repeating "You could drive a jeep through that hole," all the rest of the way home. Everybody remembers that, but nobody knows the identity of the speaker.

When Bragg went back from the cockpit to investigate, he saw the rest of his ship was still with him by virtue of the margin of the catwalk and a narrow strip of the right side of the fuselage. He also saw crawling toward him along the catwalk Sergeant Sam Sarpolus, smiling very sheepishly and bearing four gun brushes, a parachute and Bragg's jacket.

"You forgot this, Skipper," said Sam, indicating the jacket with his chin. Sergeant Sarpolus admits that he left four gas masks behind on his death-defying crawl. "I looked at them a minute and thought the hell with them," he says.

Bragg and Sarpolus stood together, staring sternward, and saw the rear of the ship sway a foot to the left and a foot to the right. Bragg brooded briefly. It would, as his citation said later, have been easy to give the order to abandon ship. But it was three hundred thousand bucks' worth of ship, and they were over enemy territory. Bragg played a hunch. Subconsciously he was betting on his own skill. At least one elevator cable seemed to be working. So he brought the miracle off.

It was a strange trip home. There was an outsider in the crew that day—Sergeant Elton Conda. Before the mission started, when Bragg asked him if he wanted to fill in, Conda had asked brashly, "Can you fly?" Two minutes after the pilot brought the All-American down on her two front wheels on her home field, having first set off a red flare to insure having an ambulance ready in case of a crack-up, Conda walked up to Bragg. He clutched the lieutenant's right hand, pumped it for fifteen seconds and then lurched away.

Bragg turned to the ambulance surgeon who had rushed up with what seemed to be half of the camp's personnel. "No business, Doc," he said.

Inside the plane now were three inquisitive guys from another crew inspecting the scene of the crime.

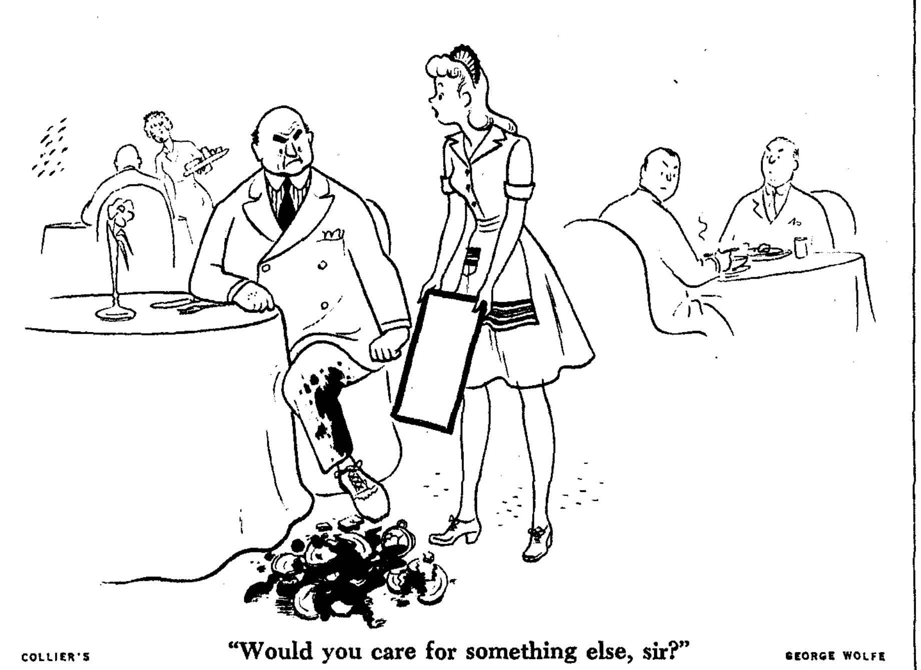
"Say," called one of them to Lonesome Sam Sarpolus, "why didn't she break in two?"

Lonesome Sam, feeling slightly guilty in behalf of himself and the ship for coming home whole, was about to extend his apologies when the ship saved him the trouble. She did break in two, there on the ground, beneath the weight of the sight-seers' feet.

When Sam goes home to his family's dairy farm in St. Clair, which is now being worked by his younger brother—aged nineteen—he will take along a piece of the Messerschmitt wing as a souvenir. Long before then—in fact any day now—he and Bragg and the crew will be flying the All-American again, for the stern half of another damaged Fortress has been grafted onto the All-American's front, and the mongrel plane is ready to go.

Being a tolerant gang, the boys are able to put up with the humor of Captain Bill Foster, the squadron's operations officer, who is trying to have the bomber's old serial number, 124207, replaced by 124206½.

THE END



COLLIER'S "Would you care for something else, sir?" GEORGE WOLFE

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## Wing Talk

Continued from page 8

days to a forsaken hole miles from the nearest civilization, where he has to live by his wits and courage.

One southern base, more than a hundred miles from the nearest hospital, has among its active workers a well-known doctor, who serves one month each year instead of taking a vacation. Out over the ocean one day, he was notified by radio that another man at the base was sick. The doc tore back to find a young mechanic with a burst appendix. A workshop bench was made into an operating table, and with the few unspecialized surgical tools at hand, the doctor went to work. The young man is doing nicely today at the same old stand, and the doctor is still placidly flying the submarine patrol on his time off.

NOTHING in the CAP is routine, but roughly the organization has three routine functions: First is the antisubmarine patrol; second is the courier service; and third is a miscellaneous collection of screwy missions ranging all the way from locating isolated junk piles to killing coyotes in the West and hunting lost sheep.

When the CAP first got the idea that its little put-puts could be death on subs, all even faintly orthodox military minds were properly skeptical. Finally Major Johnson, who throws off enthusiasm for the project in all directions, wangled $18,000 for a thirty-day trial at a base near one of the worst ship graveyards on the East Coast. The usual complement of a base commander and 76 men took over, with their customary collection of odds and ends for equipment, and went to sea in the aerial equivalent of pea-green boats.

Within ten days, General Follett Bradley of the Army Air Forces came up to inspect the base. Ten days is scarcely time to set a new apartment in order, but Bradley found the little airplanes buzzing over the ocean with such effectiveness that sinkings had dropped off some 85 per cent. Yet the planes carried no bombs, and could only radio the Army or Navy for help when they found a sub. Another base was set up, and another and another, and at each one, the sinkings went 'way down.

Then one day a terrible thing happened. Two CAP planes found a sub, and while they were radioing frantically for help, they badgered the craft until it got all mixed up and rammed into an underwater mudbank, where it stuck. For almost an hour, the planes circled the helpless sub, but they hadn't even a rock to drop on it. No help came, because the only military airplanes in the neighborhood were off on another important mission, and finally the sub squirmed loose and disappeared.

When General "Hap" Arnold, chief of the Army Air Forces, heard of the incident, he blew up. The patrol planes would carry bombs, he said, if they had to throw them out of the windows.

Only planes of at least 290 horsepower were allowed on the patrol, but no private plane had ever carried bombs, and such small aircraft had never been so armed. A simple little bomb rack was worked out, and several CAP members devised a bomb sight consisting mostly of mirrors and hairpins and costing $1.50. What this combination has done in battering enemy subs is a secret, but the subs definitely came off second best.

IT IS exquisitely dangerous business. The CAP has flown more than 14 million miles—top average is 87,000 miles a month—and only twelve men have been killed, but nine of these were over water. Dozens of times, casualties have been avoided by quick thinking and courage.

Jimmy Knox of Buffalo, piloting a Stinson Reliant as part of a coastwise convoy, ran out of gas. Doing everything at once, he glided down to a perfect three-point landing on top of a wave. The plane settled into a trough, hit the next wave and sank—bingo! But before it went down, Knox dislocated his hip shoving the door open against the tremendous water pressure, and still managed to drag out his observer, Leland D. Binder of Connersville, Indiana, who had swallowed a mess of salt water and had been badly shocked in the landing. Binder had lost his life belt, and Knox's belt had a leak. With half a life belt and one workable hip, he held Binder up in the water for the better part of an hour while the Coast Guard maneuvered close enough to pick them up.

ALMOST as sensational is the courier service. The service has developed into a network of miniature airlines that now use more than 400 planes, have printed schedules just like regular airlines, and carry quantities of registered mail, military officers and important cargo between points not otherwise served by air. All the planes are under 90 horsepower, which is just about the least you can have and still get into the air.

Sensible airmen were dubious of the service, just as they were dubious of the submarine patrol. The first real test was a thirty-day trial at Middletown, Pennsylvania. In the first ten days, five planes carried one million pound-miles of cargo, sometimes in weather that had the big ships stalled.

When the Middletown trial was over, figures showed it cost one tenth of a cent to haul a pound of freight one mile; ten cents to haul a pound one hundred miles.

WOVEN in and around the courier service are a lot of odd jobs. The CAP has found thousands of pounds of old locomotives, church bells and mining equipment in junk heaps, miles from the nearest normal land approaches. It has run down breaks in power lines and pipe lines hours quicker than such work could have been done on the ground.

Pilots have performed miracles in floods—flying in medical supplies, rescuing children from drifting rooftops, inspecting bridges and reservoirs to make sure they were holding together, and in a dozen other ways. Residents of one rampaging-river valley got their first warning from a CAP plane flying low, with "Flood" whitewashed on its sides.

The barren emptiness of Nevada was searched inside out for possible hidden enemy bases, and 28 private planes were found illegally stored away in Indiana. Ice conditions have been watched carefully in northern rivers, wrecked military and commercial planes have been spotted, and rescue crews guided to the crashes.

Dangerous forest fires have been observed quickly and expertly, and stopped. Camouflage, blackouts and smokeouts have been checked from CAP planes, anti-aircraft targets have been towed for hours on end, law officers have been hauled around on emergency trips. One Oklahoma sheriff and his prisoner were flown to a distant jail, and the sheriff was so pleased he joined the CAP.

What holds the CAP together is one of the mysteries of the war. It has little more than morale to keep its wheels turning, and morale rarely stands alone. But there it is. Probably its woes and worries have done more than anything else to make it one of the great achievements in aviation. Its troubles have brought out in the CAP members the same genius for pioneering that got this country going in the first place. . . . ROBERT McCORMICK

# FALSE TEETH WEARERS RISK DOUBLE DANGER BY BRUSHING

## WITH MAKESHIFT CLEANERS

**DENTURE BREATH**—You may not know you have it, but others *do!* Stains and film that collect on plates and bridges hold unpleasant odors. But—don't try *brushing* them away with toothpastes, toothpowders, soap or other makeshift cleaners. This often scratches plates, causing odorous film and stain to *collect faster and cling tighter.*

**LOOSENING OF PLATES** Do you wonder why your denture which seemed to fit at first, no longer fits so well? The reason often is that brushing with makeshift cleaners wears away the delicate fitting ridges. This is easily done because dental plate material is at least *60 times softer than natural teeth*—as proved by recent laboratory tests.

DO THIS EVERY DAY!
Place denture in Polident solution for 15 minutes or longer if convenient. Rinse—and it's ready to use.

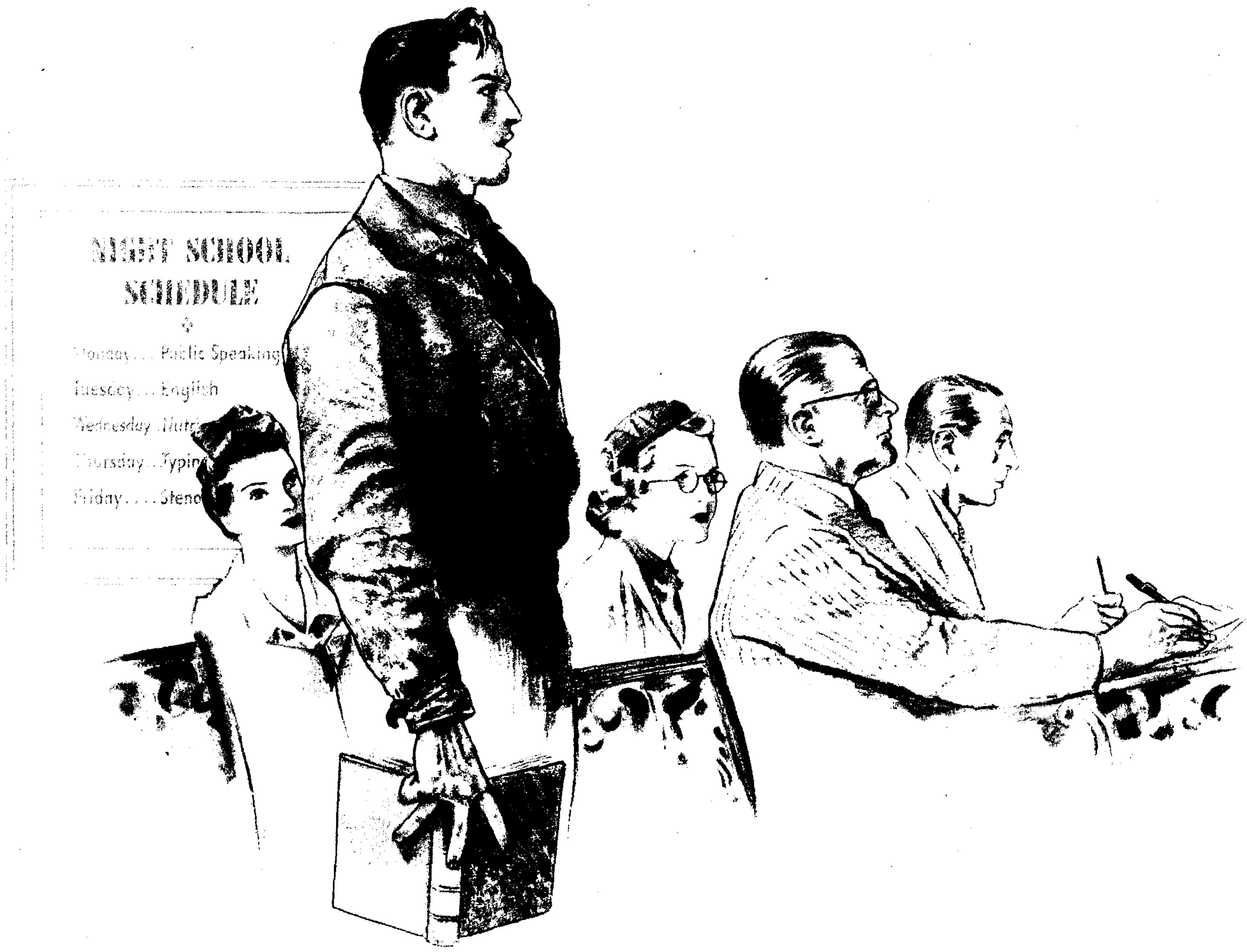
**PLAY SAFE** Soak plates or bridges clean in Polident daily—the method approved by many leading dentists and the leading makers of denture materials. No brushing, no danger, yet the daily Polident bath leaves your dentures sparkling clean and odor free. Even the tiny, hard-to-reach crevices and corners are thoroughly cleaned.

**WHAT A DIFFERENCE** No fear of "Denture Breath." No wearing down and loosening the plate. Polident, used daily, maintains the original, natural appearance of dentures for less than a penny a day. *Today*—get Polident at any drug, department or variety store. 3 oz. size—30¢; 7 oz.—60¢. Your money back if not delighted.

**POLIDENT** *The Safe Modern Way to Clean Plates and Bridges*

BUY WAR BONDS

# *How American it is*... to want something better!


NIGHT SCHOOL
SCHEDULE
Monday . . . Public Speaking
Tuesday . . . English
Wednesday . . . Nurs
Thursday . . . Typin
Friday . . . . Steno

BALLANTINE'S
XXX
ALE

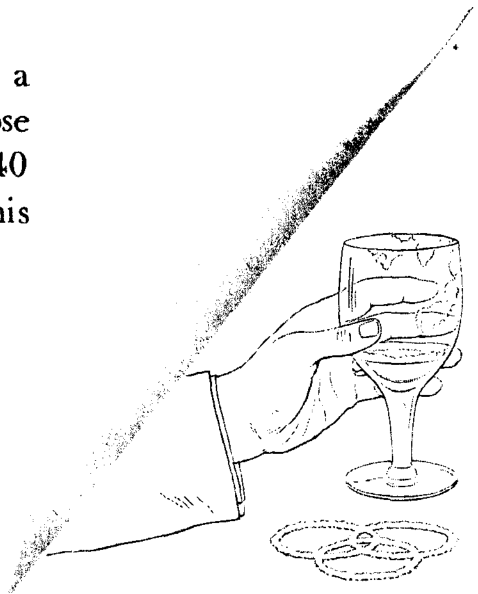
IT SEEMS that we in America are "never too old to learn" and so by the thousands we turn to classes and night schools to learn a better trade or more about the world we live in or how to live life better.

This search for "something better" runs through all our lives. We hunt for better clothes, better books and better pocketknives.

One of the "better things" America discovered long ago is a moderate beverage, an Ale in fact, with a trade mark whose 3 Rings stand for "Purity," "Body," "Flavor." Since 1840 this Ale has been *acclaimed* by many. *So* many, that in this land of something better it has become—

## *America's largest selling Ale*

*To speed the day when we can have more* **"better things"** *buy war bonds and stamps*



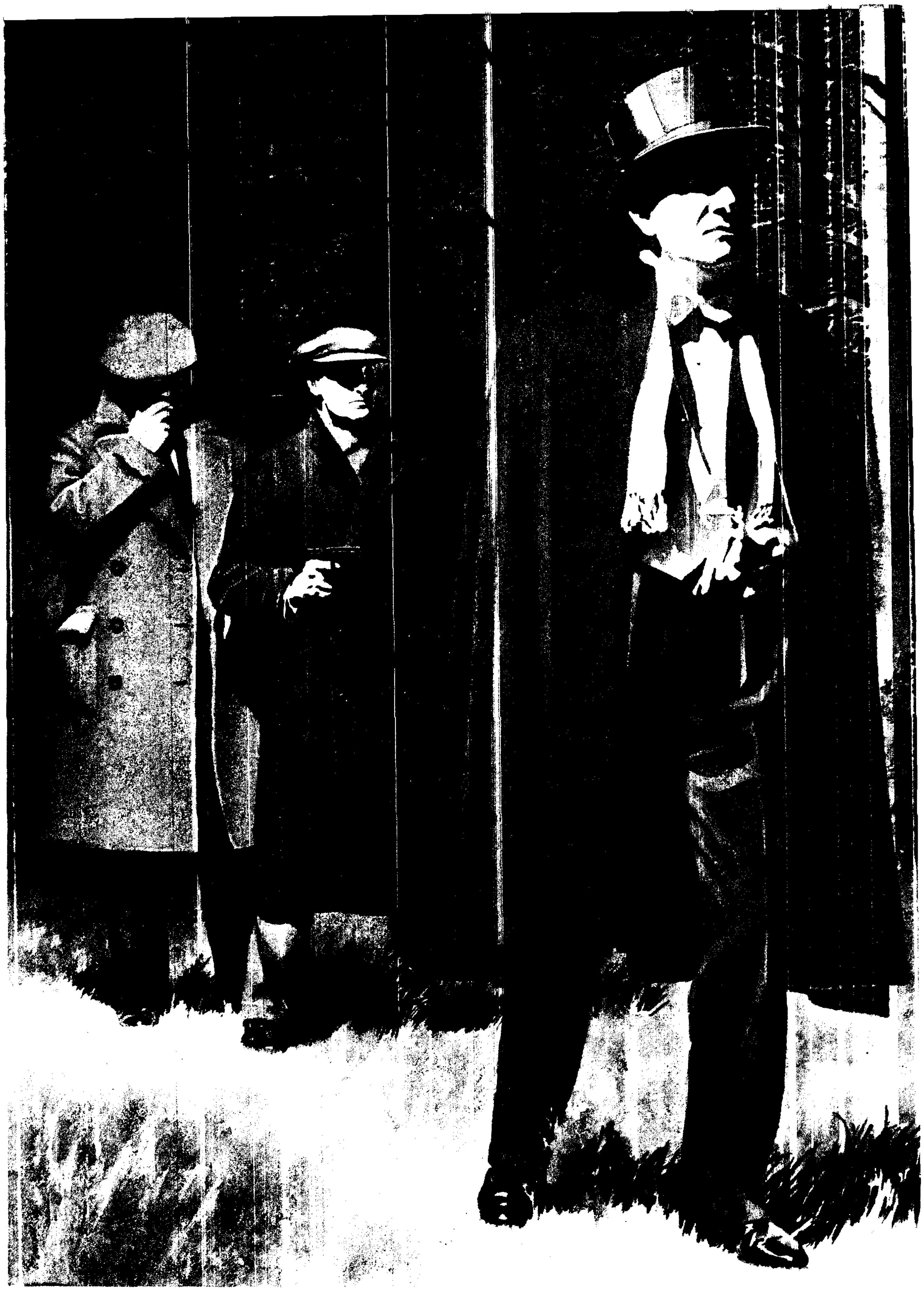
1840—Peter Ballantine found his trade mark in three dewy rings left by his glass as he tested three qualities—Purity, Body, Flavor.

**P. Ballantine & Sons, Newark, N. J.**

# Double, Double, Toil and Trouble

## By Lion Feuchtwanger

ILLUSTRATED BY RONALD McLEOD



**There was no music in him as he set out on his last walk. He began to tramp through the underbrush, in evening dress, waiting for the shots to ring out**

*The Story Thus Far:*

RELEASED from prison in Germany, Hannsjörg Lautensack has a brilliant idea. The idea is this: Hannsjörg is a Nazi. His brother, Oscar—a mind reader and clairvoyant who is starving in Munich—is not. If Oscar will join the Party and go to Berlin, the two of them (thoroughgoing scoundrels, both) can "clean up."

He propounds the idea to Oscar, and within a short time, the brothers are living in Berlin, where many prominent Nazis (who witness some of Oscar's "miraculous" feats of mind reading and foretelling the future) lavish money and honors on the impostor from Munich.

For a time, all is well. Oscar has a gorgeous apartment; he has numerous powerful friends; he has a beautiful mistress, Käthe Severin; truly the world is his. Unfortunately, he makes some enemies—Manfred Proell, the Nazi chief of staff; the Kadereits—Ilse Kadereit and her husband, the wealthy Doctor Fritz Kadereit; Count Zinsdorff, a dissolute spendthrift; and others. Gradually they combine against the charlatan.

Käthe has a half-brother, Doctor Paul Cramer. He has Jewish blood, and he loathes the Nazis and mistrusts Hitler. He attacks the Party in print; and he even goes so far as to publish an essay in which he criticizes Hitler's way of speaking German! One of his articles is devoted to exposing Oscar. Oscar does not want to sue for defamation of character; but some of his enemies force him to do so. To his amazement, he wins the verdict, and Cramer is sentenced to prison!

A short time later, Käthe (who, infatuated with Oscar, does not really love him) learns that she is to have a child. The news delights Oscar; and when Käthe asks him to secure Cramer's release, he promises to do so.

That promise he keeps. Chief of Staff Proell and Count Zinsdorff refuse to help him. But Hitler—who believes that Oscar possesses supernatural powers—orders the release of Cramer!

Astounded when he learns what his chief has done, Proell shows Hitler the essay in which Cramer had found fault with his German. A few days later, Cramer is murdered. The body is cremated; his ashes are sent to Käthe. Believing that Oscar had double-crossed her, lied to her, Käthe leaves Germany. Then—at last—Oscar realizes the true character of the Nazi leaders. In Hannsjörg's presence, he attacks them savagely.

Hannsjörg listens. He hears Oscar saying that no one—not even he, Oscar, or Hannsjörg—is safe in Germany. And he is afraid—he knows that what Oscar sees and says often comes true!

### Conclusion

IN THE days that followed, Oscar sat around, empty, drained of energy; all his pleasure in life destroyed. Käthe, he knew, was not coming back. For a moment he thought of traveling to Prague and trying to persuade her to return. But he knew that it was hopeless. He saw clearly how the past events were related. Käthe's promise to marry him and live with him had been nothing but the price of her brother's rescue.

He was hit almost as hard by the realization that he had been mistaken about Hitler also. Oscar was no moralist and he did not hold it against Hitler that he had not kept his word. But he had thought that there was a deep affinity between himself and Hitler, a friendship of the blood, from depths of being primordial, and it now appeared that Hitler had only been pretending.

In the midst of his deep depression he received a letter from the chancellor. Hitler congratulated him on his honorary degree and informed him that he had given orders to speed up the founding of the Academy of Occult Sciences. He added, in a handwritten note, that he was looking forward to seeing Oscar again.

Oscar's face lighted up. The clouds had blown away. He had known from the beginning that the Fuehrer was still his friend. It was the others who had cheated him of Käthe and of his child, in defiance of the Fuehrer's word. It was the old enemy, always the same enemy, the upper crust, the people with the false pearl—Ilse Kadereit, Proell, Zinsdorff.

The Fuehrer's words about the good German trait of joyous revengefulness awoke in Oscar's heart. There arose in him a tremendous hatred of the bigwigs, who all his life had humbled him as well as Hitler. They must be hanged, they would be hanged, one on each tree in the zoo.

This time the Fuehrer did not keep him waiting. He invited him to the chancellory the very next day.

With cordial frankness he spoke about that episode which might have cast a shadow on the relations between him and his seer, about the death of Paul Cramer.

"Perhaps you have already heard, dear Lautensack," the Fuehrer said, "that fate has forbidden me to fulfill your wish. The man whose release I granted you himself spoiled our plan by his cowardice. With a typical lack of breeding, he committed suicide before he could be released."

It moved Oscar that the Fuehrer should justify himself. He, Oscar, bore the guilt, he protested. He ought to have informed himself better beforehand. He ought not to have demanded this man's release from the Fuehrer. And of course he had not, even in his secret thoughts, blamed the Fuehrer.

"I'm glad to hear that," replied Hitler. "You are one of the few who show understanding for the fact that my mission sometimes involves a necessary injury to a friend's feelings. Philistines who make a lot of fuss about keeping their promises with outward strictness," he declared, "may talk nonsense about my breaking my word. You, my dear Lautensack, understand me."

Oscar felt a rush of devotion to his Fuehrer, the mightiest man on earth, who did not hesitate to reveal his most profound secrets to him, his friend.

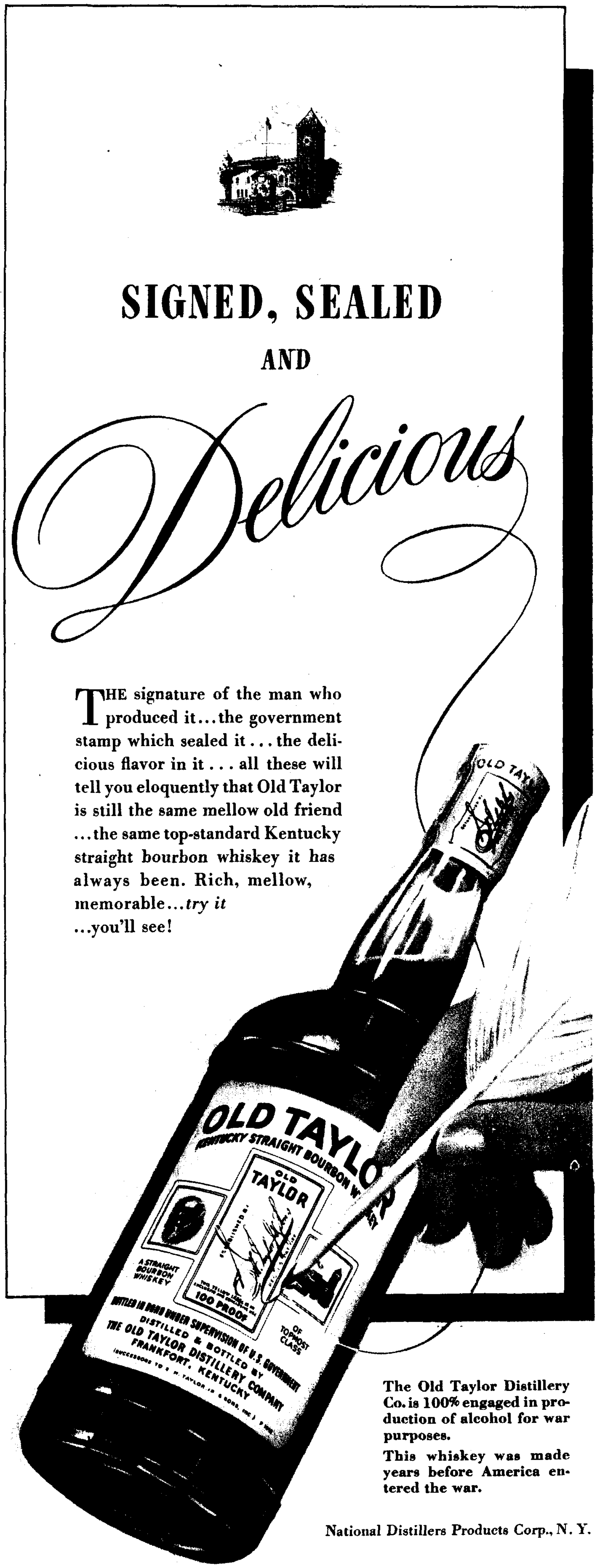
"My Fuehrer," he declared enthusiastically, "you need fear nothing, no false step, either inward or outward, as long as you follow your inner voice. It speaks with indubitable certainty; it is infallible."

And while Hitler looked at him thoughtfully, searchingly, he went on fanatically: "My Fuehrer, if you said to me today: 'Comrade Lautensack, you have committed a crime which can be expiated only by death,' I would take this judgment upon myself without inner protest, even if I did not know why I must die." And Oscar, in that moment, believed it.

Hitler, touched by such devotion, gripped Oscar by the shoulder and dragged him up and down the room in melancholy meditation.

"Power and friendship," he said, "are contradictory poles, which sometimes give off death-dealing sparks. If all were as wise as you, my dear Lautensack, a ruler would have an easy time of it. But there are friends who in their blasphemous blindness, despite their loyalty, contradict my inner voice, and what course have I left then but to force them to silence?"

Although the Fuehrer's words sounded simple they were nonetheless dangerous. *(Continued on page 84)*



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THE signature of the man who produced it...the government stamp which sealed it . . . the delicious flavor in it . . . all these will tell you eloquently that Old Taylor is still the same mellow old friend ...the same top-standard Kentucky straight bourbon whiskey it has always been. Rich, mellow, memorable...*try it* ...you'll see!

**The Old Taylor Distillery Co. is 100% engaged in production of alcohol for war purposes.**

**This whiskey was made years before America entered the war.**

National Distillers Products Corp., N. Y.

# The Girl Left Behind

**Continued from page 63**

"I love my girl," he told her softly.

"No matter what blackouts come or how horrible they are," she said, "I shall always remember this one. It will keep me from ever being afraid. I'll always think—there are people in love in the middle of it."

They were silent with happiness. But soon Kip was restless again.

"Darling—Pam—it's a gyp for you, the way this is working out."

"I'll be all right. I can wait."

"You don't think—have you thought at all that since it's like this, and we're in a war and everything's pretty chancy, we ought to take what we can get? When we can get it?"

"Yes, I've thought of it. I've been thinking of it all evening."

"Why isn't it all right? Why do we cheat ourselves of anything when there's so little time, Pam?"

SHE drew a little away, her hand pressed down on his eager ones. "That's what I'm trying to figure out, Kip, what would be cheating ourselves. I'm not a child and I'm not a prig. Any number of people come up against this same thing every day now and you can't decide what all of them should do. At least I can't. I can hardly decide for myself and you. I love you and I want you terribly and then I think of how it was going to be and how it ought to be—"

He started to say something but she stopped him. "Let me go on for a minute, Kip. I can talk now, tell you some of the things I wanted to tell you when we met this afternoon. The place where we might be married, the people around us, the things we wore and ate afterward or where we went for the night don't matter at all to me. Not a bit. I don't need decoration and I don't want glamor. But I want to be truly my husband's wife. From the start."

She knew how moved he was from the gentleness and the tenderness that she could hear in his voice and feel in his arms.

"You're a wonderful girl," he said simply. "Look, maybe we still could find someone to marry us tonight. There wouldn't be much time. But we'd be married. If you feel like that."

"Do you want to?"

"I can't bear to leave you like this. I won't."

"Would it make you happy, Kip?"

"Oh darling, what do you think? Listen, I know where we could go. I know where there's one of those marriage rackets, just over the state line. I went there once with a fellow I knew from college, whose girl was putting something over on him."

He didn't notice her reaction to that, the sudden tenseness of her hand. Or if he did, he thought only that she shared his mounting excitement.

"There's the siren. The all-clear. That was a short blackout."

"Half an hour," she answered, looking at her wrist.

"It seemed about a minute. Well, the night's still not so very old."

The lights began to go on here and there in the buildings, as if the lids were being taken off little bright boxes. The paths in the park grew dimly yellow at their intersections. Kip became alert, conscious of his rank, and Pam ran her comb up through her hair. The orchid was no good now, crushed and wilted, and she took it out of her hair and put it in her purse.

There had been someone on the opposite bench, a sodden-looking woman wearing a worn fox jacket and tired red shoes. She looked at Kip with admiration and then at Pam, with a wise glance. She doesn't see such a lot of difference between herself and me, thought Pam. And maybe there might not be.

"We'll get a taxi," repeated Kip. There was a little frown between his eyes, drawing the dark brows almost together, as if he were trying to figure out something else, as if he hadn't quite said it all.

"There's just one thing, Pam. I think we ought to keep this to ourselves."

"You mean if we get married?"

"Yes. You see," he hesitated and then came out with it, "the major is pretty down on married men."

"Why?"

"Oh, he's just got a notion. He probably had some hard luck of his own once. Though I can see his point in a way. He figures that if an airman is going into combat duty, he shouldn't have anything else on his mind, nothing that makes him feel he can't give his job the works."

He couldn't hear his own voice. But Pam heard the conviction in it, as if he were speaking for himself, not Major Jackson.

"That's why," Kip went on, "if you don't mind, I think it would be smart not to give the show away about our getting married. At least for a while. If by any chance the major heard, he'd think I let him down. And he's done a lot for me. Taxi!"

"No, let's walk."

"To the state line?"

"I've changed my mind," said Pam. "I've come down to earth. It would be crazy. There's not time enough."

"We'd have six or seven hours."

"Have sense, Kip. You've got a big job ahead. And you know the major may be right."

She thought, some day Kip might think I put it over on him. He must insist. He must be perfectly sure.

He wasn't sure. "It's not one of those things you can figure out," said Kip.

"I can figure it," answered Pam. "We won't do it."

"But I can't leave you like this. I'll be miserable—so will you—"

"Tomorrow you're going to cross the Atlantic. To get into action! You'll be so excited you couldn't possibly be miserable! And I'll settle down to my job. When you come back to be decorated we'll get married."

"That's putting it off all right!"

"Not so long. And maybe I won't be able to stand it and will come after you no matter where you are. I'll learn to fly or to be a nurse or something. But no marriage for us tonight in some spider's web of a matrimonial parlor. That's out."

"You're not going to leave me—"

"Don't you think you should get some sleep?"

"No—I can sleep on the plane. I don't want to miss a minute with you."

"THEN let's go find an orchestra or a juke box and dance. And then another orchestra or another juke box and dance some more. And buy me a sandwich because I think I'm going to need food. I couldn't eat my dinner. I'm happy now. I was horrid to your friend Bill Marrow after all his hospitality. And the great Mr. Hayes probably thinks that I'm crazy. But I'll show him. Do you think we ought to see if they're still there at the Venetian Club?"

"Not now. I know where we can probably find Marrow later if you really want to look," said Kip. "Pam, you really feel right about all this? This is the way you want it, no kidding?"

The disturbance was going out of his tone and his face. If he had a little more reassurance he could go ahead and enjoy himself now. Pamela knew.

"Absolutely sure. Let's not spoil the little time we have left with any more argument. About anything."

They would not have found the party they had left still at the Venetian Club. Even without the blackout, the sudden departure of Kip and Pam would probably have broken it up. But the sound of the siren had destroyed any mood of casual enjoyment in Jerome Hayes. He had to stay where he was for half an hour and it made him impatient. He began to wonder what right he had to be there at all. It was almost midnight and tomorrow was a working day.

He approved of the way Pam had walked out. That girl had sense and spirit, he thought, and she wasn't going to let anyone play games with her man. Hayes wondered how he too could make a breakaway as soon as the all-clear sounded. He didn't have much to say to these young officers that hadn't been said. And Alec Fraser, who had begun by being his dinner guest so that they could talk business, was now devoting his attention to the glamor girl, Jinx, as if her recent performance had amused him.

THE blackout made them all impatient to go somewhere else, because they were held here.

"Where are we going from here?" asked Jinx.

"You probably know," answered Alec.

"I want to go and see Eve Kennedy's show. I think she's fascinating."

"Where is it?"

"I thought she'd gone back to England," said Marrow.

"No, she's still here. At the Waldorf."

If they go to the Waldorf, thought Jerome Hayes, I'll duck out and go up to bed. He was staying there.

"Is she a dancer?" he asked.

"She sings," said Jinx. "She's English and they say she comes of an awfully good family, knows royalty and all that."

"Why isn't she in her own country?"

"Isn't she raising money for some cause or other?"

"Her husband was in the army," said Jinx. "He was killed at the start of the war. Before that she was in some terribly smart revue in London. Not because she had to, I guess. They do things like that, the smart crowd over there. She's wonderful."

"You haven't proved it yet, Jinx," said Alec.

"But you must come and hear her, Alec!"

"Why don't we go over to the Waldorf, all of us," suggested Hayes and Alec gave his host a sharp and amused look as if to say he understood and would help him escape.

It worked out easily. When they went into the supper room at the Waldorf, Mr. Hayes excused himself to see if a telegram had arrived for him that he was expecting. Whatever the rest thought, Alec knew that Hayes would not return.

"I want to thank you very much for the dinner, Mr. Hayes," he said, stepping aside with him for a moment.

"You bear in mind what I said about a substitute metal, Fraser."

"I'm going to. I'll certainly have a shot at trying it."

"And keep me informed. I'll take your material to Washington in the meantime and when I get back we'll have another good talk and see what we can work out with it."

"Thank you. Your interest means a lot, sir."

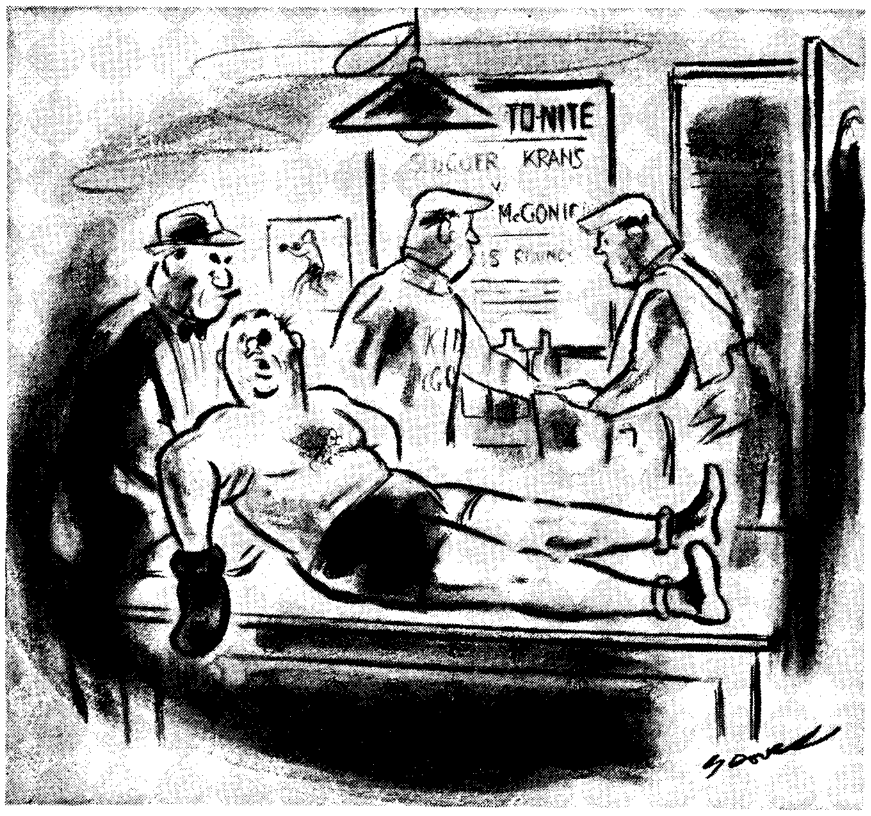
"That's my job, too. Good night. If you see Miss Neill and the bombardier again, give them my best."

Alec said good night again and sat down with the diminished party. Jinx was glowing because she had all the men to herself, because she saw people she knew and who knew her and because she was in a new place.

"We're just in time," said Jinx. "She's just coming."

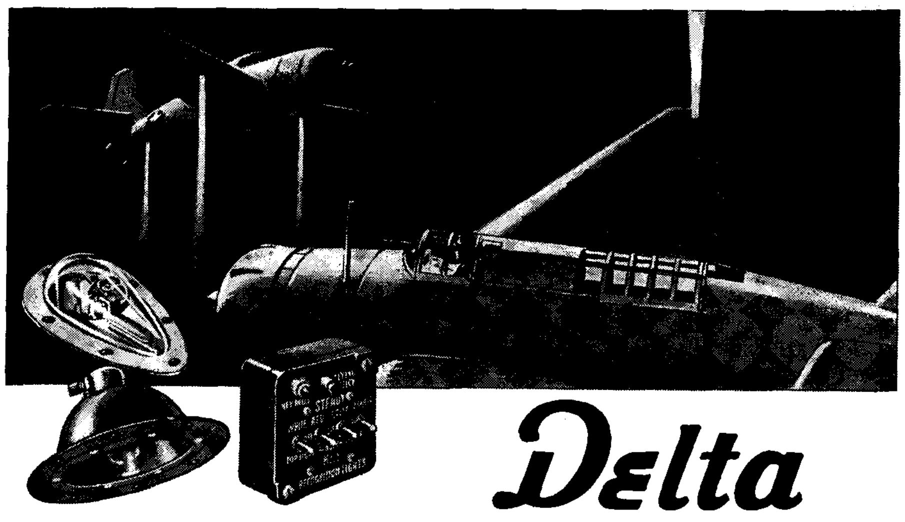
The circle of light on the dance floor grew focused and intense and into it stepped a thin, pallid girl. That was Alec's first impression of Eve Kennedy. She was surprising because most entertainers tried to enter with a whirlwind display of charm. This girl acted as if she didn't care what anyone thought of her. Her face was insolent rather than provocative. The provocation was in her low, mocking voice, that was not warm and yet was amused and interested, never tender but once in a while passionate.

She sang character songs without acting the parts, in French and in English, and the people she impersonated were real, as



"Am I tired! I ain't used to going into the second round"

COLLIER'S LEONARD DOVE



Sailors, airmen afloat at sea are spotted at night by the piercing white ray of a waterproof Delta electric Float Light. Automatically lights as it hits the water. Floats beside raft or buoy. Gives 22 hours light.

*Lifesaving Lights*

**ON THE WAVES AND IN THE AIR**

Navy men have many uses for this waterproofed Delta Flashlight. Has unique Delta watertight press button for the flashing of code signals.

The Delta Life Preserver Light is clipped and pinned to life jacket or suit. It shines a bright red light for 12 hours.

SOMEWHERE tonight on the dark seas brave lads may find themselves afloat following a hurried forced landing or an order to "abandon ship." It's a desperate, nerve-testing experience. Yet, some of its hazards now are lessened through the careful planning and ingenious lifesaving devices of the Navy and Air Corps.

Delta has had an important part in the development of such devices where lighting is vital; lights that spot a raft or rubber boat, or an overboard sailor; lights that identify our planes and avoid confusion with enemy craft.

In collaboration with government engineers, Delta has provided the experience and skill to produce unusual lighting mechanisms of many types—some of which are utterly new. Today Delta is making running, fighting, steering, battle and blinker lights for the Navy—special lanterns and Powerlites for the Army, Signal Corps and other branches of the service.

This is our wartime job—it's a full time job. When Victory is won many of these devices undoubtedly will complement an improved Delta line of lanterns and bicycle lights.

**DELTA ELECTRIC CO., MARION, INDIANA**

Delta Recognition Lights and panel Control Switch. For war plane identification in the air or to airport or ground crews. Mounted on wing topside and underside, these lights flash in code.

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*Originators and Builders of the famous*
*Powerlite and other electric lanterns;*
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NATION-WIDE RAIL-AIR SERVICE

A MINUTE'S CARE IN ADDRESSING MAY SAVE DAYS IN DELIVERY.

if they stood there instead of a pale girl in a long black dress.

"She's got such personality!" exclaimed Jinx.

"That's a limp word for it."

"Don't you like her, Alec?"

"You don't like a girl like that."

"Why not?"

"To be on the safe side," he answered.

He thought, there's a girl who's written off a lot of things. It wouldn't be easy to hurt that one. Too bad Pam hasn't more of that indifference and cruelty in her make-up. Any girl who is going to live with Kip ought to have a thick skin, to be able to give as good as she'd get. But that is Pam's lookout.

"Some people say that Eve Kennedy reminds them of me," said Jinx. "Do you see the resemblance, Alec? Do you think we're alike?"

"About as much as the primer and the dictionary," answered Alec.

"You mean I'm the primer?"

"That's a very fine compliment," said Alec. "Primers are necessary. Everyone begins with a primer. They've got pretty pictures and big print. I personally prefer primers to dictionaries."

"That's something," Jinx laughed. "We can go on from there. You're fun, Alec. Are you going to be drafted?"

"No, I'm going to stay home with you."

"Pam says you're more valuable in your job than you would be in the Army."

"If I were sure of that, everything would be fine."

"You really are fun, Alec."

"You like fun, don't you?"

She laughed, her childlike face very deliberately close to Alec's. The lieutenants bored her. And they came and went and had girls in their home towns. A girl who played around with officers, a girl of twenty-five, could get stuck.

Eve Kennedy had been taking a two-minute pause. Now she was back singing a merry, ironical song about the girl who was loved by a soldier and a sailor. It wasn't quite off-color and it captured the audience completely. They applauded violently and brought her back, not flattered at all but as negligent as before.

"It's my last night here so I'll sing you my other one. No use keeping anything back these days," she said with a fragment of laugh.

"I wonder where she's going to appear after this. She's had no end of offers, they say," Jinx told them.

This song was about a sailor's last will and testament. And no matter how they clapped and clamored, Eve Kennedy would not appear again. There was nothing much to stay for after that. Alec told himself that he should go home to bed, but the room in the apartment house which he had chosen because it was close to his work didn't attract him very much tonight. He could imagine himself lying awake there, wondering whether, in spite of all the pressure on him to stay where he was, it wasn't a man's job to try to go where the shooting was going on. He might get other things into his head and not be able to get them out. Besides, the night was spoiled now. The two officers were on leave and could sleep tomorrow and he himself could get along without a night's sleep now and then. He often did, when work piled up.

He didn't worry about keeping Jinx up. She was a night-blooming girl. She was used to it. So they went on, only four of them now, to look for fun where it was advertised, in one place after another.

"Where do you suppose Pam and Kip are?" wondered Jinx at half past four. "Maybe they went off and got married somewhere."

"She wouldn't have to put up with him long anyhow," Marrow laughed. "The girls get the breaks these days." He was feeling tired and showing it when they stopped in at his favorite place for breakfast. "Hey, boys and girls, there they are!"

There Kip and Pam were, sitting at the counter, quite publicly.

"Leave them alone," said Alec abruptly.

"No, we have to find out what's happened!"

JINX and Lieutenant Marrow crowded up behind Pam and Kip.

"Give an account of yourselves. Where have you been since you walked out on us?" demanded Marrow.

"We want the low-down," said Jinx. "We thought you might be married by this time. Let's see if the girl is wearing any new rings."

"Just the same old costume stuff, Jinx."

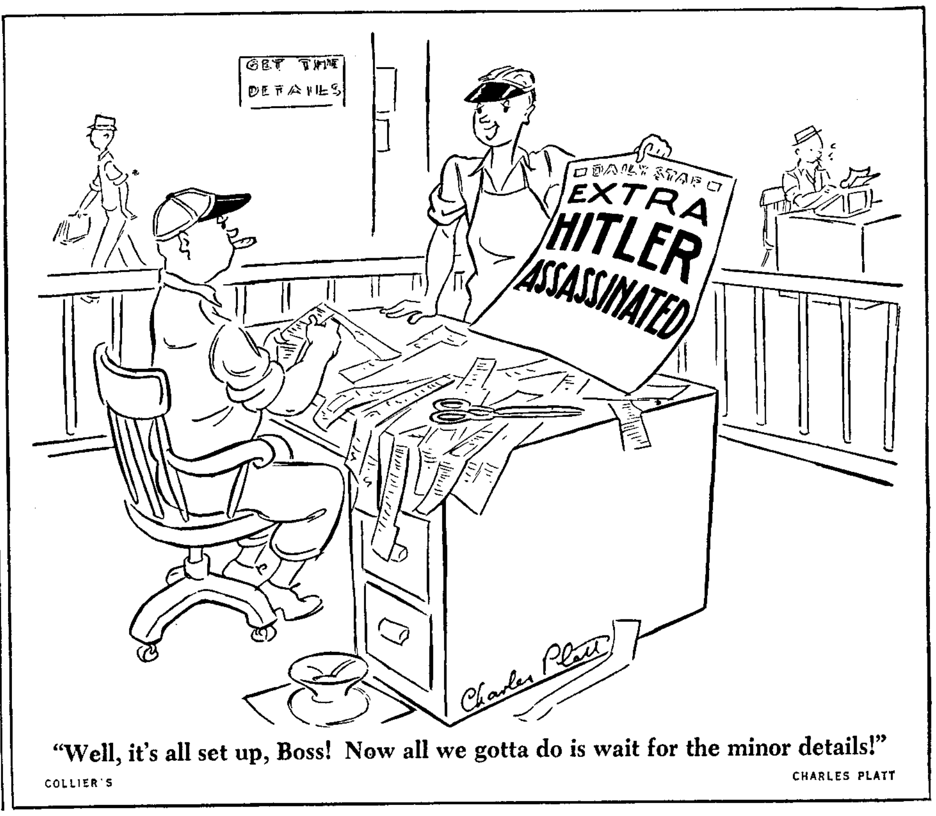
"Kip, why are you so grim?" Jinx asked and Alec wished that he could put a gag in that beautiful mouth of hers.

"I'm not grim. I'm just sober."

"He'd better be if he's going on the Clipper," said Alec. "It might be a poor place for a hang-over."

"I wonder what they've been up to," persisted Jinx.

"I'll tell you," said Pam. "I'll tell you exactly, and put your mind at rest. Or is it your heart, Jinx? Well, first we sat in the park. In the dark. Then we danced for a while at Leon Cassidy's. I had a



"Well, it's all set up, Boss! Now all we gotta do is wait for the minor details!"

COLLIER'S CHARLES PLATT

# "FIRSTS" A ZENITH HABIT

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

1917 WAR
RUN BY TELEPHONE
1943 WAR
RUN BY RADIO

A GOVERNMENT official was being shown a new idea in the Zenith laboratories. In passing, he commented upon the outstanding manner in which the radio industry was effecting the rapid and continuous changes necessitated by war requirements. A Zenith official replied—he said:

". . . the answer is easy. Radio and Radionics represent a trigger-quick, fast moving business. Concerns that couldn't 'change overnight' are out. In this industry, we're used to fighting with new ideas—only—now we're 'fighting' Japs and Germans instead of each other."

In that statement is evidenced the condition that made possible Zenith's attainment of industry leadership. Ever increasing public acceptance of Zenith name and product resulted from a never ceasing stream of Zenith "firsts"—new features—new devices and new sets which enabled us to truthfully say to the public:

## "ONLY ZENITH HAS THIS"

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

***Today you find as commonplaces—essentials—of most radio sets—features first introduced to the public by Zenith—such as—***

### "MILITARY SECRET"

Today all Zenith production centers on war needs. What we are making is a military secret. But three things we *can* tell you. *First* . . . we are dealing with the thing we know—Radio—and Radionics exclusively. *Second* . . . we are learning every day—gaining new knowledge which will reflect itself in Zenith civilian products when the time arrives. *Third* . . . we now know—by first hand experience—that our Army and Navy are more than "up-to-date"—they are alert and progressive in thought and action—almost unbelievably so. This fact is a great reassurance to us here *as citizens*—it commands our complete confidence as it would yours if you knew what we know.

### "FIRST"
### Push Button Tuning . . .

Years—yes, *years* ahead of the industry—(1928) a Zenith set embodied push button selection of the station desired. Our slogan in 1928 was "Push the button—there's your station."

### "FIRST"
### House Current Sets . . .

"Way back when" (1926) all home radios were operated from batteries until Zenith offered the first set run by house current.

**For over seven years, Zenith Radio Corporation has advertised on our short wave sets—"Europe, South America or the Orient Every Day oı your money back."**

***Below—A Few New Zenith "Firsts"—"Frozen" by Zenith Changeover to War Production***

### "FIRST"
### Long Distance Push Button Portable . . .

1942 saw the national introduction of a revolutionary new portable—the Zenith Trans-Oceanic. Without increase in size or weight it gave *push button* operation for foreign and U. S. short wave stations—tuned in the same way as locals—and standard broadcasts too. It contained a disappearing fish pole antenna plus dual Wavemagnets—operated from battery or house current—was born of Zenith pioneering in LONG DISTANCE RADIO RECEPTION.

### "FIRST"
### Safety Auto Radio . . .

The only auto radio you can operate WITHOUT TAKING YOUR EYES OFF THE ROAD—or—YOUR HANDS OFF THE WHEEL—the Zenith Safety Foot Control Auto Radio. This remarkable new radio was on the FORD, NASH, MERCURY, LINCOLN-ZEPHYR, HUDSON and WILLYS. Owners of these cars will gladly demonstrate their Zeniths—give you a "preview" of "tomorrow's radio today."

**—AND THESE ARE JUST A FEW OF THE MANY ZENITH "FIRSTS"—**

### RADIONICS
### The New Miracle Industry

•

**Four great industries are destined to lead this country back to normalcy after victory is won.**

**Planes and Radionics are two of the four. Radio—never a necessity on ship or train—is as essential as the engine itself to that great new form of individual and mass transportation—the airplane.**

•

**—a Zenith Radio Dealer near you is giving reliable service on all radios—regardless of make.**

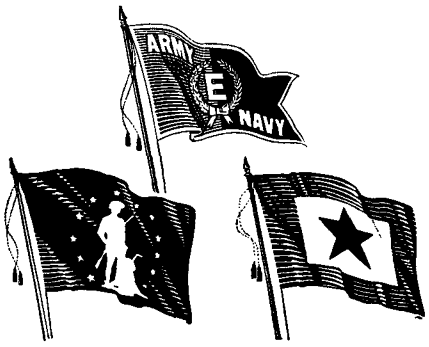
**ZENITH RADIO CORPORATION—CHICAGO**

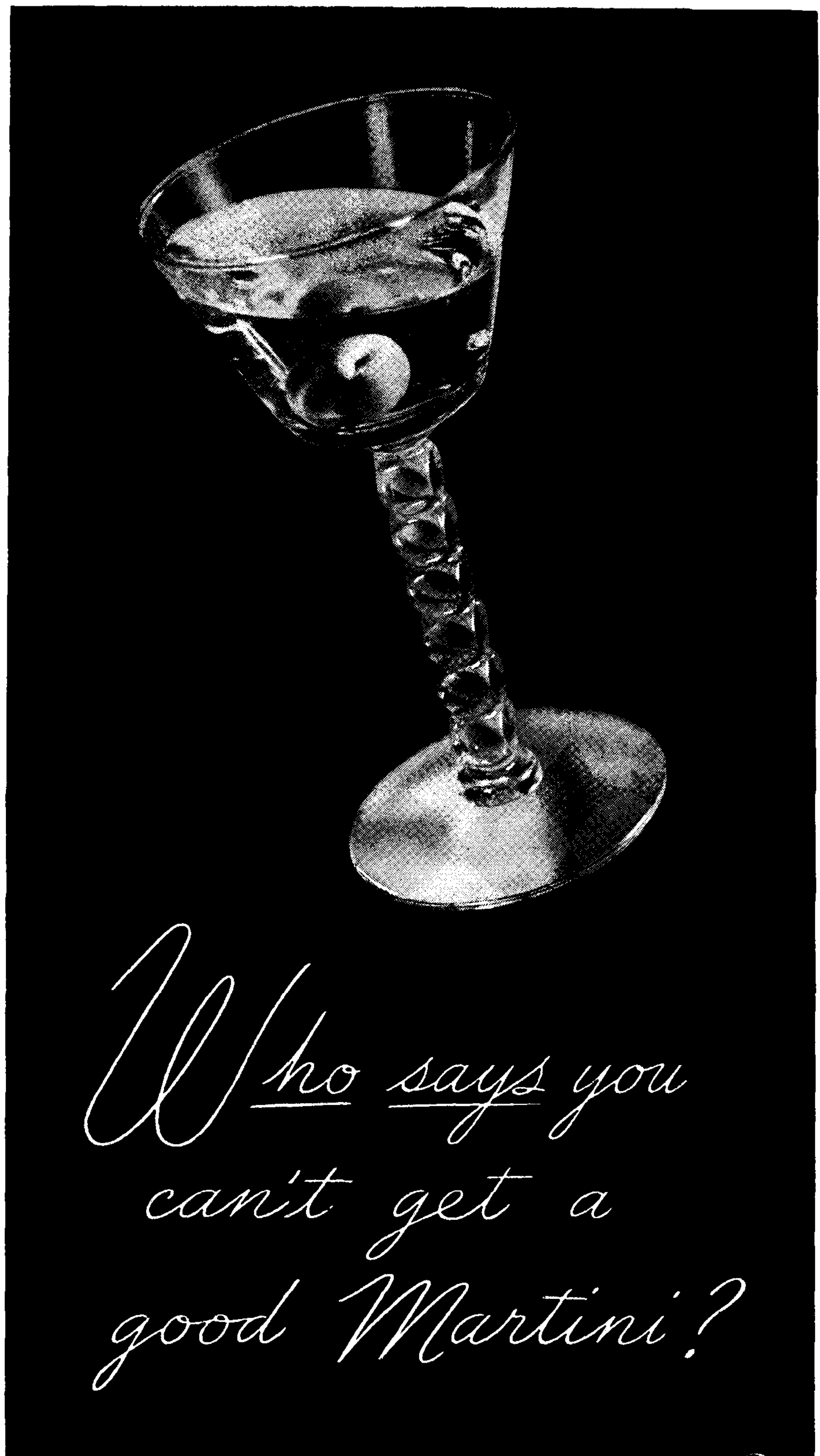
•

**BETTER THAN CASH**

***U. S. War Savings Stamps & Bonds***

**ZENITH**
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
**LONG DISTANCE RADIO**
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
**RADIONIC PRODUCTS EXCLUSIVELY—**
**WORLD'S LEADING MANUFACTURER**





HEUBLEIN'S
THE CLUB
DRY MARTINI
COCKTAILS

ARE you finding the *makings* getting scarcer and scarcer?

A queer *changeling flavor* creeping into the Martinis served to you?

Calm down. *Take note:* your local liquor store can supply the finest Dry Martinis you ever tasted . . . already mixed to absolute perfection . . . you just add ice and serve. *Order a bottle, or a case—today!*

**HEUBLEIN'S**
**Club COCKTAILS**

Dry Martini, 71 proof • Old Fashioned, 80 proof
Martini, 60 proof • Daiquiri, 70 proof
Manhattan, 65 proof • Side Car, 60 proof

★ *Made of Milshire Gin (the genuine pot-still gin) and the world's finest Vermouth.*

The Milshire Gin used is 90 proof, distilled from 100% Grain Neutral Spirits. G. F. Heublein & Bro., Hartford, Conn.

chicken sandwich. Kip had cheese in his. We looked in at the Stork Club but Kip didn't like the crowd. Then we went up to Kip's room in the hotel. We've been there ever since."

Not even Jinx had expected her to say that.

"I packed his stuff for him," said Pam. "It was an awful mess. I broke my best fingernail, the only peacetime fingernail that I had left. And we borrowed some of your things, Billy. Your brush and your collar box. His were awful. But I'll send you new ones tomorrow. The world's best."

SHE looked around at them, her eyes filled with an impenetrable smile. Alec didn't know whether she was happy or not. She went on:

"That was about all. What have you been doing? We thought you might turn up here. That's why we came. What did you do with our tycoon? Where's he?"

"He disappeared," said Marrow, "trailing a telegram at the Waldorf."

"He went to bed," said Alec, "you can bet on that. He was yearning for his eight hours' sleep."

"You won't get yours," Pam told him.

"Neither one of us."

"We saw Eve Kennedy in her act. She was simply marvelous."

"I've never seen her," said Pam. "I wish we'd thought of that. Have you ever seen her, Kip?"

"Never even heard of her," said Kip.

"She's not your type, Kip," said Jinx. "She's very subtle."

"Like you," answered Kip, grinning.

"Did the tycoon fall in love with Jinx?" asked Pam. "He'd be a star in your crown."

"I prefer Alec," said Jinx.

"Because Alec's subtle?"

And still, through all the kidding, Alec didn't know whether Pam was happy or not. He looked at his watch, ordered coffee for himself and began to put his schedule in order. It was five now and he wanted to be at work at eight-thirty.

His seat at the counter was next to Pam's now, for another customer had left.

"Everything going all right?" he asked her.

"Fine."

"You'll need a nap."

"Kip has an appointment at nine. I'll get one then."

"Going to see him off?"

"I can't. They won't let you go to the place where the Clipper takes off. And Kip says not to go to Baltimore with him. The planes are crowded and I probably couldn't get a seat anyway. I thought of going by train and meeting him but another man who's taking the Clipper is going to be with him. Maybe Kip will get a little sleep after he leaves La Guardia. And besides, I left my work in an awful mess. I've got to get back to it."

"You can think about that tomorrow."

She looked at him squarely. "Kip leaves at two this afternoon. I'll be at the office at three. I'll taxi back. Tonight I can get a lot done."

"Ever hear about whipping a tired horse?"

"I'm not a horse and I'm not tired."

"It's an awful strain for you."

"Not now. Alec, have you any idea where he's being sent?"

Alec shook his head. "No—and anyway, you wouldn't be sure if you did know."

"He's replacing a man who was killed."

Alec said, "Almost anybody would like to do that."

She was only thinking of Kip. She said, "You were right. You warned me that it would have been crazy to get married, the way things are. There wasn't time. Kip says if there had just been another twenty-four hours—no matter what anyone said, we'd have done what we pleased. But there wasn't. He reports at nine o'clock."

"You said so."

"The old phonograph record's repeating itself! Well, see you on the job, Alec."

They were all aware of morning. Marrow was constantly yawning and Brooks was quietly blurred. Jinx looked at herself again in the mirror back of the counter, recurved her hair where it fell across her cheek and found that her audience was too small to be worth while.

None of them except Kip was eager for the day ahead. But he was beginning to think of that. This was it, the beginning of the adventure. He didn't look tired. As Alec knew, Kip didn't wear out easily. And Pam obviously hadn't been giving him a bad time or making a fuss. She'd been amusing him, keeping him going. She'd been packing for him. Packing his things, thought Alec, and against his will he saw them both in that little barren hotel room, thwarted, cheated of time. What else?

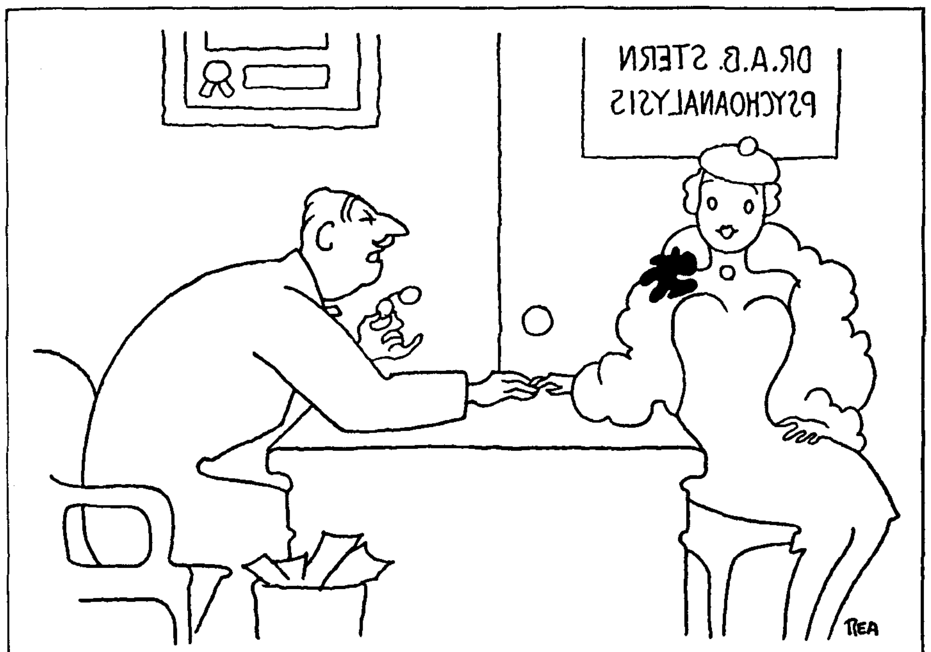
THEY still had part of this day. Let them have it. The thing to do was to get out of here.

"Come on, Jinx," said Alec, "or the truant officer will get you. I'll take you home."

Marrow, who had been her escort, looked grateful and yawned again.

"Good luck, Kip."

They shook hands briefly, gravely. Alec



"Now as to your delusion that total strangers follow you about, Miss Holmes—I shouldn't let that worry you. As a matter of fact, I think I myself followed you the other day" GARDNER REA

COLLIER'S

thought, what does anything matter except that he's going to have a crack at them? And he's a good man for it.

Kip looked a good man, cool, strong, ready to go. Nothing was holding him back. Nor anyone.

There were times during the morning when Alec forgot all about Kip's going. But he did not forget what Jerome Hayes had said to him about further experiment and already he had begun to get that under way. Now and then he felt a little hollow and conscious of lack of sleep but there were ways to take care of that—the black coffee, the relaxing cigarette, the drive of mind past fatigue.

Once in a while the sight of his watch or the clock in the shop reminded him that it was ten o'clock and that Kip must be making his final arrangements, and at three-thirty that afternoon he realized that his cousin was on his way to Baltimore by this time. Pam had said that he was taking the two-o'clock plane and that she'd be in her office by three. That was a fine piece of heroics. She was probably crying it out in her apartment. Or maybe deciding on a little bender for immediate forgetfulness. Either way, she had a right to let herself go. She'd been pretty well geared up.

IT WAS five minutes after three when Pam got to her office. After the train left she stopped at the telegraph office and wrote a message to her mother very coolly:

KIP GIVEN SUDDEN ORDERS FOREIGN SERVICE SO WEDDING INDEFINITELY POSTPONED STOP WE KNEW THIS MIGHT HAPPEN SO DISAPPOINTED BUT NOT UNHAPPY STOP NO NEED YOUR COMING ON UNTIL LATER STOP TELEPHONING YOU SUNDAY NOON YOUR TIME STOP DEAREST LOVE PAM

Her mother would be sorry for her so it was better not to telephone today. Pam didn't want to talk to anyone who was sorry for her. She thought, with irony, that this would be exciting news for Mrs. Neill. The war would come a little closer to her and her neighbors. But not bitterly nor dangerously close. Her mother had never met Kip. He was only the aviator to whom Pam was engaged, only his handsome picture. People out home would say, as a piece of extra news, "Pam Neill's wedding was called off on account of the war."

She must call off a lot of things this afternoon. The caterer. The church. The wedding dress was going to be a problem, half-fitted. And I don't want it lying around moldering. I'm not that type, thought Pam. We may get married in Egypt for all I know. I'll have Dorothy write the shop a letter and see if they'll take that dress back.

Her secretary also tried to meet her with sympathy when Pam entered the office but Pam would have none of it.

"Let's see what's broken loose," she said. "I certainly left things in a fine mess yesterday."

"No one could blame you. I was so sorry when you telephoned this morning that all your plans had to be changed."

"There shouldn't be any plans in wartime," said Pam. "That was my mistake, Dorothy. Look, before I forget it, will you write Fleur and Company a superb letter and see if they'll give me credit for that dress I was going to be married in?"

"You don't want it at all?"

"Oh, I want to be married all right. But not in a warmed-over dress. And write whoever you wrote first about the church and to Deans and cancel things. You've got that file. Let's not pay for anything we don't have to pay for."

"I'll see to that," said Miss Jensen competently.

"We've got another job on our hands, Dorothy. Last night I met Mr. Hayes—Mr. Jerome Hayes. I met him yesterday afternoon, as a matter of fact—"

You didn't know what you'd do then, she thought, pausing. You had no idea.

"They say he's a wonderful person," said Miss Jensen. "He was picked from the whole country."

"I guess he is good," said Pam. "I had a chance to talk to him a little last night and he's interested in what we're doing. He knows that women are going to be absolutely necessary and wanted all the facts and figures about how many were employed in the plant before the draft and how many since and what their jobs are. Then he wanted a breakdown of their previous jobs and training. He thinks that we could set up some of the machinery for training women right here."

Jerome Hayes had said all of that last night. Odd how it came back now, how accurately she remembered every word of that piece of conversation. At the time it hadn't seemed to be important. But now she must go to work. Kip was gone. He was on the plane to Baltimore. She'd said, No, don't call me. I don't want to hear your voice last. I want the last thing to be this, the sight of you, this kiss. He was on the plane now, on his way to England, on his way to war. They didn't tell you which front. There were going to be a lot of them, in the deserts, maybe in Russia.

"I promised Mr. Hayes that we would send him an analysis—and I want it to be clear and not too detailed because he won't have time for a lot of details—about what has been done here to date in employing women. I told him that I'd tell him where else I thought they could be used. That would be getting my neck out though. The company hasn't asked my advice."

It would be better to tell him that in conversation than to write it. Then it wouldn't seem as if she were trying to go over anyone else's head.

Dorothy Jensen wondered how much Pam really cared for that man she was going to marry. It must have been hard for her to see him go. She doesn't look as if she's had any sleep.

"We ought to get this stuff off to Mr. Hayes before he forgets about it," said Pam. "Would you work a little later tonight?"

WHEN Alec Fraser looked in at that office on his way out of the building at six o'clock Pam was still there. She was sitting with a lemonade beside her on the desk, looking over what appeared to be records.

"Why don't you show some sense?" he asked her.

"I am."

"Well, it won't kill you to lose a few days' sleep," said Alec, but what's the rush?"

"I'm getting out some stuff for our pal, Mr. Hayes. He asked me to and I want to get it to him before he forgets."

"He's probably forgotten already. That fellow has a lot on his mind."

"I'll get him interested," said Pam. "What's been done once can be done again."

"Sure of that?"

Her eyes were suddenly wretched. "Don't taunt me!"

"I wasn't taunting you," said Alec. "How long are you going to stay here tonight?"

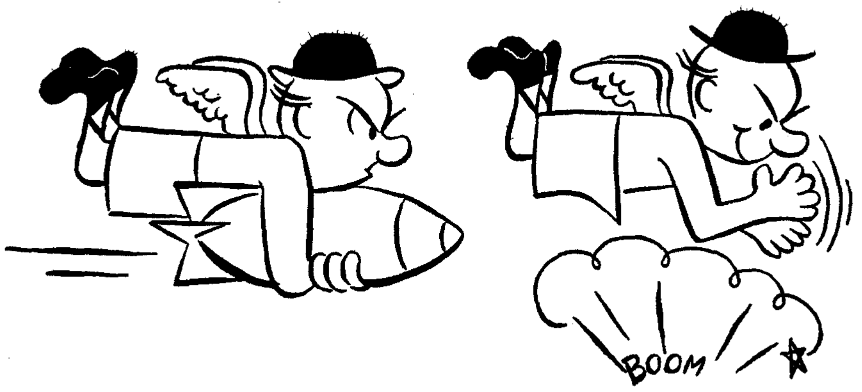
"Lots longer. Mr. Hayes thinks I loaf on the job, so I'm making up time." She laughed to cancel out the other look in her face. "Dorothy Jensen is working with me. She's just gone out for her supper but she'll be back and she'll bring me something to eat. I'm not hungry yet anyway. Alec, please leave me alone. You know why I want to work tonight. You know that I have to. I mustn't think about last night—that's why."

He wasn't sorry for her. Nor for Kip. All Alec felt was a sudden furious jealousy of Kip's luck.

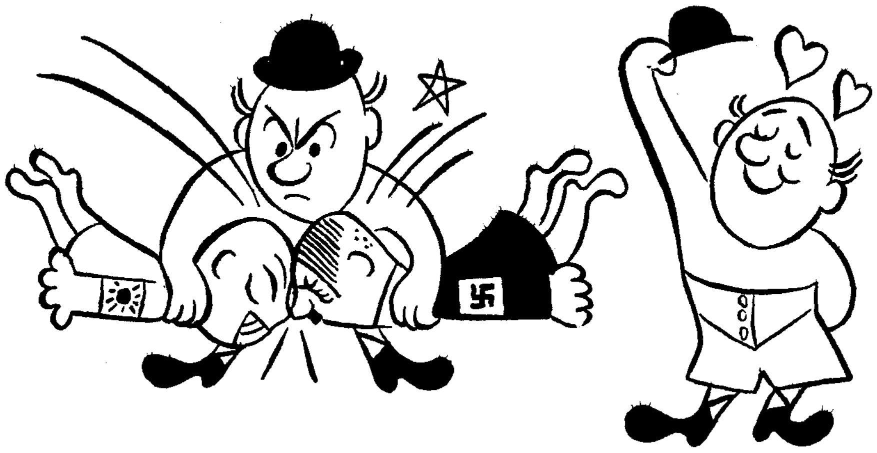
*(To be continued next week)*

*I'm a gentle guy . . . wouldn't hurt a fly . . .*

*But when buttons start poppin' . . . I starts hoppin'*



*I'm gonna fight . . . I'm gonna win . . .*



*So I can have SHORTS WITH GRIPPERS ag'in!*

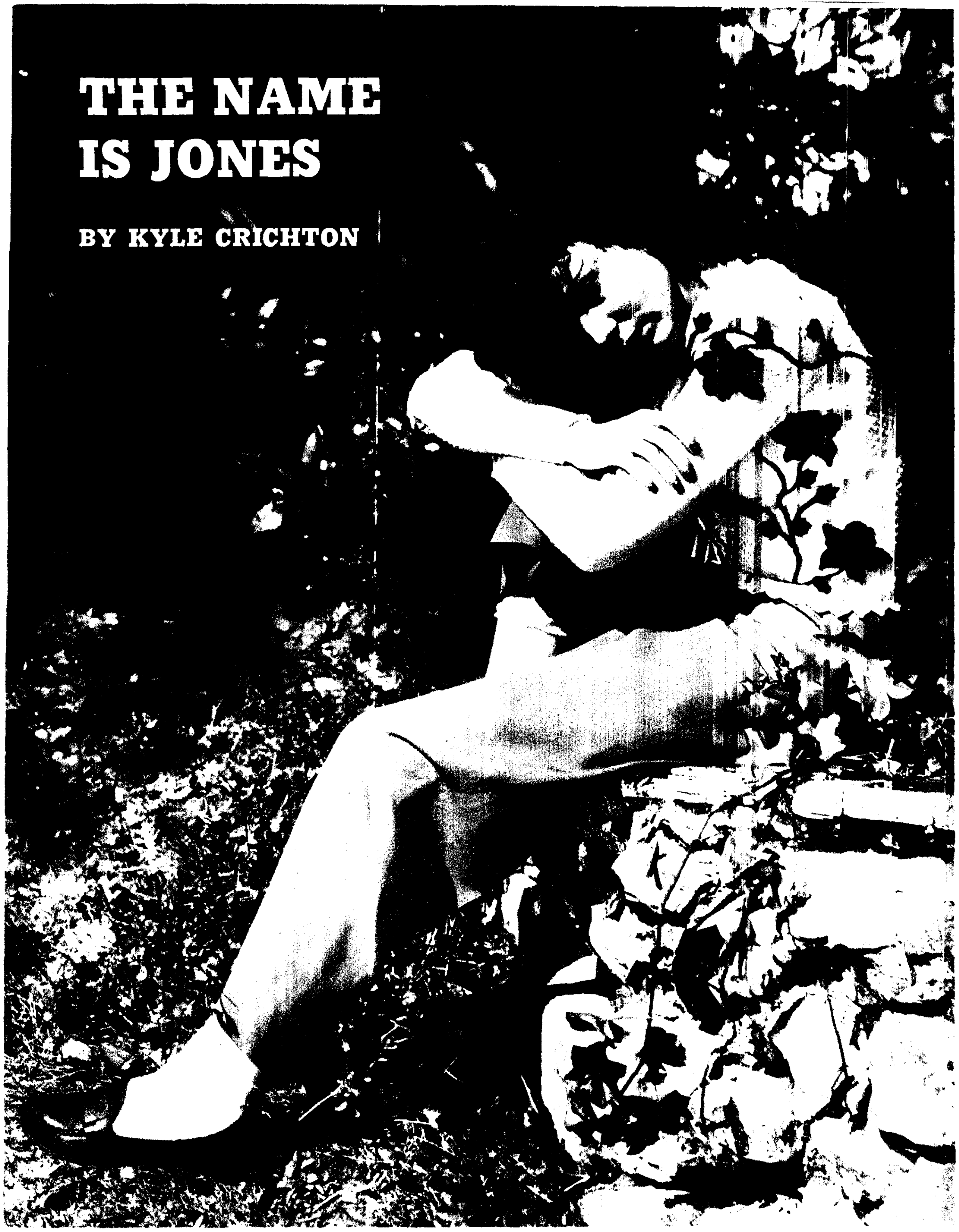
Watch for Gripper fasteners when the war is over! They'll be back on a greater selection of merchandise than ever. Until then, all our materials and facilities are devoted to helping win the war!

GRIPPER* FASTENERS
Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

MADE BY SCOVILL MANUFACTURING COMPANY, WATERBURY, CONN.
AMERICA'S LEADING MANUFACTURER OF SNAP FASTENERS
*The snap fastener that ends "button-bother"

# THE NAME IS JONES

### BY KYLE CRICHTON



PHOTOGRAPHED FOR COLLIER'S BY GEORGE DE ZAYAS

**But for purposes of further identification, it is well to add the word Jennifer. When you have done that, you have named the lady who boohooed her way into Hollywood's juiciest role of the year**

THE truth seems to be that the business of renaming Hollywood actresses has never been organized. As a consequence, the procedure is haphazard and often amazing. When, for example, you address a certain lady as "Miss Jones," she is more than likely to look at you blankly. If you say "Miss Jennifer Jones," her reflexes will astonish you by their briskness. "Oh!" she will say, with bright recognition.

The fear that Miss Jones will repudiate all this and return to her original name of Phyllis Isley is rather remote because, as Miss Jennifer Jones, she has copped the juiciest role of the year, the part of the young girl in The Song of Bernadette.

We must confess that we have been annoyed by the legend of Miss Jennifer Jones. Not only has she acquired this charming name and the best acting part of the year, but it seems that she was discovered by Mr. David Selznick in a peculiarly revolting manner.

As the tale runs, the whilom Miss Isley entered the office of the story editor for Selznick in New York, for the purpose of getting the name part in the screen version of Claudia. Crossed in her ambition, Miss Isley put on an act composed of boohoo, screams, imprecations and importunities.

At this juncture, the great Selznick himself, returning from lunch pleasantly suffused with food, heard the hubbub, cocked an ear that has long been attuned to drama, gave a delicate burp of appreciation—and went in and hired the girl.

Assiduous investigation and long hours of thwacking the principals over the head with a rubber truncheon have not sufficed to break them down. They persist in the story; they glory in it. We have promised them immunity if they would confess; we have warned them that the world would look at them askance for such corniness, but they are not moved. Miss Isley bawled; Mr. Selznick overheard; the papers were signed.

Even without this story, the history of Jennifer Jones would have been a sufficient miracle. Whatever experience as an actress she has had was acquired in the tent shows of Oklahoma. The general theory is that the second-worst actors in the world are to be found in tent shows; the worst work in showboats. Miss Jones does not subscribe to this doctrine; she feels that tent shows are great stuff for a budding mime.

"Variety," she says. "Lots of variety."

It may also be loyalty on her part because her father, now a theater owner in Texas, once had his own tent shows, the Isley Stock Company, which trouped through the West, playing pieces like East Lynne and The Old Homestead.

The Isley girl, an only child, was born in Tulsa, Oklahoma, and eventually graduated from Edgemere School as class president and May queen. During the summers, she had hung around Papa's show, and it was easy enough for her to act down the other Tulsa aspirants for school dramas. They might have ambitions but she knew stage tricks and had no hesitation about showing herself in public.

After attending Monte Cassino Junior College in Tulsa, she joined up with Richard Mansfield Dickinson, who operated the Mansfield Players.

"A very high-class outfit," says Jennifer proudly. "We sometimes played in regular theaters—the second half of a double bill."

After that, she worked with the Ted North Players and the Harley Sadler Company. Anybody casting snide remarks at these outfits would have a fight on his hands in the Middle West, where they've been beating their way up and down the back roads almost since the days of the Lincoln-Douglas debates.

### Sex is Taboo

She started as the ingénue in these companies but eventually attained such a place of eminence that the villain was chasing her exclusively. The emotions were elemental, and the audiences wanted their problems straight. Love was all right, but sex was taboo. Occasionally they fooled the more worldly and lured their kopecks (ten cents general admission; twenty cents for reserved seats) by something entitled This Thing Called Love, which turned out to have all the sex lure of a lawn fete.

What the paying multitude wanted was slapstick and good old-fashioned pathos. When the village bum is reformed at the bedside of his dying daughter, the sobs of the woman and the stentorian nose-blowings of the men should be enough to loosen the tent pegs.

"We put it on a little thick," says Jennifer, "not wanting anybody to be under a misapprehension."

Just how she ever pulled herself away from this fascinating life is a mystery, but she is next heard of at Northwestern University in the dramatic department. That was good for the winter, and in the summers she could always come back to the tent shows. They worked on the policy of milking a community dry—pitching their tent on the outskirts of town and withdrawing reluctantly only after the last flowing dime had been collared.

Jennifer lived in boardinghouses close to the tent and never had trouble with fresh guys. The worst she had to face were the bloods who escorted her to the village bloat shop, stuffed her with a banana split and said, "You looked mighty prutty up there tonight, Miss Isley."

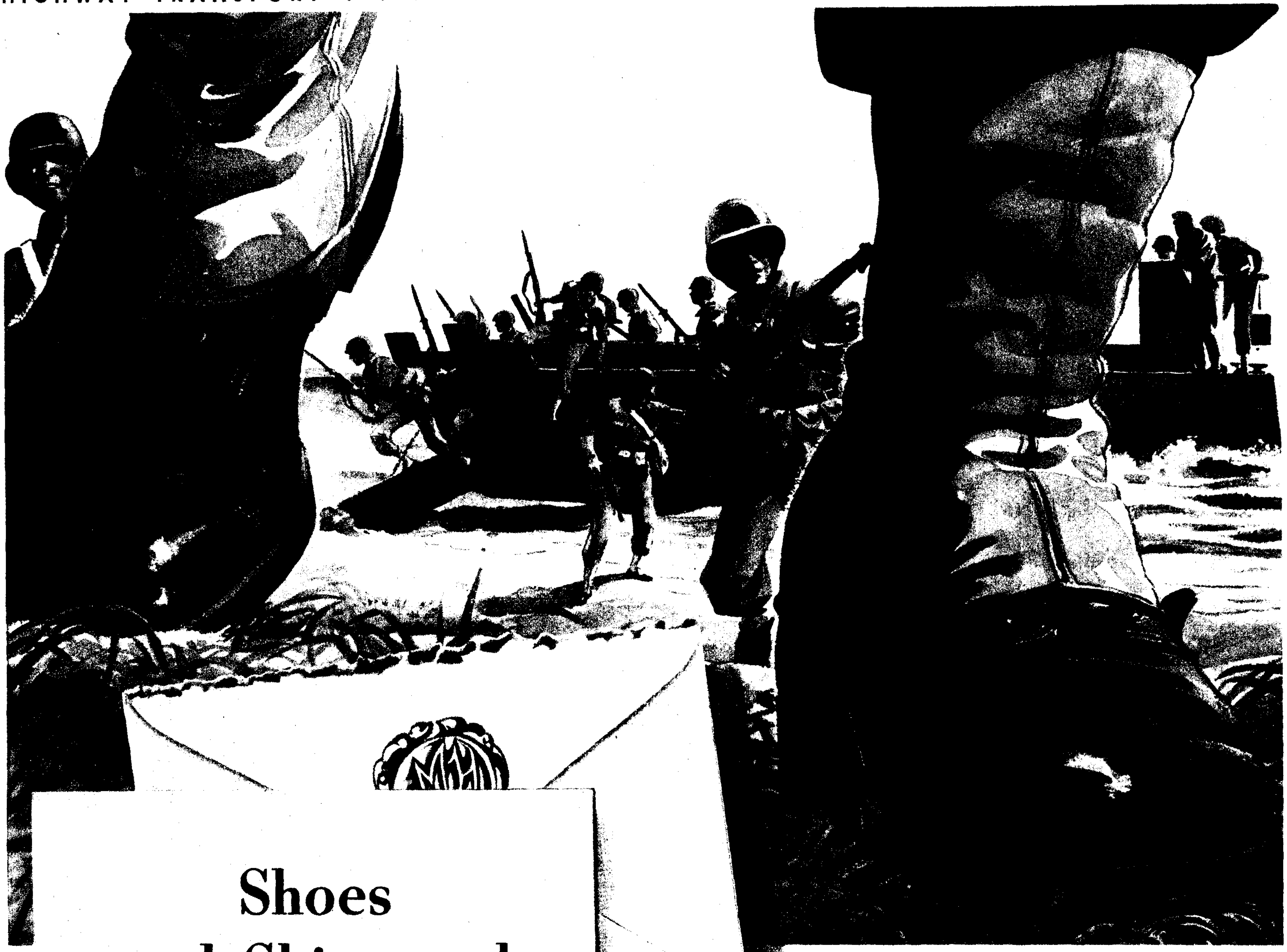
After Northwestern came a year at the Academy of Dramatic Arts in New York City. There was something of a crisis in the family at this moment because her father had acquired decided views about the future of the theater and tried to steer her away from it. "If you want to act," he said explosively, "get in the movies. That's where the money is."

This was natural, coming from a movie-theater manager, but Jennifer had sense enough to know that even a letter from Papa to a Hollywood producer wouldn't necessarily get her a Hollywood contract.

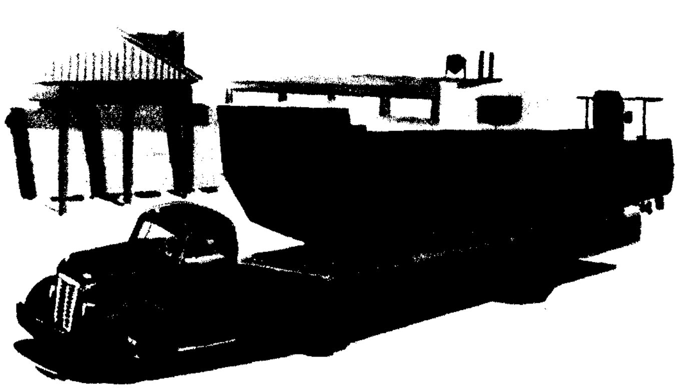
That was one reason why she wanted to get back to New York. The other two

*(Continued on page 81)*

HIGHWAY TRANSPORT . . . VITAL TO VICTORY AND THE AMERICAN WAY OF LIFE



# Shoes and Ships and Sealing Wax



A shipment of shoes must be rushed to a division of troops ready to leave for a distant front... forty-foot landing boats must be carried from an inland factory down to the sea . . . wax-sealed, precision airplane parts must reach their assembly plant on a rigid schedule . . . and, motor trucks get the call.

The extent to which America, "Arsenal of the Allies," depends upon truck transport is graphically illustrated by a recent survey of 227 truck operators.

Of the 30,469 loads carried in but one week's period, more than 70% contained military materials or products. ' ' ' Motor truck transport is the only form of transportation which can move anything, anywhere, any time!

Joseph B. Eastman, director of the Office of Defense Transportation, recently stated: *"Automotive Transportation is absolutely essential to the winning of the War. Goods must reach their destinations and workers must get to their jobs . . . on time."* Join the U. S. Truck Conservation Corps and keep your trucks in best possible condition. Your GMC dealer is pledged to help you.

Pledged
*U.S.* TRUCK
CONSERVATION CORPS

INVEST IN VICTORY... BUY WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

## GENERAL MOTORS TRUCK & COACH

DIVISION OF YELLOW TRUCK & COACH MANUFACTURING COMPANY

*Home of GMC Trucks and Yellow Coaches • • • Manufacturer of a Wide Variety of Military Vehicles for our Armed Forces*

# Fan—As in Fanatic

Continued from page 16

of people at the game when they let the women in free," she says scornfully. "Those dames yell like a lot of wild Indians no matter if it's a hit or a plain out. They're crazy. I like scientific rooting, something that helps the home boys win and makes the other guys sore. I figure if I really work on 'em, I can knock a lot of them pitchers out of the box in three innings."

Runner-up to Mrs. Ott in the lungs-and-laryngitis league is Mr. Bruce S. McAllister of Pittsburgh, who stands up on his hind legs and screeches. Mr. McAllister's unholy squeals are so perpetual and penetrating that he once caused a crisis in the affairs of two great industries.

Although the broadcasting booth at Forbes Field is the highest in the major leagues, Mr. McAllister's screams carried so clearly that the radio audience thought it was an endorsement or an indictment of the sponsor, who was advertising a food product. The Pittsburgh management offered McAllister a season pass if he'd keep his mouth shut. The alternative was the bum's rush every time he uttered a squeal. Mr. McAllister indignantly spurned the proposal. The ultimatum lent a challenging piquancy to his inalienable right to hoot and holler whenever the spirit moved him, which was constantly.

### The All-America Earache

A serious contender of Mrs. Ott and Mr. McAllister was Detroit's Patsy O'Toole, although he was just a flash in the pan. After only twenty-five years of bellowing for the Tigers, O'Toole succumbed to the dreaded occupational hazard of all baseball nuts. He required a throat operation that reduced his voice to a refined roar and stripped him of his trade-mark. But when he had it, the O'Toole was right up there battling all comers as the All-America earache.

O'Toole's technique wasn't spectacular, but it was steady. His rallying cry, usually delivered from the roof of the home club's dugout, was: "Boy, oh boy, oh boy! Keep cool wit' O'Toole!" Ceaseless repetition threatened to raise the incidence of insanity in Detroit to an alarming, all-time high.

A simple, forthright fellow, O'Toole had one standard insult and compliment: "Joe McCarthy, you're a faker! Joe Cronin, you're a faker!" Or, "Mickey Cochrane, you're a great guy! Hank Greenberg, you're a great guy! Boy, oh boy, oh boy! Keep cool wit' O'Toole!"

The giddy peak of artistry, a source of inspiration for all future wacks, was achieved by O'Toole during the World Series of 1933 between the Giants and the Senators. In the third game, he sat a few rows behind President Roosevelt. At O'Toole's first blast, the President's ears quivered violently. O'Toole inhaled deeply and let loose with another bellow that made the boys in the distant bleachers blanch. The President turned to a Secret Service man and gave a terse order. The Secret Service man hurried away, but returned in a few moments and tapped O'Toole on the shoulder.

"O'Toole," the man said, "I know you're a great guy and I'm sure you wouldn't mind doing a favor for the President. He wants you to move to the other side of the field. Mr. Griffith has made the necessary arrangements."

The O'Toole now is in semiretirement, but the brotherhood will keep his memory forevermore. He annoyed the President of the United States!

The strenuous competition offered by the other inmates of the huge, outdoor psychopathic ward that is Ebbets Field makes it obvious that Miss Howling Hilda Chester and Mr. Jack Pierce are possessed of great talents. Miss Chester, a middle-aged doll who peddles newspapers and song sheets in downtown Brooklyn when the Dodgers are not playing at home or at the Polo Grounds, comes by her nickname quite naturally. She howls and rings a cowbell continuously during the ball game.

Mr. Pierce is a nut from a more exotic tree. He arrives at Ebbets Field for his daily demonstration of devotion to the Dodgers, burdened by two large boxes of balloons, a hydrogen tank, a banner, a couple of bottles of liquid refreshment, and ten tickets for an entire box abaft the visitors' dugout. Pierce owns two thriving restaurants in Brooklyn and a prosperous contracting company and he needs them, for he is not a man given to small conceits.

It costs him $41.65 a day to put on his elaborate show. The breakdown of the figures is as follows:

| | |
|---|---|
| Box seats, 10 at $2.20 | $22.00 |
| "Cookie" balloons, one gross | 3.06 |
| "Ducky" balloons, ½ gross | 2.59 |
| Taxicab | 1.50 |
| Taxicab, for balloons & tank | 1.50 |
| Scotch | 7.00 |
| Mineral water, ice, tips | 4.00 |
| | $41.65 |

Pierce follows a rigid ritual at every home game the Dodgers play. After fortifying himself with a stimulant to prepare for the rigors of the afternoon, he spreads his big blue and gray banner, emblazoned with the word "Cookie," on top of the dugout. Pierce is of the unalterable opinion that Cookie Lavagetto, the former Dodger third baseman, is the greatest ballplayer who ever lived.

### A Fan Who Isn't Fickle

Lavagetto enlisted in the Air Corps soon after Pearl Harbor and did not play at all last season, but Mr. Pierce is not a fickle admirer. Lavagetto still was his boy last year. Refreshing himself with another or several belts at the stimulant, Pierce proceeds to go to work. He inflates his balloons furiously, screams "C-o-o-k-i-e" incessantly and punctuates the tribute by bursting the balloon. For a change of pace, he gives out with an occasional bleat and balloon for Joe Medwick. It is very trying indeed.

The word "fan" is derived from fanatic and it's not hard to believe it after seeing Cincinnati's Harry Thobe, the self-advertised Rabid Redland Rooter. Thobe, who is seventy-two years old, can—and will—dance a solemn little jig on the ball field for hours without interruption. A bricklayer out of Oxford, Ohio, he wears a white suit with red stripes down the trousers, one red and one white shoe, a straw hat with a red band, and he carries a dainty red and white parasol.

For years Thobe jigged, walked an imaginary tightrope and circled the bases at a dogtrot, finishing with a creaking slide into home plate. The depressing act palled upon the customers in time and he was ordered to stay off the field or have his pass canceled. Thobe obeyed sadly, but he could not be restrained when the Reds in 1939 won their first pennant in twenty years. The gaffer danced his macabre jig, flashing his twelve gold teeth at the photographers, for two hours before each World Series game and he has repeated the noncommand performance at every subsequent World Series.

But the abusive artistry of the Kessler brothers, Bull and Eddie, never has been approached. They were hucksters, they had awe-inspiring voices and they did not hesitate to use them. The brothers always sat on opposite sides of the grandstand and conducted what practically amounted to a private conversation across the diamond.

For some obscure reason, the Kesslers dedicated each shining hour to driving Jimmy Dykes crazy when he was playing third base for the Athletics. Connie Mack tried to bribe them with a season pass, and when that didn't work, he took them to court. It was a waste of time. Chief Justice Charles Evans Hughes himself couldn't have piped down the Kesslers with a mallet and a bottle of chloroform.

The Phillies got such a rough ride from the fans last year that amiable Hans Lobert, the manager, finally took the law and a ball bat into his hands, and went after an unidentified tormentor in the stands. Judge Landis summoned Lobert and sternly demanded an explanation. Lobert said the no-good tramp had accused the Phillies of throwing the last series of the season with the Cardinals.

That series with the Phillies, who finished a cool 62½ games out of first place, undoubtedly was the toughest of the year for the Cards, who went into Shibe Park fresh from winning three straight from the Dodgers and wound up fighting for their lives and the pennant. Although the eventual world champions won three out of four games from the dreadful tail-enders, every one was a tremendous struggle.

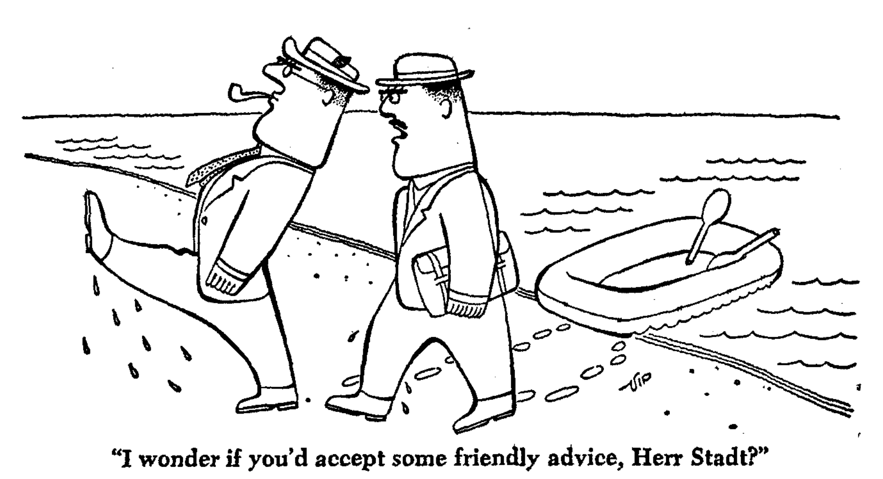
Judge Landis listened gravely to Lobert and studied the facts in the case. Suddenly, he transfixed Lobert with a steely stare.

"When was the accusation first made?" he demanded.

"As soon as we went on the field for batting practice," Lobert answered.

"And you didn't go after that obscenity until the game was over!" the judge shrieked. "What kept you so long?"

THE END



"I wonder if you'd accept some friendly advice, Herr Stadt?"

COLLIER'S VIRGIL PARTCH

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*WAR WORK—especially on the night shift—nervous excitement and hasty lunch-box meals, sometimes upset your digestion.*

*When it happens to you, be gentle with your stomach . . . take soothing PEPTO-BISMOL!*

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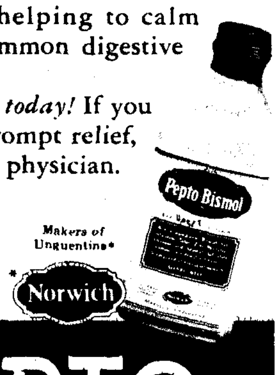
***Take soothing Pepto-Bismol!***

This pleasant-tasting preparation is neither an antacid nor a laxative. *Its action is different.* It spreads a soothing, protective coating over irritated stomach and intestinal walls, thus helping to calm and quiet common digestive upsets.

*Get a bottle today!* If you do not get prompt relief, consult your physician.

*Three sizes at your druggist's—or by the dose at drug store fountains.*



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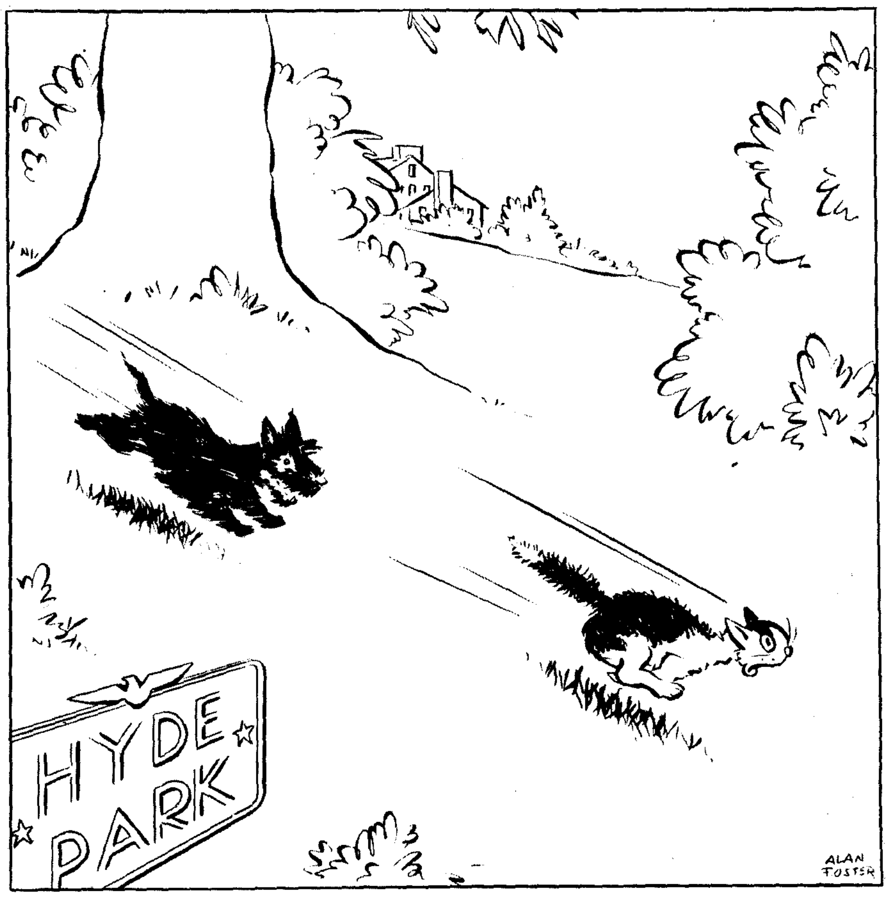
THE SIMONIZ CO., CHICAGO, U. S. A.

MOTORISTS WISE SIMONIZ HOUSEWIVES DO LIKEWISE

**MR. FALA OF THE WHITE HOUSE** by ALAN FOSTER



COLLIER'S "We go to Hyde Park primarily to relax"

## The Name is Jones

Continued from page 78

were: (a) she had saved up money enough from the radio show, and (b) having been married for several years to Mr. Walker, then of radio and now under contract to M-G-M in Hollywood, who was sitting in an apartment on Sixth Avenue showing signs of exasperation at her absence.

Miss Jones made the usual rounds of theatrical booking offices, with the usual success—to wit, none. At best, she had little to recommend her, since she could refer only to her year at the Academy and she had agents all over Radio City terrified by mention of her years with the Harley Sadler Company.

### Picked Out of Thin Air

How she got to see the story editor at Selznick's is not clear, but any lady passing the Selznick office is immediately suspected of being another Vivian Leigh and often has to run for her life. The difference between Vivian Leigh and Jennifer Jones is that Miss Leigh had a full career abroad in the theater before dropping into Gone With the Wind, while Miss Jones had nothing. She was unknown; she had never appeared on Broadway or on the screen; she had no professional or social connections. It all comes down to the fact that David Selznick must be something of a genius. He really picked that Jones girl out of thin air.

Once picked, the New York press was invited in to examine the new acting animal. They found a tall girl who walked with a long stride, was partial to tailored suits, and had a curious air of being entirely self-possessed while obviously half scared to death.

In the year that was to follow, Jennifer grew a little weary of herself. She has never complained, but it is possible that she began to have qualms about Mr. Selznick. He started her through a course of sprouts in New York, more dramatic coaching, voice coaching, how to walk, how to talk, how not to ask for more money—everything; but though he had announced her for the role of Nora in The Keys of the Kingdom, he never got around to making it. He bought new plays, new books; he announced plans for production—but there was no production.

Jennifer was under the excellent dramatic care of Sanford Meisner, late of the Group Theater, and she had a part in a short-lived Saroyan play, but nobody dragged her carriage through the streets and, in truth, she had to walk home from the theater.

Eventually, she was brought out to Hollywood where complications really set in. Among other things, it was discovered that there were two children in the Walker household. The press department at Selznick received this blow with something approaching terror.

But everything was going to be all right because Selznick was about to put her into The Song of Bernadette, and just when that seemed settled, Selznick turned over his screen properties to Twentieth Century-Fox, and competition for the role she had thought was hers was thrown open to the world. Any young actress in town would have given an ear for the part; and tests were made of everybody. This was a tough time for Jennifer, but by the time the dust had settled, she had the part.

We have only to add that Jennifer is an intelligent and independent young lady who will handle Hollywood without the slightest difficulty. We are still slightly worried about that story of how Selznick discovered her, but will say no more about it unless we see a news dispatch in the future to the effect that Miss Jennifer Jones has been robbed of her valuable collection of the late czarina's emeralds during a blackout on the West Coast. In that event, we shall have to take the matter up again.

THE END

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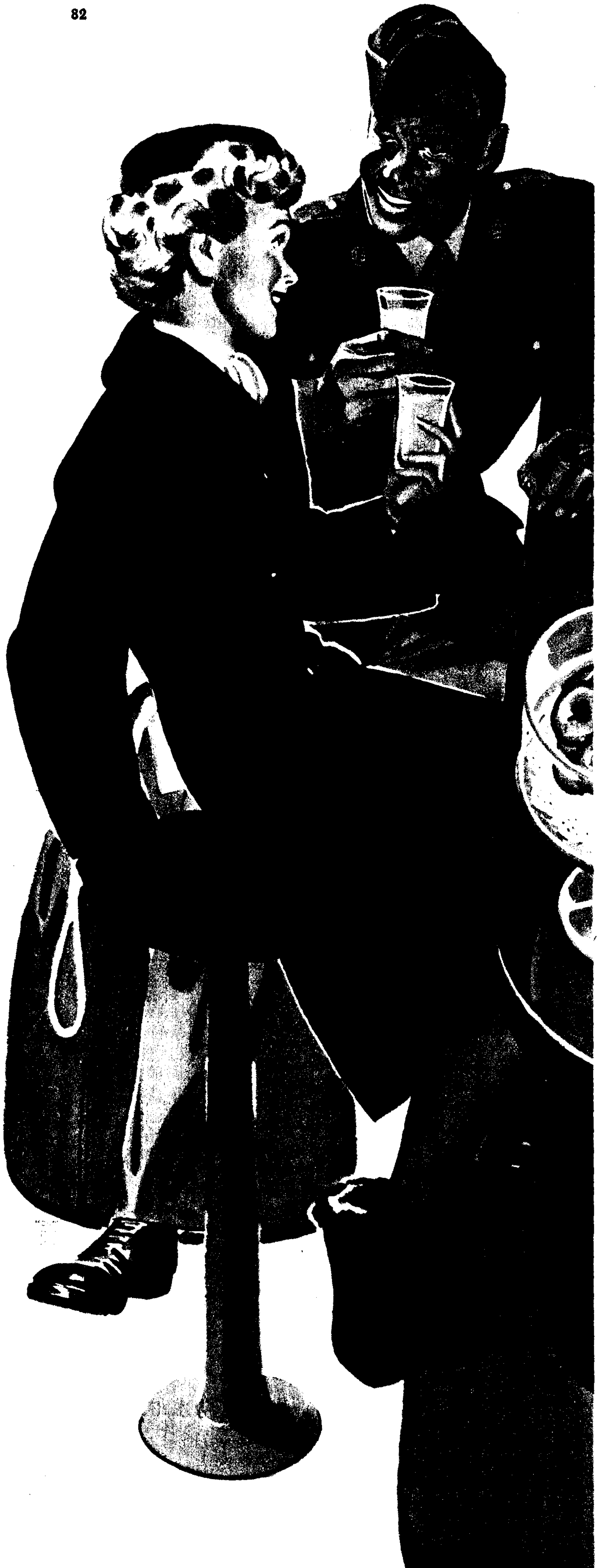
Cresta Blanca Wine Co. Inc. Livermore, Cal.

★ *buy war bonds and stamps*

# BETTER THAN NOTHING

### By Hugh Mac Nair Kahler

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN HOLMGREN



"You're *buying this drink for her, aren't* you?" Milly asked. Joe nodded. "She'll like that when I tell her," Milly said. "You think she will?" He was eager about it

A SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE

MILLY knew it wasn't any use, but something made her keep on trying. Maybe it was the telegram, crumpled up and lying by the wastebasket. "It would mean an awful lot to Joe," she said.

Jean only pulled her mouth a little flatter and went on working on her lower lip.

"And I don't think it's asking so much, either," Milly went on. "Only a few minutes, between trains."

Jean laughed past the lipstick, a short, hard little sound. "Skip it," she said. "If you think I'm going to stand the major up, the first time he's ever asked me out, just to go down and hang around a railroad station to say goodby to a big, stupid lug I don't even like—"

"I'll bet the major'd understand," Milly said. "He's here for the duration. There'll be lots of nights for him to take you dancing. And this is Joe's only chance to see you before he—" she stopped. "Before he goes over. I'll bet the major would drive you down to the station himself, if you put it up to him. You could go on and have your party afterward."

Jean laughed again and ran a comb through the new feather bob. A motor horn, down in the street, began beeping. Jean jumped up. She ran for the door, sliding into the new short fur jacket. Milly's shoulders sagged a little as she crossed the room to shut the door. She heard another one slam downstairs and, farther away, the sound of a motor in a hurry to be on its way. She picked up Jean's clothes, scattered over the chairs and the two studio beds, and put them away. She picked up the telegram, too, and read it over two or three times, slowly.

It made a picture in her mind of Joe, sweating over its dozen words, chewing his pencil, mussing up his hair, with his rawboned face looking the way it always did when he saw Jean or talked about her or thought about her.

Suddenly the sag went out of Milly's shoulders. She folded the telegram and put it into her bag. She went over to the closet and got out Jean's coat with the beaver collar, and the beaver pillbox and the fur-topped galoshes. They didn't make her look much like Jean, but they helped a little. She fluffed her hair into something like Jean's bob, and managed to hold her mouth steady while she used one of Jean's lipsticks on it.

SHE was at the station in plenty of time, so she stopped at the newsstand to buy a carton of the cigarettes Joe always smoked; and still she was the first one at the rope barrier in front of the train gate.

It was quite a while before she saw Joe, two or three steps ahead of the other uniforms on the platform, running awkwardly but fast, in spite of the big duffel bag over his shoulder. She had her mouth pulled into the wide, crooked, good-old-Milly smile by the time he was near enough to see her, and she kept it smiling even when she watched the excited hopefulness drain out of his face. She ran around the end of the barrier to meet him. She had luck with her voice. It sounded about the way she knew he'd be expecting it to sound:

"Jean couldn't make it, Joe. Your wire didn't come till she was just starting for work. She's on the swing shift now, with a big crew under her, and she simply had to go. It just about killed her to think of your getting here and not finding anybody waiting for you. But all she could do was to ask me to come down here and give you all her love and—"

She stopped. Some of the excitedness had come back into his look She pushed the cigarettes into his hands.

"She said to be sure and get you this kind. I tried to tell her you only liked Angoras, but—"

"No. I only smoke these." He held the carton gingerly, as if it might break. "She—she remembered!" His voice had dropped a little as if he were talking to himself. "What do you know about that?"

He swung the duffel bag over his shoulder. "Come on. Let's go some place where we can talk."

He didn't have to say what they were going to talk about. They went over to the soft-drink bar and sat on high stools. Without asking Milly what she wanted, Joe ordered two orangeades.

"You remember a few things yourself, don't you?" Milly said. "About her always taking orangeade, for instance. You're buying this one for her, aren't you?"

Joe nodded. He looked sheepish, guilty.

"She'll like that when I tell her," Milly said.

"You think she will?" He was eager about it.

"Honest." She crossed her heart. "And, Joe, she said be sure and tell you . . ."

MILLY had never been any good at telling lies, but all at once it wasn't any trouble to make up things for Joe. About how important Jean's new defense job was and how hard she worked at it and how many hours of overtime she put in—so many that there just wasn't time for private, selfish things like writing letters.

Maybe Milly didn't do it very well. Maybe Joe wouldn't have been fooled if he hadn't been so desperately eager to believe her. Or maybe it was because . . .

But reasons didn't matter as long as the shining look in his eyes kept begging her to go on. It was still there when the loud-speaker called his train and they went out into the big echoing rotunda.

There were a lot of other people there, sayin goodby—men in uniform, with women standin close to them. Milly could see that Joe didn want to look at those others. He went by them quickly, his eyes straight ahead, lines showin around his mouth. At the gate, when he stoppe and turned, Milly knew that all he wanted now was to get away from her—to get away from anybody who wasn't Jean.

But she didn't let him. She stood close to him the way the other women were standing close t their men. She reached up and pulled his hea down and kissed him on the mouth. Not hard softly. It was a strange thing, her knowing that he'd have wanted Jean to kiss him just exactly that way. For a second, his arms were tight. Then they dropped to his sides.

"That wasn't me, Joe." She said it quickly. "That was Jean. She said it would be better than nothing."

He didn't say anything but she knew what he was thinking.

"I know you don't feel that way about it, Joe. You're a man, and it's everything or nothing with you. But girls are different. When we can't have what we want, we take what we can get. No matter how little it is, we always think it's better than—better than nothing."

He shook his head. "It isn't. But if she think it is . . . Does she, Mill? Honest?"

Milly wasn't sure of her voice. But she could cross her heart again and nod and keep her eyes straight and steady and honest.

"Then give her this one from me," Joe said.

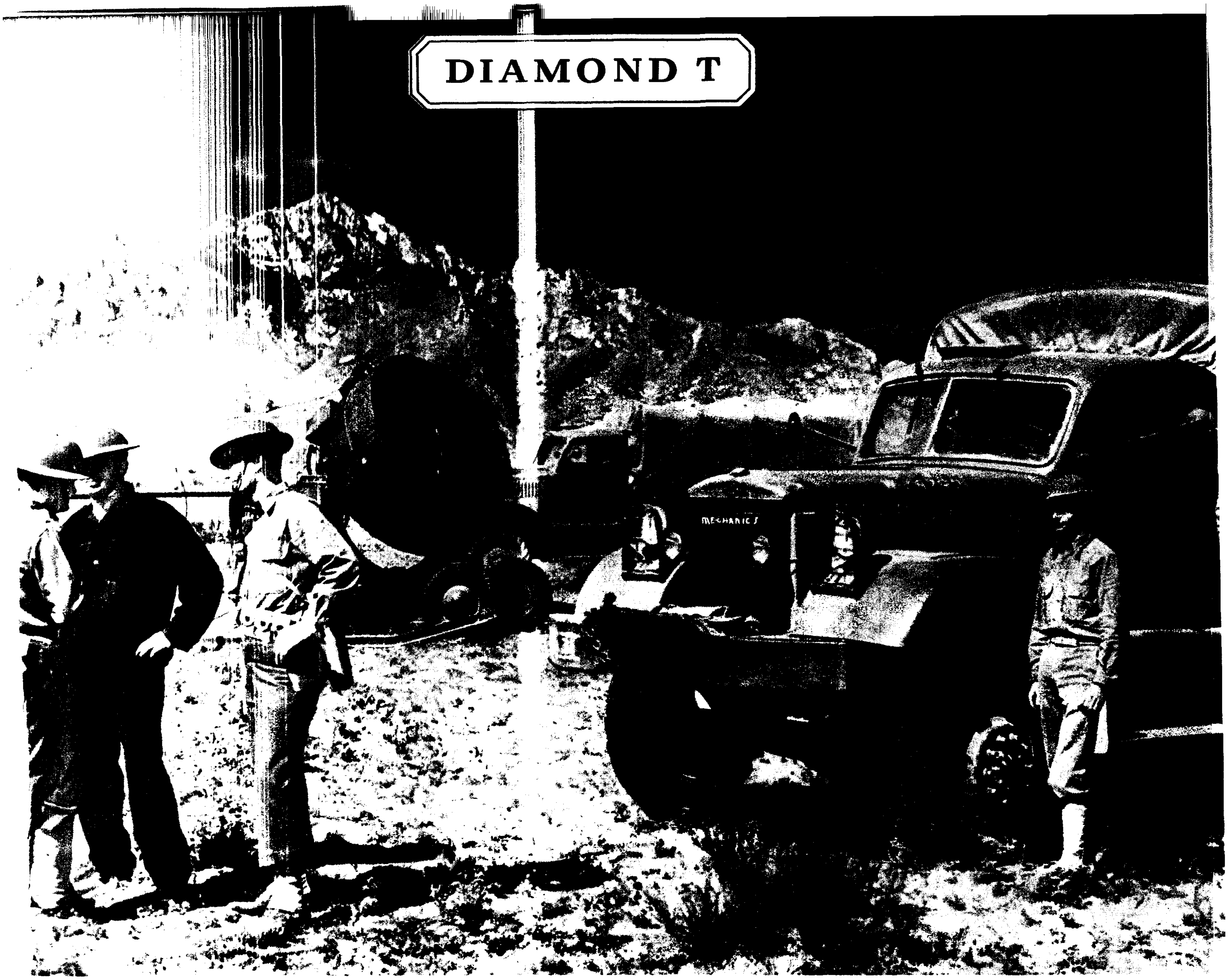
It wasn't much like the one she'd given him. Anybody else could fool him, Milly thought, but he couldn't fool himself. Not about this, anyway. When he let her go, he shook his head again and there was something stiff about his grin.

"Well, so long, Mill. Thanks for coming."

He swung the duffel bag over his shoulder and went through the gate. Milly watched him till he got on the train. He didn't look back but she waved to him anyway.

There were lots of other women in the rotunda who weren't doing anything about lips that trembled and cheeks that were wet. Milly didn't do anything about hers, either. Even a shaky mouth and wet cheeks were something. And anything, if it was all you could have, was . . .

"Better than nothing!" She said it under her breath and then she said it again, out loud. "It was! It was. It—it *is!*"



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ARMY E NAVY

DIAMOND T MOTOR CAR COMPANY, CHICAGO
*Established 1905*

**★ DIAMOND T MOTOR TRUCKS ★**

Mom's the General

She figured out the strategy that's going to send our family supply department over the top now and next winter. "*Grow your own*," says Mom. "In a Victory Garden! See, I've drawn up our battle lines of vegetables we need."

Pop's a Commando

"But to grow 'em, we've got to hoe 'em," points out Pop. And when he lands on those enemy bugs and weeds, there isn't a survivor left. That's why our garden and Pop both look swell now.

We're liaison men

We help Pop work in the garden. And when a new crop comes in we help Mom can. And any extra, we take in our express wagon to the Community Kitchen to share with other families. It's easy to have a Victory Garden when everybody works. Your Victory Garden Committee will help you start one today. This advertisement contributed by the makers of Sani-Flush and Mel'o.

Room with Bath $2.50 up
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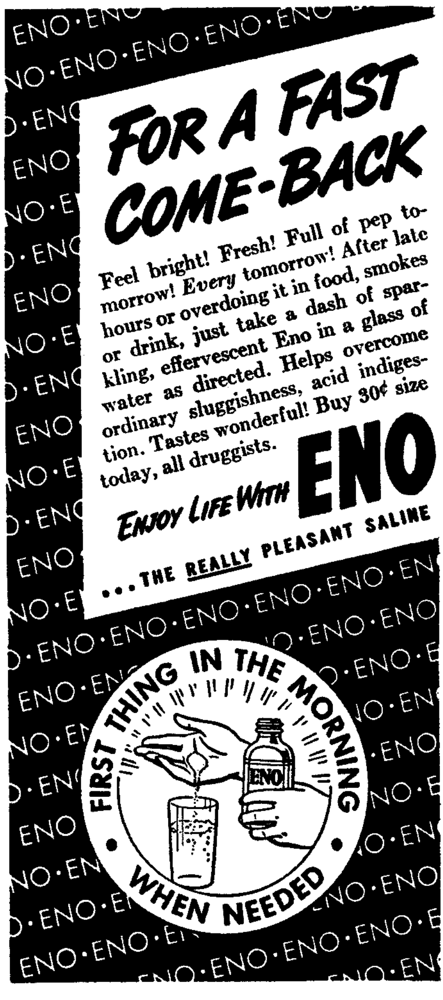
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Feel bright! Fresh! Full of pep tomorrow! *Every* tomorrow! After late hours or overdoing it in food, smokes or drink, just take a dash of sparkling, effervescent Eno in a glass of water as directed. Helps overcome ordinary sluggishness, acid indigestion. Tastes wonderful! Buy 30¢ size today, all druggists.

ENJOY LIFE WITH ENO ... THE REALLY PLEASANT SALINE

# Double, Double, Toil and Trouble

Continued from page 71

They were colored by his determination, and Oscar recognized that whoever stood in the Fuehrer's way, voluntarily or involuntarily, would have to fall. But the very sense of danger which the man exuded attracted Oscar. "You exact a great deal from your friends," he said, "but even more from yourself."

"The road to Valhalla is no paved highway," answered Hitler. "To be German means to live dangerously. To be German means to achieve things by blood not by sweat. There you have my conception of the world in two words."

He led Oscar to his desk, opened the drawer, pointed to the revolver. "There it lies, and it is loaded," he said. "There it lies and is a constant reminder that every hour is an hour of decision—to conquer or die." He shut the drawer with a forceful gesture.

OSCAR saw the storm clouds in the Fuehrer's soul, ever ready to let loose their lightning; the only question was against whom? Now it was up to him, Oscar, to guide the lightning to the heads of the true enemy, the upper crust. Hitler was in the right mood; the more crudely Oscar spoke, the more surely he would attain his end.

"Yes," said Oscar, "every hour is full of new danger. The enemy are at work and wait only for their opportunity. They are shameless, they don't even conceal their evil intentions."

And he told Hitler about the remark of the former chancellor, when he had made a scene at Walsz the tailor's, screaming that he would not look on much longer and would soon send the whole gang packing.

By good luck Oscar had touched a sensitive point. Hitler hated the former chancellor. The man had delayed his rise for months, for years. The man was in possession of documents which showed what the Reichswehr had paid agent 1077, Adolf Hitler, for his activities. The man was not the cautious type and he was always execrating Hitler and jeering at him. Lautensack was not the first to tell Hitler about this.

But the remark he reported was particularly vile, and it rang true. Hitler paled; all color vanished from his flat cheeks; his large, triangular nose, protruding into the air, was completely white. He raged, he slavered. With a pleasant shock Oscar observed that foam had appeared on the Fuehrer's lips.

"The dog," he screamed, "the vile, jealous dog. I'll crush him, annihilate him, shatter him to bits, stand him up against the wall for high treason and have him buried like a dog."

He regained his self-control slowly. But the way he spoke, matter of factly but through clenched teeth, showed Oscar even more plainly than the first outburst of rage that he had achieved his purpose.

"Yes, that sounds like him," the Fuehrer declared, with a calm that was charged with energy. " 'Send them packing!' We'll see who sends whom packing. Those fine fellows have grown arrogant because I hesitated so long. But my decision has been made, and it's only the hour I'm waiting for, the hour which my inner voice will indicate to me. Then I shall not shrink from letting the heads of the guilty roll—even if they are shaved by personal valets and think themselves immovably cemented on their necks because they belong to a class unjustly privileged for centuries."

With satisfaction Oscar recognized that he had again proved himself a switchman of fate and that he had set Hitler's will on the right track. The former chancellor was the ringleader and strong man of the upper crust. If he fell, others must fall too, many others; for example Messrs. Proell and Zinsdorff. . . .

Although Oscar was filled with enormous pride, he let no word slip to anyone of what had been discussed in his interview with the Fuehrer. Hannsjörg's warning rang in his ears. He would be discreet. Not until he had the upper crust under his heel would he tell them scornfully: "It is I who crush you."

Again and again, against his will, he wondered what *might* be happening to Käthe and his child. She was in Prague; that much he had found out. Several times he composed long telegrams to her, but he did not send them. It was senseless. Then he thought of giving a guest performance in Prague. At the moment he was to sign the contract he changed his mind.

Fortunately he did not have much time for reflection. The work for the academy made demands on him, he gave a performance every evening, he had to hold many consultations, his social duties mounted, his days and nights were filled.

Once, at a party, he met Count Zinsdorff. It was a heart-warming experience to see the face of an enemy and know that an oven in the crematorium was waiting for him.

Zinsdorff, the living corpse, greeted Oscar as if nothing had happened, and carried on a polite conversation with him. He asked him in his pert, pretty way whether one would have a chance to see Oscar on the stage in the future; or whether his dignity as president of the academy forbade him to give public performances.

"Do you consider public performances shameful?" asked Oscar haughtily.

"If I were in your place," Zinsdorff advised him amiably, "I'd ask the Fuehrer directly. After all, you're one of his intimates."

"The Fuehrer has done me the honor of occasionally asking my advice," Oscar answered calmly, and his heart was full of scorn.

"And does he follow it?" asked Zinsdorff.

Oscar did not reply but only looked at him with a slight, arrogant quirk on his very red lips. This miserable puppy of a count would discover in his own person how far the Fuehrer followed Oscar's advice. He had a smooth, pretty face, he had luck with women too, but that wouldn't help him. Today we ride proudly, tomorrow—

"Listen, Oscar," Zinsdorff went on, "it seems to me that you sent me something like a dun not so long ago. As a rule I toss such stuff into the wastebasket unread, but since your signature was at the bottom I looked at it. I don't think it's very nice of you to play Shylock to a poor little government official. You know how much I have to do for the Party."

So the little wretch even dared to challenge him.

"If I were in your place, Ulrich," replied Oscar, "I wouldn't make such a fuss about my work. The executioner's job is a necessary one, but I wouldn't boast about it."

"You mistake my function, Oscar," returned Zinsdorff. "I don't drive the sheep to slaughter, I only mark them."

Oscar could no longer contain his wrathful delight at the blindness with which the insolent puppy was going to his doom.

"Many a man," he said, "thinks that he is doing the marking and has long since been marked himself."

"That sounds Apocalyptic," said Zinsdorff. "Is it a quotation from the Bible or is it yours?"

Oscar, with increasing and joyful spite, answered: "It's not from the Bible, and it's only half mine. It's a remark of someone who has the power to translate his words into deeds. You could also put it this way: 'Many a man thinks he will send someone packing and is sent packing himself.' "

"You seem to have a lot of pearls in your treasury of quotations," Zinsdorff said gently. "Are they all genuine?"

Oscar *controlled himself and did not* slap the other's handsome, insolent, arrogant face. "There is someone," he replied, "who, at the proper time, will not shrink from letting heads roll, even if they are shaved by personal valets and think themselves immovably cemented on their necks because they belong to a privileged class. Now that, for example, is an indubitably genuine quotation. And those whom it concerns should perhaps not talk so big, Count Zinsdorff."

"Yes," replied Zinsdorff, "that quotation sounds genuine." He tried to maintain his old teasing tone, but he did not quite succeed. It was the first time that Oscar observed something like dismay in Zinsdorff's impudent face.

He left him standing there. He felt replete and contented. Now he'd given that snob what was coming to him.

IT WAS true that Hitler's remark, repeated by Oscar, had given Ulrich Zinsdorff a cold shudder. But only for a moment. It was a long way to the final battle between the aristocracy and the mob, and in that battle it was by no means certain as yet on which side the hysterical buffoon Hitler would appear.

The only thing that was certain was that he had given vent to some portentous utterances in the presence of this circus clown; the remarks quoted by Lautensack were genuine, there was no doubt of that—the Fuehrer's turgid style was unmistakable.

But certainly—and when he had reached this point in his thoughts a little gleam passed over Zinsdorff's face—certainly

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Hitler had not made these remarks to be spread further.

You dealt me a blow, my good Oscar, that's a fact, he thought to himself. But perhaps this triumph was the most colossal blunder you've committed in your long career.

Zinsdorff sat comfortably in an armchair, knees crossed; he weighed the issues and laid his plans. The quotations must be made public. Those concerned—Kadereit and that back number, the chancellor—must get a chance to see them. They would get busy; they would raise a rumpus. If a man was such a poor guardian of what the Fuehrer confided in him he was a traitor. Hitler was quickly roused by the word treason. Yes, that was the solution.

THE task of getting out an article which said nothing and everything and which contained the unmistakable quotations was not simple. But when Zinsdorff seriously wanted something he was as skillful as he was amiable.

The essay appeared. The essay was understood. The upper crust was outraged.

With a well-simulated smirk of regret Zinsdorff laid the article before the chief of staff. Proell read. Proell meditated.

"I can understand everything," he said concluding his reflections, "except how this got into the paper. Our magic-maker is a genius and therefore a ninny. But still not such a ninny that he would broadcast stuff like this to the whole world."

"The head of the National Press Bureau," Zinsdorff reported innocently, "can't understand how it could have happened either. He called up in a panic and demanded that I put the reporter who brought the story in a concentration camp. Of course I did so."

Proell looked fixedly at Zinsdorff. He took his hand: a slender, strong, well-groomed hand. "Has this hand had a finger in this, Ulrich?" he asked.

"What do you mean, Chief?" Zinsdorff answered in a tone which let the other see that he lied and what a profound and cruel pleasure the affair gave him. "Oscar Lautensack has obviously gone insane," he went on. "Kadereit has told me that he would not tolerate it any longer. The Back Number is up in arms too. They will report the episode to Hindenburg. Siegfried has blabbed. I'm afraid Siegfried can not be saved."

"I fear the same," answered Proell. Well well, the boy was getting quite ingenious. He hated Oscar that much. Proell sat there with an unusually serious expression and tapped his almost hairless skull with his pencil. He was sorry that Hannsjörg was going to lose his brother, and that Hitler was going to lose his friend and seer. But this Oscar Lautensack was a simpleton. He handled the gift which had been given him too rashly. He made too many enemies. First he had put up a fight against him, Proell, and now he had even told tales out of Adolf's school. He created too many awkward situations for the Party. He could not be saved.

Now Proell was laying down his pencil. "You have a wicked, wicked heart, Ulrich my son," he said. "I suppose I have no course left but to go to Adolf.". . .

Manfred Proell showed the article to the Fuehrer.

He liked it. "Not bad," he said. "This storm cloud will now hang over the upper crust like a sword of Damocles."

"Excuse me, Adolf," said Proell, suppressing a slight irritation, "but I should never have bothered you with the reading of this article if I had intended only to move you to an emotional evaluation. Please understand, this essay is a political matter."

"I think," Hitler insisted, "that having this sword of Damocles hanging over them can only do the upper crust a lot of good."

"It does them good," Proell replied in his squeaky voice, "but not the way you mean. We're working with them in a coalition government. They have our assurances. These threats violate the agreement we made with them. Dr. Kadereit has called something like a council of war. The Back Number and the group around him have declared that they will definitely not stand for this any longer."

"What won't they stand for, the presumptuous good-for-nothings?" the chancellor asked somberly.

"Your threats," answered the chief of staff. "Please don't underestimate the seriousness of this affair, Adolf. Our fine gentlemen are thumping on the table and declaring that we have broadcast our intention of breaking our word to the whole world. They're sheltering themselves behind Hindenburg."

"My name's not mentioned in the article," Hitler said sullenly.

"Lautensack's name isn't mentioned either," answered Proell. "But the threats are phrased in your unique German and they can't be misinterpreted. And there can be no doubt either that Lautensack is meant to be the man who passed them on. Adolf, there's no getting around it. You have to issue a straightforward statement. You have to disassociate yourself from this addlepate. Energetically. Once and for all."

The Fuehrer was in low spirits. It was irresponsible of Lautensack to have babbled, and if anyone else had done it he would have given them short shrift. But Lautensack was a seer. One couldn't ask him to make his heart a sealed tomb. Visions and big talk simply went hand in hand; no one knew that better than he.

"I have spent hours of elevating contemplation with Lautensack," he protested. "He has understanding for much in me that is a closed book to others."

"I understand your being attached to him," Proell admitted. "He has a certain quality—I have experienced it myself. But he is enormously naïve; his friendship is a heavy burden for a statesman. You see it yourself, he can't keep his mouth shut, this Siegfried," he continued repeating Zinsdorff's argument. "You have to disassociate yourself from him."

HITLER was in the midst of a hard struggle. The comparison with Siegfried appealed to him; he enjoyed the tragic situation into which he had again got himself. But he suffered from it also. He breathed heavily; he sweated.

"I am prepared to repudiate Lautensack," he declared finally, "although he has not deserved it of me. I am prepared to declare to Dr. Kadereit that there has been a misunderstanding."

"You won't get away with incomplete explanations like that," said Proell. "Hindenburg himself will demand an explanation from you; new, solemn assurances. And they will insist that all this take place in public, in the full glare of publicity. If you want to save the fellow you won't get off without a painful scene with the Old Man."

Hitler—and this was Proell's intention—thought of his hour of humiliation when he had had to walk over burning coals, his tail between his legs. No, he couldn't bear that a second time.

"Oh, leave me in peace," he broke out. "Every hired man has an hour of peace once in a while. But you push and pull at me day and night. That's no life; it's an eternal sacrifice. You're pulling me to pieces."

Proell saw his friend's distress. He went up to him and put his arm about his shoulders. "You have a hard lot, Adolf," he said, "I know. But look, even if you humiliated yourself before Hindenburg for Lautensack this time, in two or three months he would make a new blunder. There's only one solution: The man must go. That's the only thing that can clear

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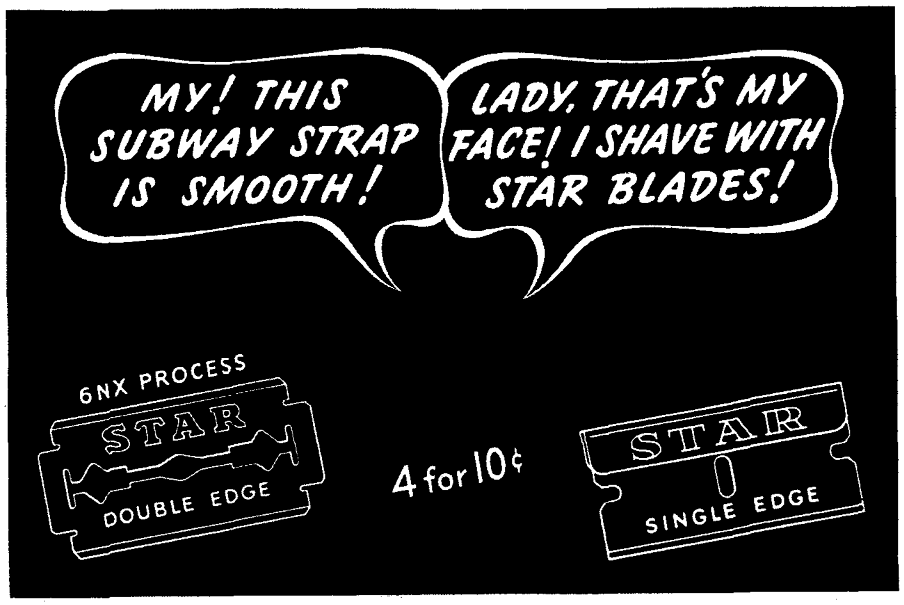
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you. The fellow must disappear. Then the whole distasteful story will disappear automatically."

Hitler had understood from the beginning what was meant by "disassociating" himself. He had sincerely intended to save his friend. But Proell's arguments were forceful. And even if he humiliated himself and saved him, the bond between himself and Lautensack—Proell was right in this too—was nevertheless destroyed for good. Lautensack himself had destroyed it by his tendency to gossip. And had he not himself granted Hitler absolution? "If you condemn me, you condemn me justly," he had said. "Your heart belongs to the wolves," he had said. With tragic irony the seer had foretold his own fate and the sacrifice which fate now imposed on him, the Fuehrer.

Proell had gently removed his arm from Hitler's shoulders. He watched his darkly brooding friend, observed how he plagued himself. Obviously he was making great drama out of the affair. On such occasions one did best to let him alone.

But suddenly it seemed to Proell as if this great drama no longer centered about the seer, but about himself. He shoved the unwelcome thought aside. That fool Lautensack. His very name aroused everything that was dark and uneasy in one.

"Adolf, is the man to disappear?" he repeated his question.

Hitler did not look at him. Slowly he took a small tortoise-shell paper cutter from the desk. Slowly, with the thumbs of his two well-groomed, strong, brutal hands, he pressed down on it. With an ugly crack the tortoise shell snapped in two.

"Thank you," said Proell.

WHEN Hannsjörg was told that Proell wished to speak to him on the telephone he felt a shock, even though he had expected the call.

Since he had read that essay he had understood perfectly: "That's done it." The trifling, politely regretful, mocking tone in which Zinsdorff had then spoken about the "distasteful affair" on the telephone had confirmed his guess that Ulrich was the perpetrator of the fatal joke.

Oscar was lost. Attempts at rescue were hopeless; whatever Hannsjörg might attempt he would not be able to make headway against Proell, who would certainly not let down his Ulli; at most, he would endanger himself. Nor was there any point now in speaking to Oscar.

In this mood, filled with suspense and excitement, he had awaited Proell's telephone call. But the latter, now that he finally spoke to him, left him on the rack a little longer. He chatted jovially about irrelevant subjects. In conclusion, however, he invited him to dinner, and, "We'll be alone, sweetheart," he promised him.

Then, during the dinner, Proell behaved in his most amiably facetious manner, displaying all the glittering facets of his skeptical knowledge of people and the world.

He was bent on showing Hannsjörg his best side. Hannsjörg must understand clearly that Proell did not hold him in the least responsible for Oscar's stupidities. On the other hand, he wanted to get a frank declaration from Hannsjörg, as man to man, that he would not bear him a grudge for this Oscar affair. He wanted Hannsjörg to make a decision against his brother, in favor of his friend.

After the meal he led him into the study for coffee and a brandy. On the desk the paper with the fatal article lay conspicuously. Proell pointed to it with a little gesture.

"Yes, my dear fellow," he said, "I suppose there's nothing for me to do but to condole with you about your brother's fit of insanity." And he laid his hand on Hannsjörg's shoulder.

"What have you decided about him, Manfred?" asked Hannsjörg.

"I haven't decided anything about him," Proell said with a pretense of easy boldness. "You know I liked him; he was amazing in his field, unique. Once he even did me a not inconsiderable service. And Adolf liked him, too."

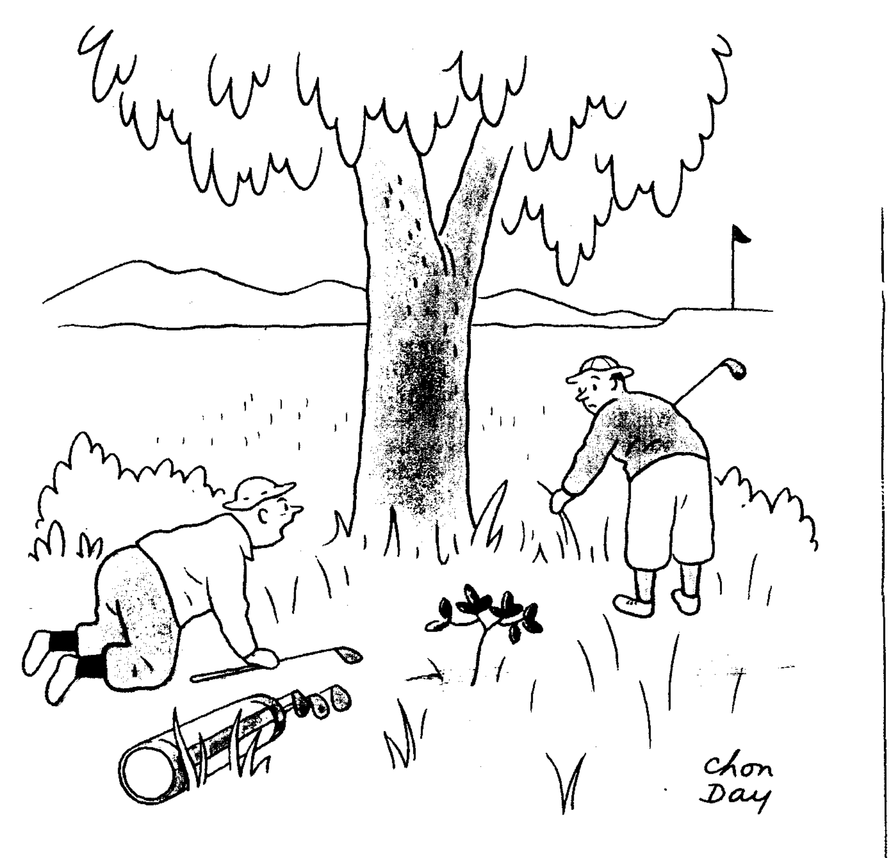
Hannsjörg's pale lips quivered. Man fred spoke of Oscar as a dead man. It wa all over with Oscar; he had known it. Bu he was still unwilling to believe it.

"You have to remove him?" he askec strangely childlike, and gulped.

"You know Adolf," returned Proell Hannsjörg sat there, a slight, pitiful fig ure; he felt deathly sick. The momen seemed the most miserable in his life. H had meant well, but he had set his brothe on the wrong track.

"Will I see him once more?" aske Hannsjörg after a painful silence.

"Why not?" said Proell. "For my pa he's welcome to a few days of pleasure i



COLLIER'S "Oh, it's an easy course—if I could just get on it!" CHON DAY the preparations for his academy. He won't escape us. There's no objection to leaving him a little more time." He took another brandy. "He was a gifted fellow. If he had one atom of common sense in addition to his gift, he could have gone a long way."

WHEN Oscar read the essay, his first reaction was, like the Fuehrer's, one of satisfaction. The dark fame with which it surrounded him and the dark threats against the upper crust appealed to him.

But then, when he read the essay a second time, it dawned on him that only a person of malicious intentions could have published it. The only person who could be behind it was Zinsdorff. Nothing but harm could result from this publication. The Party would make trouble for him because he had spread the Fuehrer's remarks without authorization. He would have to justify himself to Hannsjörg again.

He almost longed for his brother to call him. He wasn't quite sure of the consequences of the essay. Once he had argued with Hannsjörg about it he would be able to grasp the extent of the damage.

But no Hannsjörg called. Nor did anyone else speak to him about the essay.

Fortunately there was a lot to do, and the day on which he first saw the article was filled with work. In the morning he had a conference with the minister of education about the academy, in the afternoon a difficult consultation, in the evening a performance. After the performance he went out with a very pretty Italian lady. He had no leisure to think of the article.

But then, in the night, he could not get to sleep, and suddenly his anxiety returned: how would the Party and, above all, how would the Fuehrer take this business of the article? He thought over the details of the piece again; he even got up in the middle of the night, went into the library, and read it over. And suddenly he knew with infallible certainty that this affair could not end well, that of all the tricks the upper crust had played on him, this was the most dangerous.

He was glad when morning came and he could go to work. The wildly busy rush of his day occupied all his thoughts. Again he forgot the article, and on that evening he sank into bed so tired that he went to sleep at once. He slept soundly, and the next morning he felt rested and very well. His work gave him pleasure, and he also looked forward to his evening. He had made another appointment with the Italian lady and promised himself some results from their meeting.

But later in the afternoon, when he lay down to rest for the performance and the hours that would follow, his worries about the article came over him again. He was filled with anger at himself, called himself to order, scolded himself. It was all sheer, stupid imagination. But now he would put an end to this silly fear once and for all. There was one means: he would speak to Hitler himself about the whole affair. At once he sat down and wrote a note, asking the Fuehrer if he might see him.

AFTER the performance he met the Italian lady, and everything went off as he had wished. The woman was beautiful; the woman was worth loving and knew something about making love; the woman was swept off her feet by Oscar's personality and fame. She said tender things to him; he responded suitably. But behind all this stood his anxiety and the fearful suspense as to how his interview with the Fuehrer would come off.

The next morning Oscar received an answer from the chancellory. In particularly polite language they informed him that the chancellor was very much overburdened at the moment. They would let Herr Dr. Lautensack know when the chancellor had an hour free for him.

Oscar paled as he read this. But at the same time he told himself that such an answer meant nothing. It was nonsense to imagine that Hitler wished one harm because he didn't have time for one right away the first day. He clung to this thought; he repeated it over and over to himself. But the comfort did not last. He knew that the Fuehrer had condemned him.

He plunged into his work. Then, in the midst of the most intense activity, a longing to see Alma suddenly overcame him. With her he would become calmer. With her he would get rid of this unstrung condition which kept him on edge and would end by really driving him crazy.

He immediately drove to her house. He walked up and down in her cozy room, felt at ease, spoke to her about the academy and how magnificent the inauguration would be. Suddenly he broke off, was silent, and after a little while he said, not knowing that he said it: "I wonder if I'll live to see it?"

Alma the seamstress looked at him in astonishment. "But it's only a fortnight till then," she said.

"What's only a fortnight?" he asked. "What did I say?"

She saw how disturbed he was. "Why what's the matter with you?" she asked in alarm.

He ran his hand over his forehead. "Nothing, nothing," he said. "It was a stupid joke."

He mustn't go on like this, he told himself. Even if he was mad he must at least not let others notice it. "These are sheer aberrations," he said to himself. "They will pass. Pull yourself together."

FROM time to time, when Oscar was with others, he succeeded in banishing his fear. But when he was alone it laid itself upon him like a physical weight. Sometimes he felt as if he stood in a void, as if he were already on the other side. He could still move, he could still talk, but the air no longer carried his voice; he went about as if beneath a glass bell.

There was nothing tangible to nourish his fear. But he was tortured by a growing suspicion against all people and all things. There was a fellow who wandered around in his garden and pretended to be busy. "What are you doing here?" Oscar barked at him. "This is private property." But it turned out that the man was an assistant gardener and had really been ordered to work there.

The minister of education called him up; the newspapers were full of the coming inauguration. Everything went on unchanged, the same as ever. But Oscar would not be hoodwinked. They remained invisible, the spies, the murderers. But they weren't going to make a fool of him. He felt their invisible eyes. He knew that the net was closing in around him, more and more tightly, even if he could not see it.

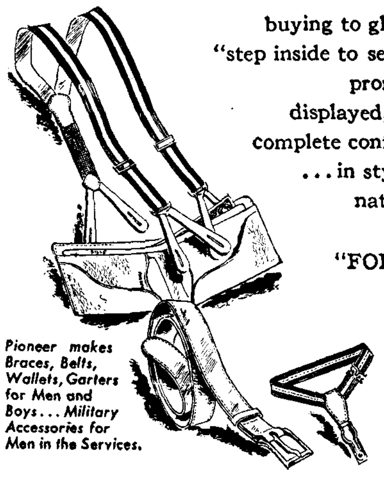
He could stand it no longer; he went to Hannsjörg. This happened on the third day after Hannsjörg's interview with Proell. "I have to talk to you urgently, undisturbed," he said.

"What's the matter with you?" asked Hannsjörg. "What's up? Is it about the academy? We really can't make a bigger noise about it." He was smoking his cigarette, trying to conceal his uneasiness behind a light tone.

"You must know better than I what's up," replied Oscar bitterly. "You were the one who warned me that they don't want to let me exist any more. You must know when the ax will fall."

"You're raving, you've gone out of your mind," said Hannsjörg.

But Oscar recognized the insecure, twisted quality behind Hannsjörg's words and manner. He was marked. Somewhere in the books of the upper crust the date of his fall was set down, the hour of his death. And this man, the little fellow, was



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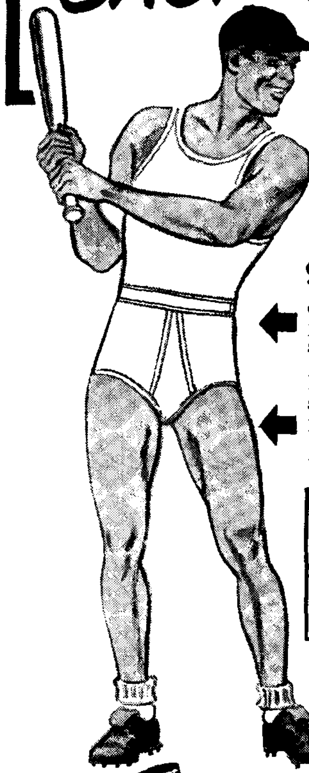

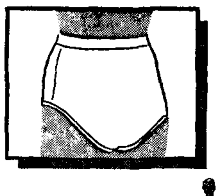

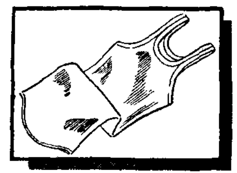

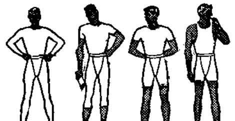

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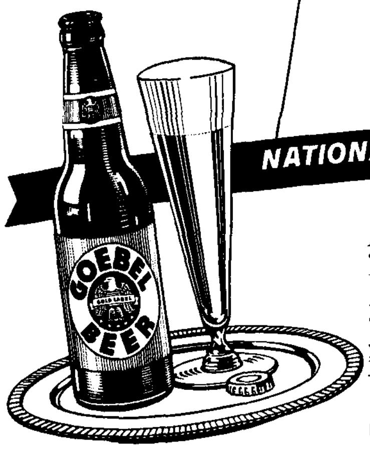

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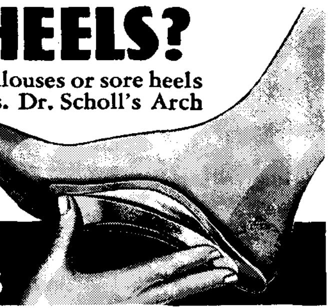

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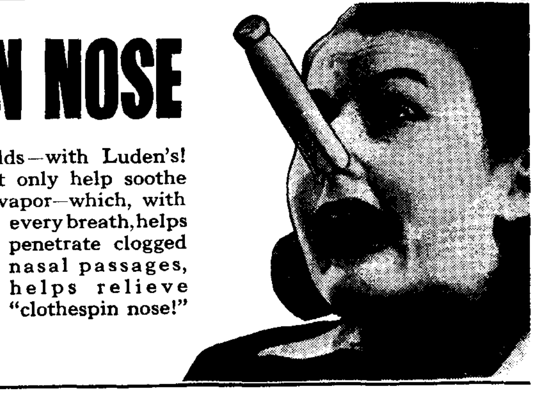

on the side of the upper crust and knew what was going on.

"Why did you betray me, Hansl?" he asked. "You did, didn't you? You do know something about it. You know a lot. You didn't say anything to me about the article, not one word! You knew that it was meant to ruin me. You should have warned me in time. You should have saved me. You could have done it. Surely you could have. Why didn't you, Hansl, my brother? Sometimes I was mean to you, I admit that, and you had a right to pay me back for it. But to go so far as taking my life—that you shouldn't have done. One has only one life, and I'm barely forty-five years old. And I came through the war and a hundred thousand deaths, and now you sit there and smoke your cigarette and let me die miserably."

"Don't talk such rot," answered Hannsjörg. "Perhaps we should postpone the inauguration and you should go to the seaside or into the mountains for a few days to recover," he suggested, but it sounded forced.

"You're terribly clever," Oscar was saying, "you've always been the cleverer one. Every man is his own first concern, you're perfectly right there. And that's the way I behaved too. But after all that was only when we stole apples. If it had been a question of your life, Hansl, I wouldn't have said: 'Go to the seaside or the mountains.' I'd have stood by you, you know that perfectly. Oh, well, there's no point in talking about it any more. What's done is done. But I am glad that I'm not so clever as you." He spoke slowly, in a heavy voice, digging the words out of himself, the way he spoke sometimes when he was in a trance. Hannsjörg said nothing; he did not look at him.

Then, after a while, Oscar went away. Hannsjörg heard him go, did not look up, did not stir. For two or three minutes after Oscar had gone he sat there, small, pasty-faced, huddled up, and did not stir.

FROM then on, during the four days which Oscar still had to live, whether he was alone or among people, that chilly, constricting, oppressive, suffocating fear wrapped itself around his chest and never left him. Whenever he met an S.A. man he said to himself: "Perhaps this is the one who'll hit me on the head, tomorrow or the day after." When he sailed in his yacht, he said to himself: "Perhaps they'll drown me here." When he walked through the woods in the vicinity of his country house, Sophienburg: "Perhaps they'll bury me here." He was always afraid that they would come, now, the next minute.

He took sleeping medicine, but he slept badly. Once he awoke dully, sweating, stunned. He heard footsteps, quite plainly; he screamed into the night: "Who's there?" Then the steps halted. But there was somebody in the room, he was sure. A shudder ran over him, his nose grew cold, he crossed himself as he had when a child.

The next evening when he unlocked the little back gate to his garden he suddenly noticed that he still had on his key ring the small key to Käthe's apartment. He was overcome with an irresistible longing to go there. There, he thought, he might perhaps feel remorse, but he would be free of his fear.

He drove there, unlocked the door. The apartment was not empty, and yet was more than empty. Käthe had left behind everything he had given her or which might have reminded her of him.

From the street the lamplight came harshly through the curtainless window. There stood Oscar in the bare room, leaning on the ostentatious grand piano. He who was usually so self-assured stood slumped against it, strangely awkward.

At that moment Käthe was sitting with Frau Tirschenreuth in Prague. Anna Tirschenreuth was looking over some of Paul's unpublished manuscripts; Albert had sent them to Käthe through devious channels. There was *Richard Wagner, Prototype and Warning;* there were essays on linguistics; there were keen, pioneering essays on German history and politics. Oscar Lautensack's name was mentioned a few times.

"Here are a few lines about Oscar," said Anna Tirschenreuth and handed the manuscript to Käthe. "Paul was courageous and intelligent," she said, "but just, he was not. Well, that would have been asking too much."

Käthe took the page, but she did not read it. She sat there with a reserved, almost angry expression.

Anna Tirschenreuth saw that Käthe held the page in her hand and did not read it. She's resisting the memory of Oscar, she thought. She probably can't help herself. She does Oscar an injustice. They all do him an injustice. She's looking forward to the child but she doesn't want to think of the fact that he's the father. And yet he had the stuff of the mask in him. He always talked big about fate and thought he was her pampered favorite. And in reality he was a stepchild. Sometimes he was quite close to grasping what had been granted him. He would have attained it if he had had more luck.

Käthe laid down the page on the table. "Surely you can understand, Frau Anna," she said, "that I don't want to have anything to do with all that any more. I want to occupy myself only with the child." She gazed before her, determined, confident, happy.

THE following night Oscar went with a large party to a luxurious night club. There he suddenly saw two men and knew; those are the ones. He remembered having seen them the day before, and again some time that day. He went into the lobby. One of the men followed him. He left the club, went to another; there they were again.

He did not dare go home. Hannsjörg had abandoned him; he could not expect any help from Hannsjörg. And yet he had to go to him once more. He had to have someone to whom he could cling when they came to murder him. He drove to Hannsjörg's.

The head of the Press Bureau was not at home. When he insisted on knowing where he was, they told him hesitatingly that the head of the Press Bureau was at Frau von Trettnow's.

Oscar drove to Trettnow's house. It was late at night; a sleepy butler opened the door. It seemed to Oscar that he was astonished and embarrassed when he recognized him. Oscar declared that his brother was there and that he had to speak to him urgently. The man, still embarrassed, asked him to wait and disappeared. After a while he came back and declared that Herr Lautensack had been there, but had left some time ago.

Hannsjörg had repudiated him. Oscar stood there, irresolute as never before in his life. Surely they were outside. When he had arrived he had noticed quite definitely that a car stopped not far behind his own. As long as he was here in the house he was safe. He did not want to leave. It would happen today. As long as this door was between him and the others he could still breathe. It was not true that Hannsjörg had already left. He was here, under this roof, his brother Hansl, and he was denying him in his hour of death.

The servant was still there, somewhat embarrassed, displeased, waiting for the troublesome guest to take himself off. Oscar stood there awkwardly, in evening dress, and made no move to go.

"I don't feel very well," he said at last. "Bring me a glass of brandy," and he slipped some money into the man's hand.

The man, surprised, hesitating, said, "If that's it, Herr Lautensack," and withdrew.

Oscar sat in one of the tall, precious, antique chairs; he had put his top hat on the floor beside him. The man came back with the drink.

"But it isn't the good brandy, Herr Lautensack," he said. "That's locked away."

"Well it doesn't matter now," said Oscar and drank it down.

"Excuse me, Herr Doctor," the man said suddenly, "but I read that you've received an honorary degree. I saw the pictures too, in the *Sunday Illustrated News*. Also the pictures of the academy that they're going to put up for you. That will be wonderful. I do congratulate you."

"Thank you, thank you," said Oscar. "But now I'd better go."

"Wouldn't you like to stay?" asked the man. "Wouldn't you like to spend the night here? Shouldn't I call a doctor?"

OSCAR reflected for a moment. If he was sick, here, in Trettnow's house, in the doctor's presence, they would hardly assassinate him. And if they did, if they murdered him before Hansl's eyes, it would serve Hansl right, it would oppress him all the more heavily, all his life.

But still there was no point in lingering. Sooner or later he would have to go. And if he stayed here he would have to pull himself together, lie, play a part. What good would it do him if he gained one more night and perhaps one more day, full of lies, full of horrible pretense and full of cruel, heart-constricting fear?

"Thank you," he said. "I think I'd better drive home after all." Heavily he left the hall and Trettnow's house, and he had not seen his brother.

Were the others waiting? It seemed so. He couldn't tell. He got into his car. But where to? Again to a night club? He felt repelled by lights, by music, by noise, by loud, laughing, hurried people bent on amusement. But even more he dreaded Sophienburg, the great, desolate house, filled with senseless luxury. And there they would certainly seize him. He drove aimlessly about the streets for a while. Then he drove to a cabaret. He found people he knew, found women, drank.

As he left the cabaret—the doorman had already opened the door to his car—the others approached him. There were two of them.

"I think," said one, "you had better take our car now, Herr Dr. Lautensack," and the other, with a little gesture, indicated several men near by.

It was night, but one felt that morning would come soon. Oscar looked about him. The street was empty. The doorman, sensing trouble, had quietly slipped away; he was just disappearing through the door. Oscar felt a desire to scream, to scream dreadfully, for his life. But then they'd just strike him down at once, and if he was quiet he would still have a few minutes to live.

"If you please," said the man, in a tone so full of sarcasm and menace and command that Oscar himself couldn't have done it better. He got into their car. It was a comfortable car. There were four people sitting in it beside himself. "Where are we going?" asked Oscar.

They did not answer.

They drove quickly through streets where there was little life. Oscar knew these streets well, he had often driven through them, just in this hour before dawn. He peopled them with many faces; he had had many experiences in these streets; this was the Berlin he had conquered. Many different memories passed through his mind and a yet greater number of fears and a yet greater number of lightning calculations. Was there still a way to save himself? Was rescue possible? But above these memories and fears and calculations towered one question and one wish: Shall I still see morning and the first light?

They were driving to the western part of the city, and then farther west, in the direction of Sophienburg.

They passed the district where Sophienburg lay; they drove on beyond it. Then they turned into a narrow road which led through woods—Oscar was familiar with it—and then into an even narrower one, on which the car advanced with difficulty. Then they stopped.

"Get out," ordered the spokesman. Oscar remained seated; he felt terribly weak, he was shivering. Nor was it yet morning. "Get out," repeated the man in that cold, scornfully menacing tone.

"Shall I take along my hat and coat?" asked Oscar foolishly, childishly. Gain time, time, gain time, he thought.

All four of them grinned. "You can take along your hat and coat," the man said.

Oscar got out, heavily. There he stood, in the middle of a thin wood, in evening dress, cape, and top hat; the road had ended; in front of him and on either side was woodland; a pale half-moon which shed little light hung in the sky, so low that one could hardly see it through the trees. Oscar was very weak, and he shivered with cold although it was not particularly chilly.

"Come on, now," said the man.

"Can't we wait till morning?" begged Oscar haltingly, plaintively; and with an unsteady hand he pulled out his wallet.

"Come on, now," said the man instead of answering. They took him between them and forced him to walk. For a little while they led him deeper into the wood. The going was rough, through bushes, over roots. They stood still.

"Now run," ordered the man, "start running," and he pointed into the wood.

Oscar looked at them, one after another, with a long, clinging, mournful glance. What he saw was no passion but only the cold, businesslike intention of carrying out an order. It was not yet morning, but there was no hope. He had concentrated all his will power on living to see the morning, but when he looked into those cold faces he knew that his final wish and determination had been powerless and his last attempt another failure.

He turned his eyes away from the men. He looked about him once more. He saw the trees, the faintly illuminated sky, the pale, low moon, and the darkness surrounding him. He put on his hat and turned to go.

He wished very much that music would awaken within him, some great melody. But he wished in vain. There was no music in him as he set out on his last walk, only shreds of the noisy, blaring dissonance of the cabaret.

He lifted his foot in its patent leather shoe. He began to walk. He tramped along through the underbrush, in evening dress, cape and top hat, into the dark, waiting for the shots to ring out and for all to be over.

THE day before the Academy of Occult Sciences was to be opened, the newspapers published a front-page story with thick headlines that Oscar Lautensack had been horribly murdered. He had had on him the big ring which hundreds of thousands knew from his performances, as well as jewelry and money, and he had been robbed of nothing. It was obviously a case of political murder. Oscar Lautensack had been to the Reds a representative of National Socialist ideology; it was in this capacity that he had been assassinated.

The Fuehrer ordered a state funeral for his seer. There was an enormous crowd, there was much solemn music, there were many banners and flags.

Hitler himself made a speech at Oscar Lautensack's bier. "He was one of those men," he proclaimed in a voice full of emotion, "who enkindled in my soul that concept of the new Germany which I have fulfilled."

THE END

"—but mother—all he does is sit there and smoke his Sir Walter Raleigh!"

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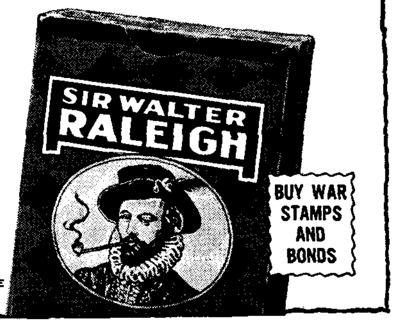

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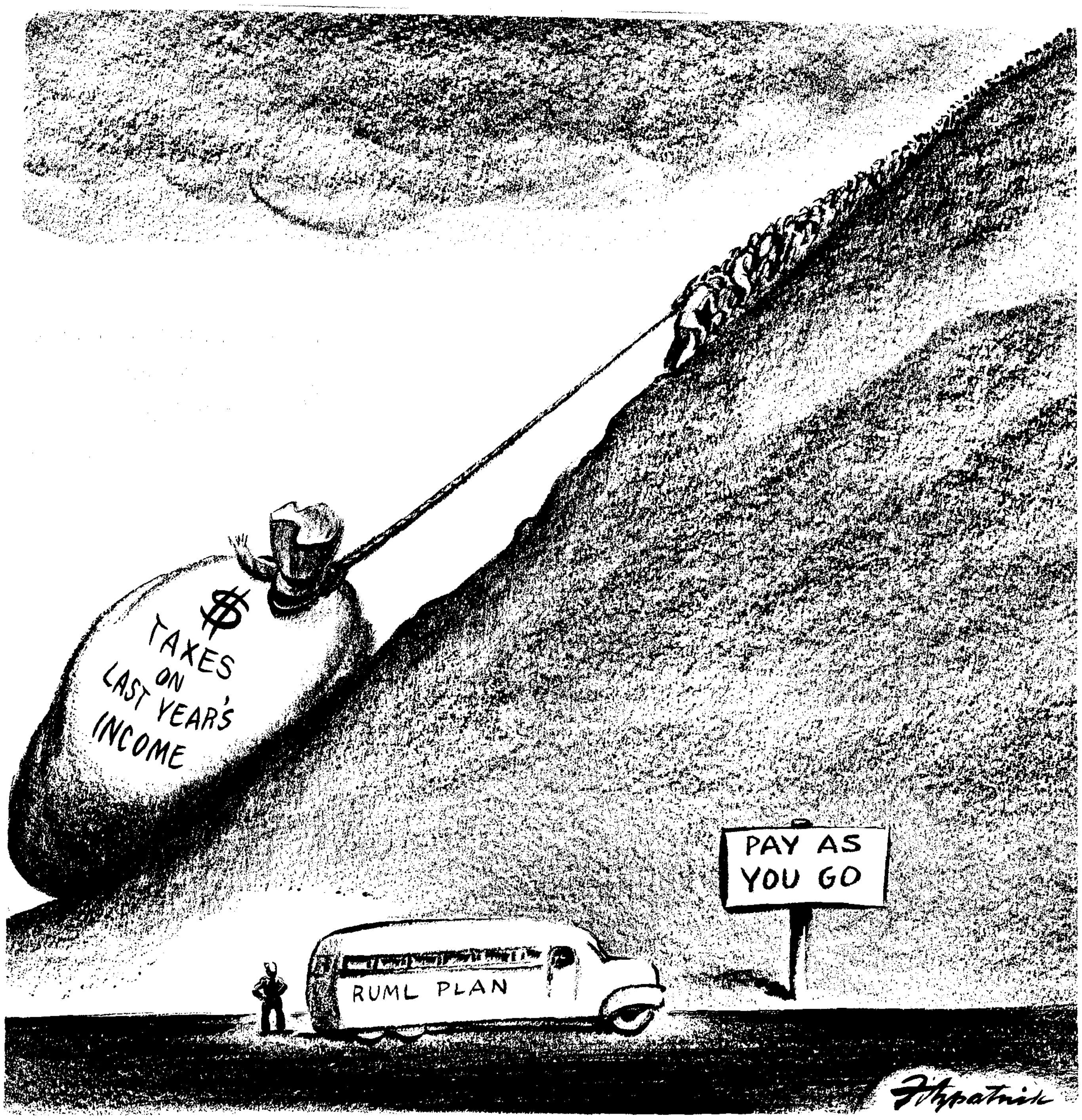


# Let's Just Have the Ruml Plan

SINCE late last August, the nation has been bemused, bedeviled and befogged by persons offering income tax collection schemes alleged to be as good as or better than the Ruml plan. It was in last August that the Ruml plan was first proposed by Beardsley Ruml, chairman of the New York Federal Reserve Bank and treasurer of the well-known cash-basis R. H. Macy department store. Instantly the just-as-good and better-than boys got busy on plans of their own.

What we still want to know is: What is the matter with the original and genuine Ruml plan? Why not just adopt that?

The sound conclusion to be drawn from all the debate to date is that this plan has all the answers to the problem of putting us on a pay-as-you-go basis of income tax collection in one bookkeeping operation, and that there are holes in all the other plans thus far put forward.

The only sound change yet suggested in the original Ruml plan is the proposal to collect income taxes the first year of the plan's existence on income earned that year *or* the previous year, whichever income is larger. This would prevent the handful of so-called windfall benefits over which some of our more impassioned demagogues have worked themselves into such a lather.

Ruml's plan is obviously sound. Nor is it too late, as is being hinted by its Treasury Department foes, to adopt it this year. Whenever it should go into effect, the taxable year could be split in proportion.

The fancy substitutes which we are offered are the products of jealousy, or of fuzzy thinking, or of sly desires to wring more taxes out of us in a year than the current income tax law requires. The plan best liked by the Treasury, for example, actually calls for double taxation in one year. The Treasury's next favorite substitute would tax us at 150 per cent of current rates in a year. Neither of these plans should be countenanced by Congress.

Americans realize that they must pay higher taxes if they are to escape the disaster of inflation. They are ready and willing to assume this burden. They ask only for fair play and a reasonable regard for their resources.

Let's just have the Ruml plan as written, and thereby get ourselves in shape—on a cash taxation basis—to meet whatever money crises may arrive when the war ends. Those crises can be intensified to the point of national peril if at that time we are still paying taxes this year on the money we made last year.

If you agree, how about writing to your Congressman again—and again?

# New York State's Farm Plans

NEW YORK'S new governor, Thomas E. Dewey, has torn into the food and farm labor problems in his state in a way which reminds us of the energy and courage with which he tore into various organized rackets in New York City a few years ago. In that former war, Dewey won a series of victories which made him nationally famous and came within
an ace of getting him the 1940 Republican Pres
dential nomination.

Dewey's plans for licking food shortages, in so f
as one state can do so, include the following: Volu
tary enlistment of all persons capable of doing al
year farm work; voluntary enlistment of high-scho
boys and girls for help in getting in the fruit and veg
table crops, the peak load in New York State arri
ing in September; short-course training, via the Ne
York State Agricultural College and its extensio
services, for any and all of these workers who nee
such training, in the actual type of farm work eac
expects to do; encouragement of Victory Gard
planting in suburbs and cities (and how's *your* Vi
tory Garden doing?).

Governor Dewey has some unkind words to sa
about Washington know-it-alls who dream up va
air-castle plans to whistle the crops out of the grou
and waft them to consumers by magic. His appe
to local enterprise, energy and initiative, plus his
rangements for (not mere promises of) concrete st
help, are in the American tradition. Such tactics
ways get results with Americans, who like to do th
own thinking, planning and acting, and do not l
to be told what to do by wiser-than-thous.

Governors of other states might be wise, if t
haven't already formulated plans of their own al
these lines, to drop discreet inquiries to Gover
Dewey at Albany, New York, for information a
advice. We're sure Dewey's staff will be glad
oblige—and equally sure that the new governor
New York will not try to hog all the credit.

# How's Rubber Doing?

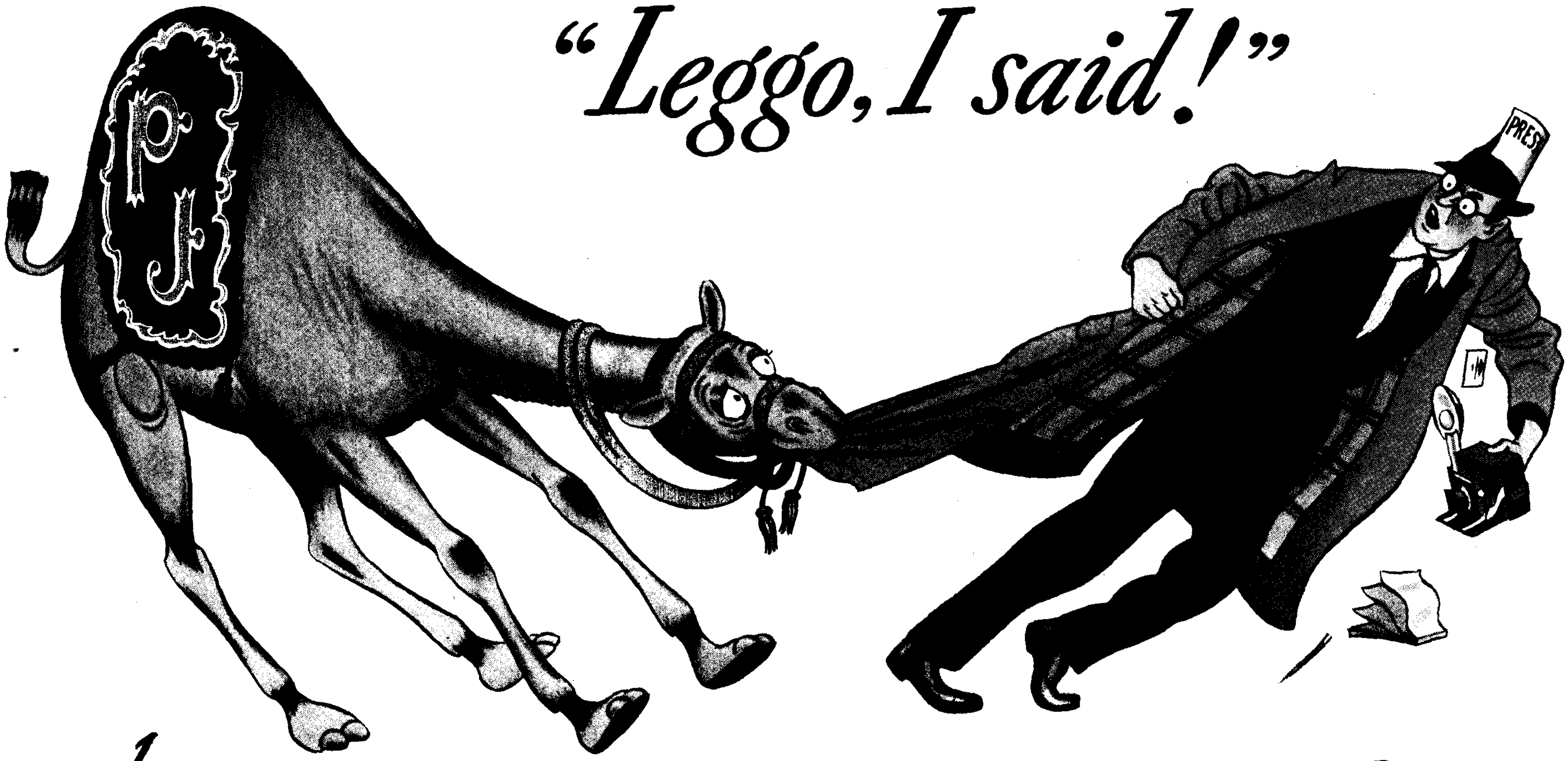
YOU'VE probably noticed that the rubber cr
has pretty much faded into the smaller headli
and inside pages. William M. Jeffers, rubber di
tor, described the reason for this phenomenon i
recent interview. Jeffers said that the synthetic
ber program is now moving along smoothly; th
few synthetic rubber tires should be available
civilians by the end of 1943; that by late summ
1944, the tire program for civilians should be in f
swing, motorists getting a better grade of tire than
first expected; that enough synthetic should be av
able to tide us over the danger period of late 19
when natural rubber stocks will dip low.

"It looks," Mr. Jeffers wound up, "as if we
have all the rubber we need without the necessity
further expansion of the program"—though
again warned us we can't afford to waste rubber.

What faded the rubber crisis out of the big hea
lines, then, is the fact that the Administration pick
a man who had the courage and determination
"bull through" a synthetic rubber program, as a
vised by the Baruch rubber committee, and to sma
down all obstacles in his path. Thus we see th
the right man can get results even in official Was
ington in wartime.

From this experience in the Jeffers case, we inf
that our war leaders would be wise to taper off
efforts to get more laws passed and fancier "dire
tives" flying from bureau to bureau, and concentra
on finding for key war positions more men who c
deliver the goods they are supposed to deliver.

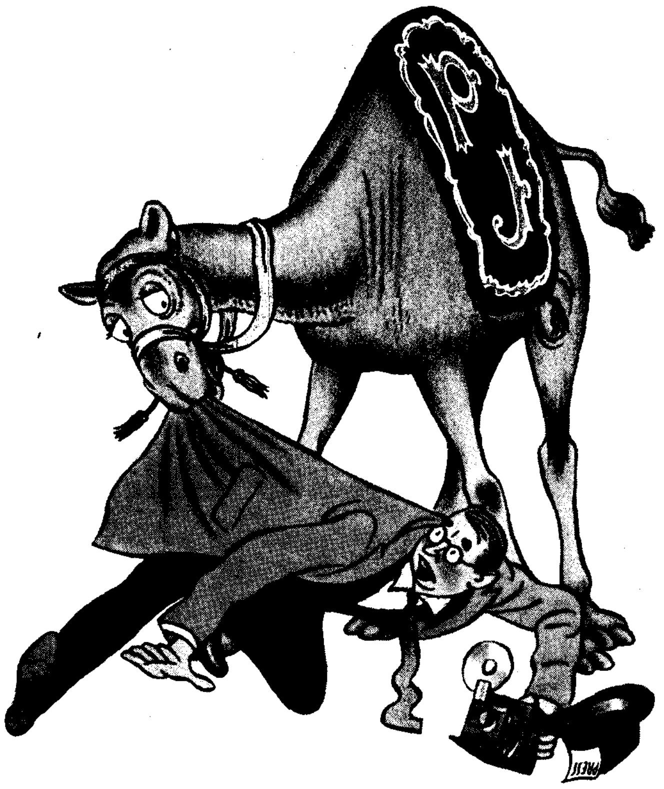
# "Leggo, I said!"



1.

**REPORTER:** Awright, okay, I'm a reporter. But please, Pal, I'm busy—City Hall's on fire, the bank's been robbed, somebody just blew up the postmaster, an' the mayor's running around biting dogs. So leggo the coat, Bub . . . *Leggo!*

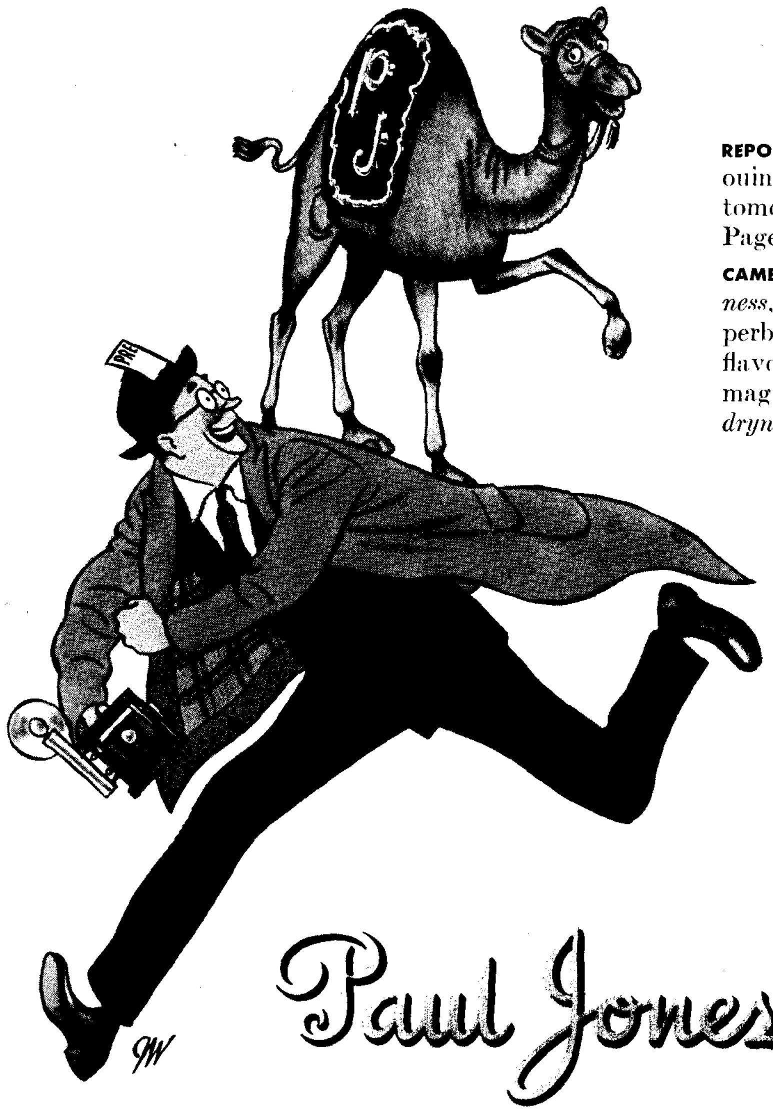
**CAMEL:** But, Pride of the Press, *I've* got news for you too! I'm the Paul Jones Camel! The living symbol of the dryness in dry Paul Jones whiskey and—



2.

**REPORTER:** *Jeepers!* Listen, you Bedouin Barnacle: leggo my coat and tomorrow I'll plaster you all over Page One! But leggo me *now!*

**CAMEL:** Will you say that this *dryness*, this lack of sweetness in the superb Paul Jones brings out *all* its flavor? And that for all Paul Jones' magnificence, for all its superlative *dryness*, it is most moderately priced?



3.

**REPORTER:** I'll tell 'em it's a pearl among whiskies, a — Listen! Did you say *moderately priced?* A *dry* whiskey and moderately priced?

**CAMEL:** Go to *any* liquor store, O Soon-to-be-Grateful! You'll find that dry Paul Jones is *most* moderately priced!

**REPORTER:** Well, for the luvva Mike! Listen, you outsize paperweight, I'm not only gonna put this on Page One, I'm gonna put it in Society, Sports, and Letters to the Editor! So long, Pal! See you in the papers!

Paul Jones

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*is the whiskey that's dry*

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